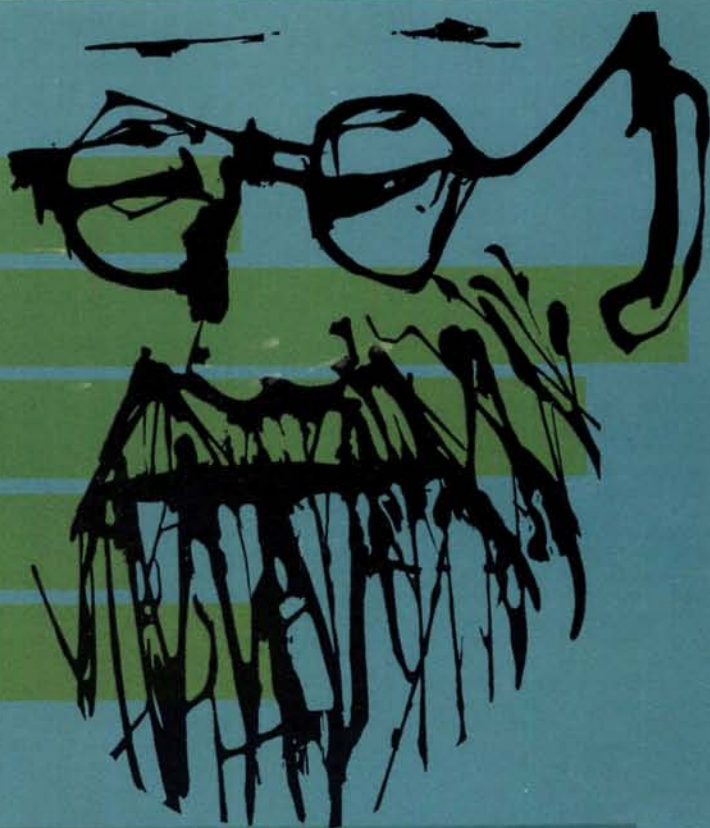


THE *Atlantic*

February 1967, 75 cents

WOODROW
WILSON
ON
FREUD'S
COUCH

by BARBARA TUCHMAN



RETURN TO PARADISE

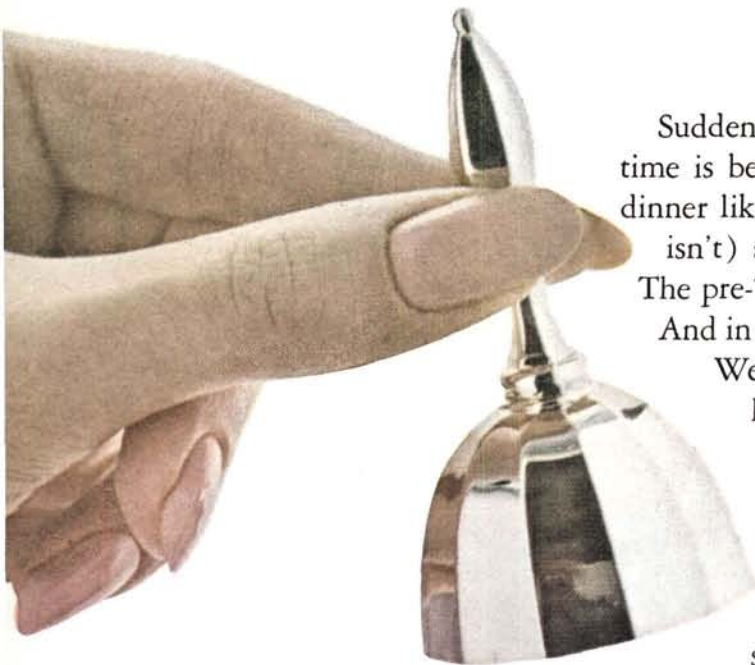
by DAN WAKEFIELD

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

by C. P. SNOW

WHAT CULTURE? WHAT BOOM?

The return of Dinner. Or how a nice, popular drink called Cherry Heering helped bring back graciousness, elegance, refinement and stuff like that.



Suddenly, dinner time is becoming longer, TV time is becoming shorter, people are dressing for dinner like company was coming (when company isn't) and they're serving meals. "Real" meals. The pre-TV kind. Complete from soup to nuts.

And in many cases Cherry Heering is the "nuts."

We've become a trend but our name hasn't helped. Because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet

liqueur.

Which it isn't. It's

sweet, but it's

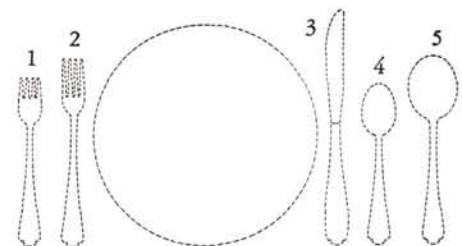
not sweet-ish.

Cherry Heering is light and almost dry. In fact, it's one of the liqueurs with a real "refreshing" taste.

Another thing: Cherry Heering isn't only for women. Women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. (Any man who doubts that should try a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac on-the-rocks.)

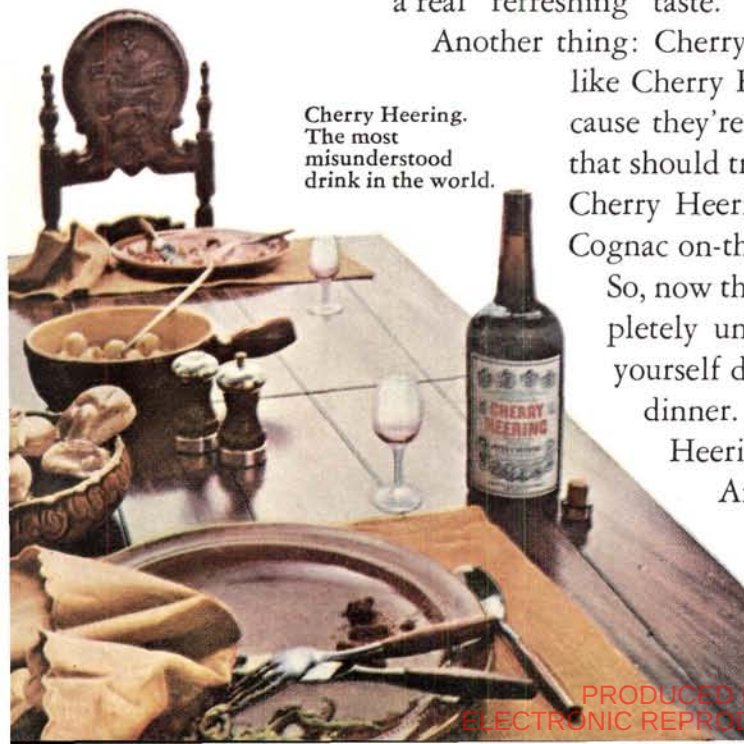
So, now that we've made ourselves completely understood, why don't you sit yourself down to a nice, long luxurious dinner. And don't forget the Cherry Heering.

After all, without us "Dinner" would just be "dinner."



1. Salad fork 2. Dinner fork 3. Dinner knife 4. Dessert spoon 5. Soup spoon.

Cherry Heering.
The most
misunderstood
drink in the world.



One reason spacecraft launched from Cape Kennedy can be controlled from Houston is that Western Electric is in the Bell System



This is NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center near Houston, 900 miles from Cape Kennedy. But to get a space shot off the ground, a tremendous volume of data has to travel back and forth across that 900 miles.

Western Electric helped give this data something to travel on.

Our part in the Apollo Launch Data System (ALDS) includes data

circuits capable of transmitting 95,600 bits of data *per second*, plus two closed circuit television channels, plus telephone and teletypewriter circuits.

Setting all this up was quite a job. But Western Electric is set up to do demanding jobs.

The equipment used in ALDS transmission is basically the same as that used in the nationwide Bell

telephone network. And Western Electric built it.

As part of the Bell System, our resources are completely at its disposal, whether for serving your telephone needs, or for doing a big and important job for our government.



Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

FEBRUARY

ATLANTIC

1967 VOLUME 219 NUMBER 2

BARBARA W. TUCHMAN	Can History Use Freud? The Case of Woodrow Wilson	39
WILLIAM ATTWOOD	The Labyrinth in Foggy Bottom: A Critique of the State Department	45
HENRY S. RESNIK	What Culture? What Boom?	51
JIB FOWLES	Babe the Blue Ox – AN ATLANTIC “FIRST”	54
HUNTER LEWIS	Capitol Hill’s Ugliness Club	60
STEPHEN SANDY	After the Grand Union – A POEM	67
C. P. SNOW	Lloyd George: Britain’s Great Radical	68
MENKE KATZ	On the Birthday of a Forgotten Poet – A POEM	79
THOMAS GRIFFITH	The Election Fiesta in Ultra – A STORY	80
PAUL BROOKS	The Fight for America’s Alps	87
V. S. PRITCHETT	Kilmainham Gaol: Monument to the Rising	100
DAN WAKEFIELD	Return to Paradise	102
KENNETH REXROTH	Among the Cypresses at the End of the Way of the Cross – A POEM	110

ATLANTIC REPORTS

Washington – The Philippines – London	4
---------------------------------------	---

ACCENT ON LIVING

CHARLES W. MORTON – R.G.G. PRICE – PARKER H. KENDALL – SAMUEL L. ALBERT –	111
RAY IRWIN – RICHARD BOETH	
NGAIO MARSH	Stratford-on-Avon 116
HERBERT KUPFERBERG	Once Around the “Ring” 119

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

EDWARD WEEKS	The Peripatetic Reviewer	123
OSCAR HANDLIN	Reader’s Choice	126
PHOEBE ADAMS	Potpourri	131

COVER DESIGN BY ROBERT AND MARILYN DUSTIN

1 YEAR \$8.50 2 YEARS \$16.00 3 YEARS \$23.00

ABOVE PRICES FOR UNITED STATES, UNITED STATES POSSESSIONS, AND CANADA ONLY

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, February, 1967, Vol. 219, No. 2. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., 03302. This issue is published in National and Special editions. 75 cents a copy, \$8.50 a year in the United States, United States Possessions, and Canada; \$9.00 a year elsewhere. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N. H. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright © 1967, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention.

POSTMASTER: Change-of-address notices, Form 3579, orders for subscriptions, and other items are to be sent to 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECENT BOOKS WIDELY READ AND ENJOYED

- ☐ 327. **THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA**
by ROBERT CRICHTON. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 340. **EVERYTHING BUT MONEY**
by SAM LEVENSON. (Retail price \$4.95)
- ☐ 344. **RACCOONS ARE THE BRIGHTEST PEOPLE**
by STERLING NORTH. Photographs. (Retail price \$4.95)
- ☐ 325. **THE BIRDS FALL DOWN**
by REBECCA WEST. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 278. **A THOUSAND DAYS** by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.
1966 Pulitzer Prize for Biography (Retail price \$9)
- ☐ 341. **MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA**
by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN. Illustrated. (Ret. price \$7.50)
- ☐ 279. **KENNEDY** by THEODORE C. SORESENSEN. (Retail price \$10)
- ☐ 348. **INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA**
by JOHN GUNTHER. Maps. (Retail price \$7.95)
- ☐ 326. **THE MASK OF APOLLO**
by MARY RENAU. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 317. **SATURDAY THE RABBI WENT HUNGRY**
by HARRY KEMELMAN. (Retail price \$3.95)
- ☐ 291. **IN COLD BLOOD** by TRUMAN CAPOTE. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 343. **GAMES PEOPLE PLAY** by ERIC BERNE, M.D. (Retail price \$5)
- ☐ 234. **THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE**
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illustrated. (Retail price \$12.50)
- ☐ 349. **SPEAK, MEMORY** by VLADIMIR NABOKOV. Photos. (Ret. price \$6.50)
- ☐ 346. **MADAME SARAH** by CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER. Photos. (Ret. price \$6.95)
- ☐ 345. **HANDS ON THE PAST: Pioneer Archaeologists Tell Their Own Story**
Edited by C. W. CERAM. Illustrated. (Retail price \$8.95)
- ☐ 431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH**
by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$12.50)
- ☐ 328. **RUSH TO JUDGMENT**
by MARK LANE. Maps. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 235. **THE SOURCE** by JAMES A. MICHENER. Illus. (Ret. price \$7.95)
- ☐ 126. **PAPA HEMINGWAY: A Personal Memoir**
by A. E. HOTCHNER. Photographs. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 347. **THE CAPTAIN** by JAN DE HARTOG. (Retail price \$5.95)
- ☐ 310. **CHURCHILL: Taken from the Diaries of Lord Moran**
Photographs. (Retail price \$10)
- ☐ 110. **THE LAST BATTLE** by CORNELIUS RYAN
Photographs and maps. (Retail price \$7.50)
- ☐ 231. **COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT FROST.** (Ret. price \$8)
- ☐ 161. **JOY OF COOKING** by IRMA S. ROMBAUER and
MARION R. BECKER. Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.50)
- ☐ 260. **THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS**
(Retail price \$11)

IN AN EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB YOU MAY CHOOSE

ANY THREE FOR ONLY \$1

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY THREE ADDITIONAL BOOKS WITHIN A YEAR

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB and BOOK-DIVIDEND are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.

What is YOUR book-reading profile?

*Check the books you have failed to read
through oversight or overbusyness*

THE SELF-PORTRAIT YOU HAVE DRAWN may reveal a sobering fact: *the extreme degree* to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read. *There is a simple way to break this bad habit:* membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE • Your only obligation under the special offer below, is to *buy three books during your first year of membership*, in addition to the three you select now, from **at least 200** made available. You may cancel your membership any time after buying three books. The list at the left is a good example of the wide range of books offered.

YOU BUY WHAT YOU PLEASE • You receive a full report on the Book-of-the-Month in *advance*. If you want it, you let it come. If not, you send back a form (always provided) specifying another book. Or you simply check a box telling us to send no book.

YOU PAY MUCH LESS • On the average you pay 20% less than the retail price for the Club Selection. You usually pay less than you otherwise would even though a small charge is added for postage and handling. But there is another saving greater than this.

IF YOU CONTINUE AFTER THIS TRIAL, you earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, **often only \$1.00 or \$1.50**—somewhat more for unusually expensive volumes and sets—entitles you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes whose retail prices now average \$7. Since the inauguration of the Club's Book-Dividend system, **\$375,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been received by members through this unique plan.**

GOOD SENSE FOR 1967 • You will probably buy some Book-of-the-Month Club Selections anyway. *Why not buy them from the Club!* You pay 20% less on the average and also share in the library-building advantages of the Club's Book-Dividend plan. Perhaps most important, *you keep from missing the new books you want to read.*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.
345 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y. 10014

A8-2

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me \$1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. If I continue after the trial, I will earn a Book-Dividend Credit for every Selection—or Alternate—I buy under the system described above. (A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.) **PLEASE NOTE:** Occasionally the Club offers a Double Selection, two books at a special combined price. Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE
THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

--	--	--

MR. }
MRS. }
MISS } (Please print plainly)
Address.....

7-55

City..... Zone..... State.....



WASHINGTON

It is the opening scene in *High Noon* all over again. Here come the Republicans, lean, tough, determined men riding hell for leather into town on a mission of revenge. Inside Democratic Washington, shop doors are being slammed and locked. Mothers are shoosng excited children off the streets. And the town's leading citizens are muttering angrily about the breakdown of law and order. It's the marshal's fault, they are saying, and he ought to be replaced. The marshal is grim and tight-lipped as he walks forth to face the gang that is out to get him. It is going to be a showdown at the national corral, and the only question in our minds as we settle back to enjoy the show is whether it will be their lives or his'n.

According to this script, Lyndon Johnson now faces the ultimate political crisis of his life. And the whole thing has about it the quality of true tragedy because it is a crisis largely created by his personal flaws. His White House staff is deserting him because he is impossible to serve. He has allowed his Administration to become old and tired. He has wrecked the national Democratic Party. His house is divided and open for conquest. "The fact is," says Theodore Sorensen, "there is not now a single state in the Union which can be counted on as safe for Democrats in 1968."

The Republicans, on the other hand, are in great shape all of a sudden. In the general election last November they gained 47 seats in the House, 3 in the Senate, 8 governorships, and 540 seats in state legislatures. GOP Chairman Ray Bliss has revitalized the Republican National Committee. The money is pouring in. A host of attractive new Republicans have appeared on the national scene. The party won elections in the five most populous states in November. And

polls show that George Romney would defeat Lyndon Johnson if a presidential election were held today.

These are impressive, even startling facts, figures, and contrasts. But they obscure the larger, long-range truth that the Republicans are looking for a man who can both unite the party and win the White House; and political circumstance dictates that it is impossible to do both in 1968. It is this choice between possible victory and reunification which constitutes the party's major, and perhaps insurmountable, dilemma.

In contrast to the Goldwater debacle in 1964, the Republicans won a great victory last November. But the comparison is largely irrelevant. The real tip-off is a comparison of the 1966 results with those of 1962. This shows little change in the alignment of party power — except in the South, where there were substantial Republican gains. It is an important historical development, because this was the first time that Southerners have voted Republican to any appreciable extent in local elections. But it is a development which also sows the seed of paradox and problem, because Republicanism is seeping down into local Southern politics at a time when the party's national leaders apparently have concluded that it is the liberal path which will lead to national victory in 1968.

The threat in Wallace

Governor George Wallace of Alabama stands in the middle, and nobody can ever accuse him of not sounding his alarm loud and early. Wallace says he will run for President himself unless the Republicans come up with some reasonable conservative alternative. Wallace's motives — ego, a Peck's-bad-boy desire to make trouble, a yen to see just what would happen if a presidential

"I'm a stock broker. Here's one thing I find that smart investors have in common."

"They start out with a specific goal in mind, usually one of these three: growth, income or safety."

Isn't it just a matter of making money?

"That's the idea, of course—to improve yourself financially. But the smart people in the market try to invest to help meet certain objectives they've set for themselves and their families."

But everybody must want growth?

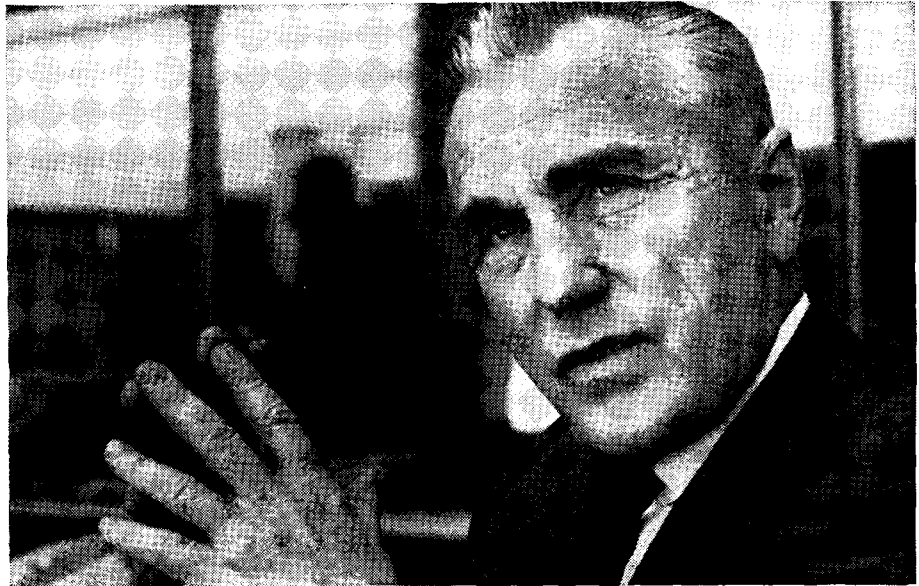
"Of course. The country is growing and they want to grow with it. When we talk about growth as a goal, we mean growth in the value of the stock over a period of time. The investor is willing to leave his money in a stock, to ride over the normal ups and downs of the market, with the idea that his money will grow to help him in later years."

For retirement, for instance?

"Yes. Or to help pay for his children's college. Or take a special kind of vacation. Investing is one way to plan for these things that give you a fuller life."

How can I pick a growth stock?

"If you take the stocks on the New York Stock Exchange as a whole, the record shows that their value has grown with



the country over a period of years. Listed stocks are generally the biggest companies, with proven records. But there's no guarantee that any one stock will grow in any given period. The thing to do is ask your broker for facts and advice, then use your good common sense in estimating a company's prospects."

What if I needed more income to help me over some hurdles now?

"Then your primary goal would be to get a good dividend return, though you would still hope that the value of your stock would grow. More than 500 stocks listed on the Exchange have paid quarterly dividends for 20 years or more without a miss. Preferred stocks or bonds might be other ways to fill your need for a second income."

Where does safety fit in as a goal?

"There's some risk in any investment, securities or anything else. Your circumstances and temperament may suggest a conservative approach. Then you'd look into the relative safety of principal

with good yield that high-grade preferred stocks or bonds might offer."

If a goal is all that important, would you say that's the first thing an investor and broker should talk about?

"The very first. And don't feel the slightest bit shy about asking his opinion, if you're not completely sure what your goal should be. He's there to help, and if you and he have a good idea of what you want your investment to do—well, how could you make a better start?"

Own your share of American business

Free Investment Guide

"STOCKS ON THE BIG BOARD," new 32-page booklet groups more than 1,000 stocks by industry for easy comparisons. Lets you check growth in earnings per share, yield, dividends and other vital statistics. Valuable to both new and experienced investors. Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange in your community, or to New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 7-C, Box 1070, New York, N.Y. 10001.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Members New York Stock Exchange
175th anniversary—marketplace for the nation's progress

Report on Washington



election were thrown into the House of Representatives, or a combination of all these — do not actually matter. His threat is real, and it is obvious that the Republicans have not yet decided how to respond to it.

As a third candidate, Wallace would hurt the Republicans, for he would take most, if not all, of the South away from them. But the Republicans will give away all chances of national victory if they nominate a candidate conservative enough to keep Wallace off the ticket. Ronald Reagan of California could contain Wallace in 1968, just as Barry Goldwater did in 1964, but would lose the election and tear the party apart again.

What about Richard Nixon? He has done his missionary work in the South, and he has Goldwater's personal support. Southern Republicans like him just fine, but this does not mean that George Wallace will find him an acceptable alternative. To the contrary, all indications are that Wallace will enter the race if Nixon is nominated.

The inescapable conclusion to be drawn from this is that the Republicans should swallow hard, write off the South, and pick a man who can whip Lyndon Johnson on his own big-state Northern preserve. But will they?

The Republicans led such an indolent life until Johnson fell on bad times. They were impoverished aristocrats existing on welfare payments. Now they've struck it rich again, and they don't quite know what to do about it, except to murmur "Thank God" and re-open old charge accounts at every store in town. The party would have been better prepared to use all this sudden wealth if it had come somewhat later, when a new generation of leaders — just arising now — could have taken control over it.

First of all, there is the question of what to do about Governor Romney. He is good-looking, he is a really sincere guy, he wins elections, and he comes out well in polls. But conservative Republicans don't like him, and if the truth be told, neither do the liberals. Nobody has defined the deficiency yet, but there are many who believe that eventually it will display itself — and prove

fatal. Some of his fellow Republicans think he is a square. They consider him pontifical and self-righteous. They note with considerable apprehension the hostile reaction he causes among national political reporters.

Nonpartisan political experts in Washington are convinced that, unlike 1964, the next Republican presidential nominee will be decided by the polls and the primaries in the spring of 1968. Nixon currently has more delegate strength than any other candidate. Delegations from Southern and Mountain states will control about half the total vote at the next Republican convention, and if those proceedings were held today, Nixon would receive most of it. (The South's new muscle comes from bonus delegates awarded to those few states which Goldwater carried in 1964. At the 1968 convention, 26.7 percent of the delegate strength will be Southern and 19.7 percent will be Western. Eastern strength lags behind Southern, at 26.6 percent, as does Midwestern, at 26.4 percent.)

But Nixon could turn out to be the Robert Taft of 1968, for above all else, Republicans are looking for a man who can win. If the primaries (it would seem that Nixon cannot avoid the necessity of entering some of them) and the polls show that Nixon is that man, he will be a shoo-in. But if they point to another candidate, then his delegate support in the West and even in some Southern states, such as Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas, will fade away.

So Nixon and Romney both must go to the public to secure control of their party, and if they fail, the party will look elsewhere. Some people already are looking to Charles Percy of Illinois, for example.

There is one other possibility, and that is Nelson Rockefeller. His liabilities are huge and famous. He is old hat. He has sworn on a stack of New York state budgets that he will never be a presidential candidate again. The divorce issue is still there, in the background. His victory in New York last November was not an impressive one. And Goldwater disciples will never forgive him.

But Rockefeller impressed many people with his political conduct this winter, and some Republicans are beginning to discover a strange new attractiveness about him. ("Why, you know, when you take off your glasses, why . . . why, you're *beautiful!*")

Perhaps it is his refreshing don't-give-a-damn attitude. Perhaps there has been unexpected growth. Perhaps party leaders realize deep within that voters who don't like Johnson personally

Announcing a new book club for people who care about what's really going on in the world

and who would like to save at least 40%
on the kind of books they enjoy most

How did the public image of Winston Churchill differ from the real man? How can society protect itself against crazed killers like the mysterious Boston Strangler who murdered at least 11 women? Is the public being given the whole truth about the mystery of flying saucers?

Books that raise questions like these not only go behind the news in their relentless search for answers but often actually make news themselves. *The Doctors* created a nationwide furor with its revealing inquiry into the competence and ethics of today's physicians. *The Jury Returns* is stirring widespread public debate on the morality and effectiveness of our penal system. Tomorrow's headlines, as yesterday's and today's, frequently come from free-wheeling books like these.

Now the new MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB offers you a unique opportunity to get the inside story on the really important events and controversies of our time. To discover the vital facts of modern life for yourself in the revealing, often highly controversial books that explain the news or often actually make the news.

How the Club Serves You

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB lets you know about books like these before they are published. It delivers them to your door while they are making news or just beginning to stir talk. And it saves you at least 40% off the publisher's edition on every one you decide you want.

The important books shown on this page are typical of the selections the Club's editors sift out in advance of publication from the flood of lesser books. As a Charter Mem-

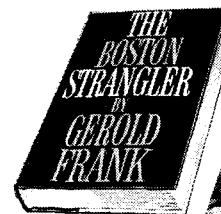
ber, you are invited to take any three for only \$1 plus shipping and handling.

You Buy Only Books You Want

Then every month you will receive, free, the Club bulletin reviewing the forthcoming selection and describing several timely alternates as well. If you want the selection, the Club edition will be rushed to you as soon as the publisher's original edition is released. Or you may request an alternate—or no book at all for that month—on the form always provided.

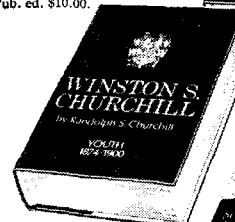
You will not be asked to accept a book every month. You need purchase only four books within the next two years out of dozens to be offered. For each book you do buy, you will be billed at the Club's special low price—at least 40% off the publisher's original edition. Every fourth purchase entitles you to choose a bonus book free.

If you want to keep up with the books that place you in the mainstream of events and issues of the day, don't miss this opportunity to get the most out of your book reading. You needn't send the \$1 now for your three introductory books—just mail this coupon.

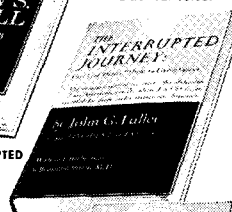


102. THE BOSTON STRANGLER, Gerold Frank, Pub. ed. \$5.95.

327. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, Randolph S. Churchill, Pub. ed. \$10.00.

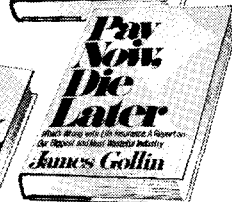
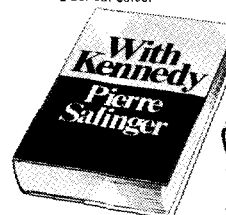


359. HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE, Bernard B. Fall, Pub. ed. \$8.95.



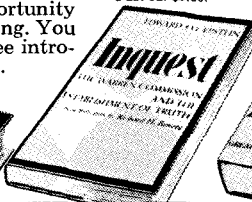
357. THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY, John G. Fuller, Pub. ed. \$5.95.

23. WITH KENNEDY, Pierre Salinger, Pub. ed. \$5.95.



358. PAY NOW, DIE LATER, James Gollin, Pub. ed. \$5.95.

81. INQUEST, Edward J. Epstein, Pub. ed. \$5.00.



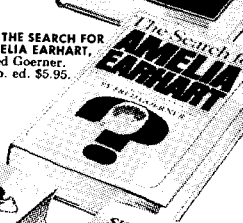
316. BATTLES LOST AND WON, Hanson W. Baldwin, Pub. ed. \$10.00.



317. UNDERSTANDING MEDIA: THE EXTENSIONS OF MAN, Marshall McLuhan, Pub. ed. \$7.50.



26. THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART, Fred Goetzner, Pub. ed. \$5.95.



142. VESSEL OF WRATH, Robert Lewis Taylor, Pub. ed. \$6.95.

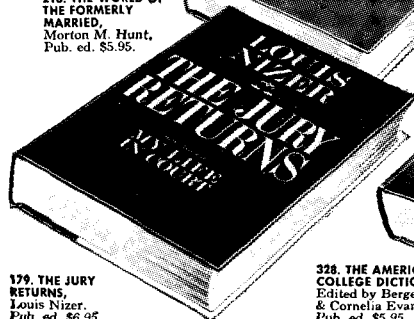


201. THE PASSOVER PLOT, Dr. Hugh J. Schonfield, Pub. ed. \$4.95.



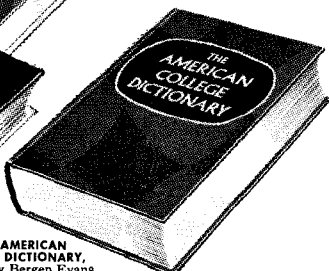
177. THOMAS WOODROW WILSON, Sigmund Freud & William C. Bullitt, Pub. ed. \$6.00.

218. THE WORLD OF THE FORMERLY MARRIED, Morton M. Hunt, Pub. ed. \$5.95.



179. THE JURY RETURNS, Louis Nizer, Pub. ed. \$6.95.

328. THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY, Edited by Bergen Evans & Cornelia Evans, Pub. ed. \$5.95.



As a charter member of the new
MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB

Choose Any 3 Books
for only \$1

and take as few as four more books
any time within the next two years

MAINSTREAM BOOK CLUB, Dept. 72-ATA, Garden City, N.Y. 11531

Please enter my Charter Membership and send me the three books whose numbers I have printed in the boxes at the right. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling for all three books. However, if not delighted with them, I may return them in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled.

If I decide to continue, I agree to purchase on my Club charge account as few as four more selections or alternates during the next two years at the members' special price, guaranteed to be at least 40% less than the publishers' editions (a modest charge is added for shipping and handling). Each month you will send me the free Club bulletin describing the forthcoming selection and other vital, provocative books, together with a convenient form for requesting an alternate or no book at all if I do not wish to receive the selection. Every fourth purchase of a selection or alternate will entitle me to choose a bonus book free.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If under 18 parent must sign here: _____

Offer good in Continental U.S.A. only

1-M51C

Happy Ending

Let's face it.

People buy stocks to make money.

They count on their broker for facts and information, for suggestions and guidance. They can either take the suggestions or ignore them. Any final decision is theirs.

If they take the broker's suggestions and make money—fine.

If they take them and lose—well, that's not so fine. Not for them. Not for their broker.

We're familiar with both situations, because in our business nobody can always be right. All brokers know that. And all brokers worry about their batting averages . . . worry plenty.

Because—make money, lose money—the word gets around.

We make no claims about our own batting average.

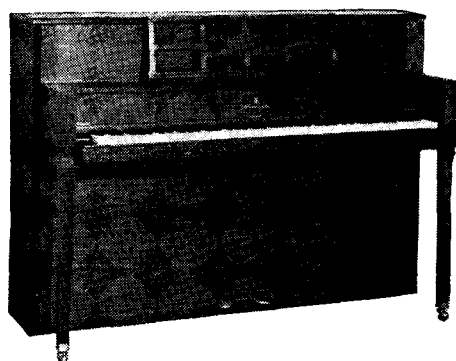
We're just happy we have more than 600,000 investors who come to us regularly for investment help.

Very happy.



**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005



A Steinway is worth more than it costs

But what is it worth? Homage from the world's greatest pianists. Listeners' praise for its glowing tone. Homeowners' joy in its performance and constancy, its stamina, its incredible resistance to depreciation. No one has ever been able to assess this piano in less than a lifetime. Take a look at the most economical piano . . . Instrument of the Immortals, the piano for your home.

Steinway & Sons 111 W. 57th St. New York

Please send for color catalog D.

Report on Washington

largely approve of his domestic programs, and thus the GOP is going to have to search farther off to the left to find the man who can defeat him. Whatever, there is some renewed interest in Rockefeller. But there is a good deal of uncertainty about whether it will lead to anything.

The Republicans may not have their man yet, but they are sure he will appear sooner or later, and in the meantime they are trying to prepare for the coming.

The money is rolling in

Ray Bliss, the national committee chairman, basically is an incommunicative, small-town Republican who has made no attempt to articulate the party's position. He has his enemies. He runs a closed shop, and there are those who charge that he is trying to bring the party completely under his control. But no one denies that he has made some constructive organizational changes.

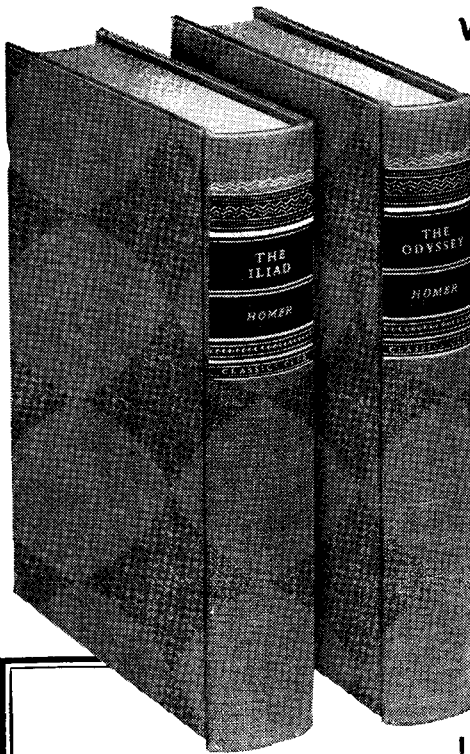
The money is rolling in since Lucius Clay was persuaded to become fund-raising ambassador to the fat cats. And, as one Republican puts it, creation of the new Republican Coordinating Committee "has brought the party barons together so at least they have to talk to each other."

Furthermore, the Republicans are going to be making more noise this year. The national committee has given the nation's twenty-five GOP governors \$100,000 to open a Washington office. And the expectation is that the party will get some star-quality performances from Percy, Edward Brooke of Massachusetts, and Mark Hatfield of Oregon, once these glamorous new Republican senators start speaking out on the issues.

Constructive opposition

Republican congressional leaders had pretty much decided what these issues were to be even before Congress reconvened. They will wait for future events to determine the party's position on Vietnam, for they believe Johnson will be vulnerable in any event. They are going to pound away all year long on the question

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT



All 3 of these beautiful De Luxe Library Editions

FOR ONLY **\$1.00** [REGULAR PRICE \$10.17]
AS A NEW MEMBER



THE ILIAD OF HOMER

HERE is an epic called one of the six best books ever written — a book so magnificent that Alexander the Great carried it with him into battle in a jewelled casket! When you read this exciting account of the battle for Troy, you'll see why it has stirred the pulses of countless readers for nearly three thousand years!

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER

THE exciting romantic narrative of the perilous wanderings of Odysseus after the fall of Troy. No hero of fiction has ever surpassed Odysseus for courage, cleverness, and wisdom. As you thrill to his adventures, you will — like millions before you — discover a never-ending fascination in this timeless classic!

UTOPIA

CAN a society be created in which everyone lives the "good life"? Where laws are few and simple . . . where war does not exist? One by one, Sir Thomas More considers in *Utopia* the social and economic problems that have beset man in all societies, in all ages. You will be amazed at his conclusions and you'll marvel at the brilliance of a man who — four centuries ago — could take such an enlightened view of social progress.

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Superb Value

WILL YOU ADD these three volumes to your library — as an introductory offer made only to new members of The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen

because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$7 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first books will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any

book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Today's low introductory price for these THREE beautiful volumes cannot be assured indefinitely, so please respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576.

**The Great Classics Are
Your Proudest Possessions,
Wisest Counselors,
Most Rewarding Friends**

THE HALLMARK of a cultured home has always been its library of books. Books fill gaps in formal education . . . set a person apart as one who has sought and tasted the wisdom of the ages. For filling leisure hours with sheer enjoyment, nothing can surpass a classic. No one need ever be friendless or dull if he or she chooses for companions the wisest, wittiest, most stimulating minds that ever lived.

THE CLASSICS CLUB

7-YZ

Roslyn, L. I., New York 11576

Please enroll me as a Trial Member, and send me at once the THREE beautiful Classics Club editions of THE ILIAD, THE ODYSSEY and UTOPIA. I enclose NO MONEY IN ADVANCE; within one week after receiving my books, I will either return them and owe nothing, or keep them for the special new-member introductory price of ONLY \$1.00 (plus a few cents mailing charges) for ALL THREE superb volumes.

As a member, I am to receive advance descriptions of all future selections, but am not obligated to buy any. For each future volume I decide to keep, I will send you only \$3.39 (plus a few cents mailing charges). I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership at any time. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Name
(Please Print Plainly)

Address

City & State

ZIP CODE ZONE NO.
[] [] [] [] [] []

Report on Washington

of presidential credibility, for they are convinced this is the best single issue they have.

Even before the new session began, Representative Melvin Laird, the chairman of the House Republican Conference, was predicting that the Administration would try to hide the true cost of the Vietnam war again this year.

Most of all, congressional Republicans have decided that the best moral support they can give their upcoming candidate — whoever he may be — is a fresh new record of constructive opposition to present Administration programs which avoids the usual old charges of obstructionism. Few party leaders on Capitol Hill really believe that their continuing program to share federal revenue with the states has any chance of success. But they think it might improve the party's image.

But so much of all this is patchwork and guesswork that at present even the most sincere well-wisher is forced to assume a wait-and-see attitude.

Can the Republicans really administer enough effective, between-the-rounds first aid to their battered old pug of a party to enable it to come out fighting at the bell?

Can they find the man they need? (He must be around somewhere, sitting behind some mahogany desk, just waiting.) Can he bind the party behind him?

Most of all, can the Republican Party within the next two years convince the nation that it would be able to install a national Administration capable of meeting the problems of the day — including, most definitely including, Vietnam? Forty-four percent of the electorate is still Democratic. Only 29 percent is Republican. The rest is independent and must be won.

"It's there for the winning," one anxious young party Turk says. "The biggest fear we've got is that Johnson will decide not to run."

— Douglas Kiker



If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

The pain and exaltation . . . the wit and wisdom . . . the doubts and the monumental courage—every important word he ever wrote or uttered . . .

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NINE VOLUMES (PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE \$115.00) YOURS FOR \$5⁹⁵

WITH TRIAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

ONLY OFFERING THIS YEAR—in observance of LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

TODAY a century of legend blurs our image of Lincoln the man. The human Lincoln—who was not born to greatness but grew to it in times as troubled as our own—now speaks to us clearly in these nine volumes—the most complete collection of his writings and utterances ever published. In 6,870 private and public papers, half of them never before in print, we discover the inner reservoirs of strength that enabled him to transcend the mounting crises of his life, from the death of Ann Rutledge to the Emancipation Proclamation.

Collected, indexed and richly annotated by a team of our foremost Lincoln scholars, headed by Dr. Roy P. Basler of The Library of Congress, the set was 26 years in preparation. It carries a Publisher's List Price of \$115. But, in observance of Lincoln's Birthday, The History Book Club offers it to you, with trial membership, at the extraordinary price of just \$5.95.

With your *Lincoln* set, choose your first membership book from those listed below at reduced Member's Prices. You must be delighted with all books or return them within 10 days, thus cancelling your membership. Please Note: this special offer will *not* be repeated for at least a year. Mail the coupon today.

START MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY ONE OF THESE BOOKS

(First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.)

369. THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR by Hugh Thomas. The complete history of the grim "dress rehearsal for World War Two." \$8.95/**\$6.50**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY by Alan Bullock. Newly revised and enlarged edition (848 pages) of the definitive work on Hitler. \$10.00/**\$6.95**

470. TWENTIETH-CENTURY CHINA by O. Edmund Clubb. From Manchu to Mao—detailed history by a veteran "China hand." \$7.95/**\$5.95**

537. THE BILL OF RIGHTS by Irving Brant. History of the struggle for civil liberties from Edward III to the Warren Court. \$7.50/**\$5.95**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE by Stuart Piggott. From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, the prehistory of barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. \$7.50/**\$6.15**

545. VIET-NAM WITNESS by Bernard B. Fall. Evolution of the Viet-Nam crisis by America's most authoritative commentator. \$6.95/**\$5.80**

565. DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA by Alexis de Tocqueville. A great account of life and institutions in Jacksonian America. 896 pp. \$15.00/**\$9.95**

110. JOURNALS OF LEWIS & CLARK ed. by Bernard DeVoto. The very first expedition to penetrate the virgin Northwest. \$7.50/**\$5.95**

445. RISE OF THE WEST by W. H. McNeill. National Book Award-winning history of the human community since 6000 B.C. \$12.50/**\$9.50**

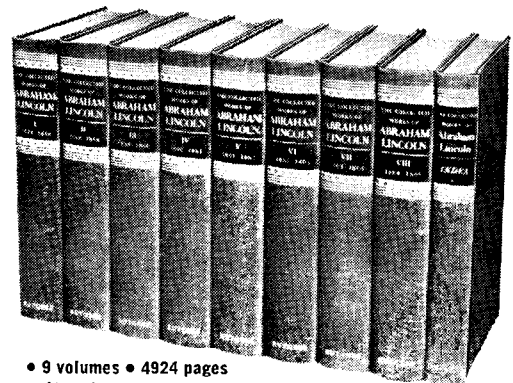
529. LEE by Clifford Dowd. Brilliantly readable one-volume biography of the tragic, noble leader of a doomed cause. 781 pages. \$12.50/**\$7.95**

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY by M. M. Boatner III. Over 4000 entries—battles, personalities, events, weapons, issues, etc. \$15.00/**\$8.95**

494. RUSSIA AT WAR (1941-45) by Alexander Werth. 1125 pp. "Best book we'll ever have in English on the subject." Wm. L. Shirer. \$10.00/**\$7.50**

550. THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN HISTORY by Thomas Johnson. Comprehensive. 928 pp. 4710 entries. \$12.50/**\$8.95**

553. THE CAMPAIGNS OF NAPOLEON by David Chandler. A study of Napoleon the man, the statesman, and the General. \$17.50/**\$11.95**



• 9 volumes • 4924 pages
• 6870 documents • 43 Lincoln
photographs, engravings and manuscript facsimiles

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB Stamford, Connecticut 06904

Please open Trial Membership and send me the \$115 COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN plus the membership book choice shown below. Bill my LINCOLN set at \$5.95 and my membership book at the money-saving Member's Price.

I understand I may return all books within 10 days if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my Trial Membership. Otherwise I shall complete Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from more than 100 offered to me at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.)

Completion of Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter. (NOTE: Bonus Books are shipped at the Club's expense. On all other shipments, a small postage and packing charge is added.)

MY BOOK CHOICE IS NUMBER _____

Name _____

City _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly.

AT 71 L



FERDINAND E. MARCOS is the sixth president of the Philippine Republic, and apart from Ramón Magsaysay, whose success with the electorate was charismatic rather than pragmatic, the first president who appears to have recognized that the basic weakness in the office has been its failure to provide effective political leadership. No president has succeeded in having himself re-elected for a second term in office, or even in winning adequate support for his programs and policies. Abuses that ought to be intolerable have been built into the society simply because no president has had the power, or the time — and sometimes the inclination — to do anything about them.

Marcos has devoted his first year as president to two main tasks: getting the machinery of central government to work so that he can begin essential programs to improve lagging agricultural production and counter mounting rural unrest; and entrenching himself in popular favor by the simple expedient of identifying his own role as president with the national interest. In political terms, what really matters at this stage is not so much what he has achieved in his programs as the extent to which he has succeeded in laying the groundwork for future action. Measured by this criterion, he has been spectacularly successful.

Marcos came into office with a technical majority of friendly Nacionalistas in the Senate and a seemingly hostile Liberal-dominated House of Representatives. He promised to push his program through Congress by a new, bipartisan approach, which in a curious way has worked. Though he needed to resort to arm-twisting to bring his own Nacionalistas into line in the Senate, the Liberals in the House voted for his legislation.

Marcos has achieved standing as a truly significant national leader. More than a quarter of a century ago his exploits as a daring and highly decorated guerrilla fighter against the Japanese helped to keep alive the spirit of Philippine nationalism. Now, as president, he has been able to satisfy a long unrequited national yearning for international acceptance and recognition.

His self-appointed mission to bring peace to Vietnam is far removed from all-important domestic concerns, but it is nevertheless something that almost all Filipinos approve. True, he put a battalion of engineers with security support into Vietnam, a move which he himself had once opposed, but having conceded this point in deference to the American alliance, he silenced his critics by coming back from his September visit to Washington not only with assurances that U.S. aid would be forthcoming to help in vital agricultural programs but with settlements, or the promise of settlements, on most issues of critical emotional significance to the electorate.

Dollars from the United States

One of these was the reaffirmation of the U.S. pledge to reduce the term of the military bases agreement, a hardy perennial for nationalist attack, from ninety-nine to twenty-five years. Another touched on even thornier aspects of the U.S.-Philippine relationship. Some 93,000 Filipinos scattered through all fifty-six provinces and living in at least 15,000 of the country's 28,500 barrios get a monthly check from the U.S. Veterans Administration. At the rate of \$3.5 million a month, the United States has now paid Filipino war veterans and their families more than a billion dollars, a vast sum but not, according to most Filipinos, enough.

Veterans' claims still unsatisfied come within two broad categories: those arising from erroneous deductions or disallowances of benefits not in dispute; and disputed rights, arising from pay increases which the United States has hitherto declined to acknowledge. Although the communiqué issued at the end of Marcos' visit to Washington did not provide in itself a final settlement of the Philippine claims, the decision to resume formal discussion of the claims, and the further agreement that the two countries would adopt procedures which would minimize any adverse impact on U.S. balance of payments, left no doubt that Marcos had had a signal victory, and one that would be of direct benefit to families in all parts of the country.

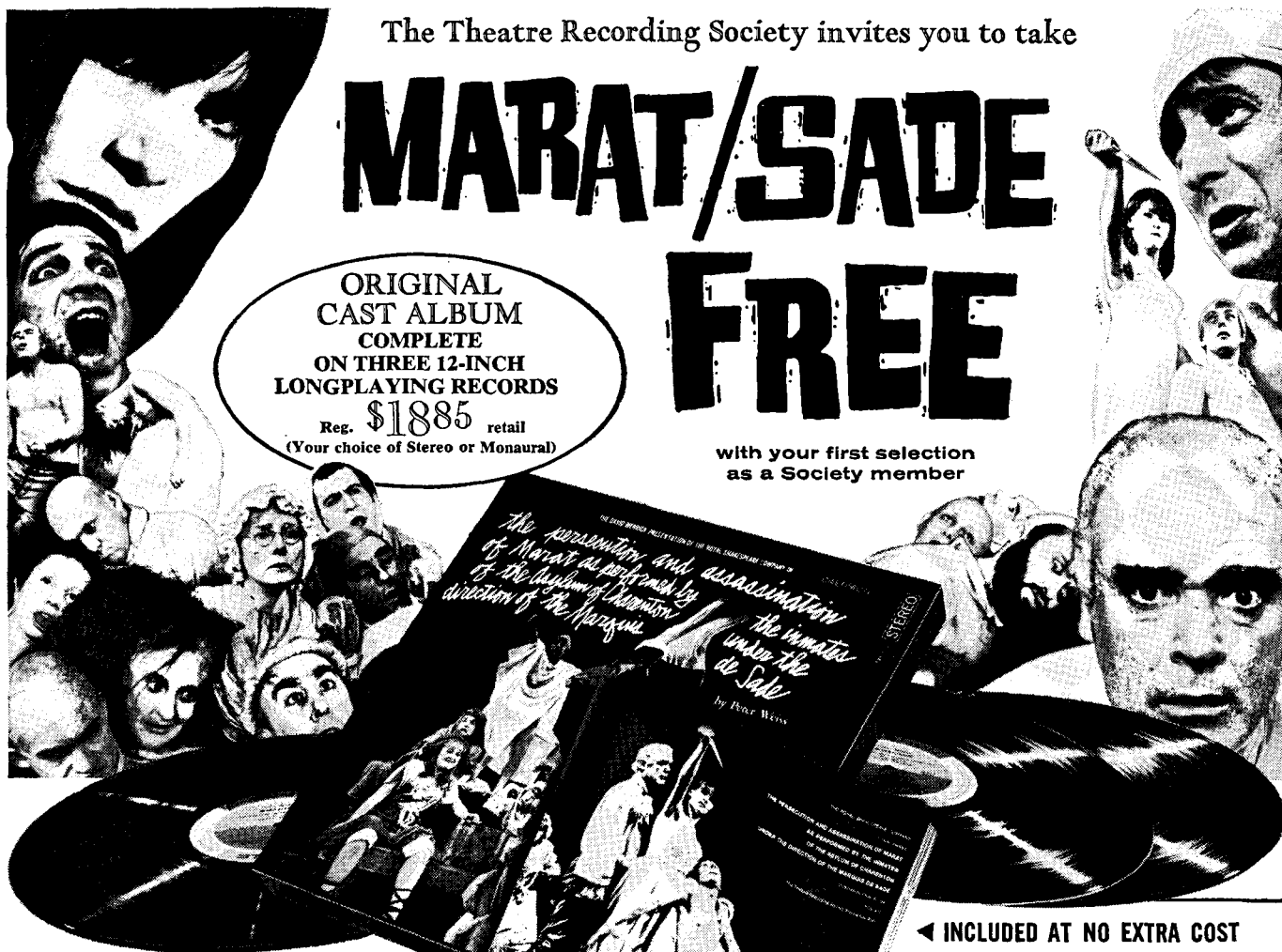
The Theatre Recording Society invites you to take

MARAT/SADE FREE

ORIGINAL
CAST ALBUM
COMPLETE
ON THREE 12-INCH
LONGPLAYING RECORDS

Reg. \$18.85 retail
(Your choice of Stereo or Monaural)

with your first selection
as a Society member



Now enjoy the greatest works of
theatre from Shakespeare to
Tennessee Williams in original cast
recordings you will treasure forever.

To receive at once your uncut original
cast recording of MARAT/SADE—on
three 12-inch longplaying records—mail
the coupon below. This \$18.85 retail value
is yours as a free gift to introduce you to
the benefits of membership in the Theatre
Recording Society.

Broadway started by new kind of drama

If you were lucky enough to
be a first-nighter at MARAT/
SADE you will never forget
the shattering force with
which this play hit the un-
suspecting theatregoer. Even
critics emerged visibly
whitened—and called it the
most soul-shaking experience
of their professional careers.

Now this exciting adven-
ture in "total theatre" has
been captured for all time
on superb longplaying rec-
ords. Here in turbulent drama, wry political
satire, and bawdy Brechtian song is the
seething lunatic asylum at Charenton, pre-
sided over by the most fascinating lunatic
of all—the Marquis de Sade. And every
volt of opening-night electricity is now
brought to your living room—the same
inspired cast that brought it to the Broad-
way stage.

Great plays, recorded by great stars, for those
who love and appreciate great theatre.

As a member of the Theatre Recording
Society you will have an opportunity to
collect the world's greatest plays by Soph-
ocles, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Chekhov,

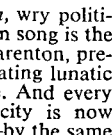
The finest players of our time



Laurence Olivier



Julie Harris



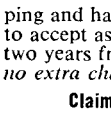
Jessica Tandy



John Gielgud



Judith Anderson



Lee J. Cobb

Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, Jean
Genet and other masters of drama. Feat-
ured performers include Laurence Olivier,
John Gielgud, Julie Harris, Ralph Rich-
ardson, Judith Anderson, Lee J. Cobb,
Siobhan McKenna, Paul Scofield and many
others among the most im-
portant stars of our time.
Each complete play will be
beautifully boxed and con-
tain a lavishly illustrated
Production Folio with notes
by eminent authorities. The
full text of the play will be
included, handsomely bound
as a separate volume.

Members pay only the Society's
low price—and save 33 1/3 %

Though Society recordings
sell for up to \$24.80 per set
at retail, members pay only
the low price of just over
\$4.00 per record plus ship-
ping and handling. Your only obligation is
to accept as few as four plays over the next
two years from the many offered. There is
no extra charge for Stereo.

Claim your free MARAT/SADE—
retail value \$18.85

Mail the coupon to receive your free
3-record set of MARAT/SADE plus your
first Society selection (chosen from cou-
pon) for which you will be billed later. If
not completely delighted, you may return
the shipment within 10 days and your trial
membership will be cancelled without obli-
gation. Mail the coupon today.

◀ INCLUDED AT NO EXTRA COST

Lavish Production Folio illustrating
cast, Broadway stage production and
historical background of play in more
than 30 photographs and en-
gravings. A collector's item.

PLUS ▶

Complete 116-page text of
MARAT/SADE with
music and lyrics to all 12
songs.

ALSO FREE if you act promptly
RICHARD BURTON reads THE LOVE

POEMS OF JOHN DONNE

RETAIL PRICE \$5.95 12-inch 33 1/3 RPM
longplaying record



THEATRE RECORDING SOCIETY A-27
505 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018

Please send my free 3-record MARAT/SADE (\$18.85 retail
value). Also send my first Society selection (chosen from
those listed below) for which you will bill me later—and
enroll me as a trial member. In addition to my first sec-
tion, my only obligation is to accept as few as four plays
over the next two years at the Society's low price of just
over \$4.00 a record plus shipping and handling. If not
completely delighted with MARAT/SADE I may return
introductory shipment within 10 days and my membership
will be cancelled without obligation.

☐ FREE: Include RICHARD BURTON reading THE
LOVE POEMS OF JOHN DONNE as my bonus for
prompt action.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send records in ☐ Mono ☐ Stereo

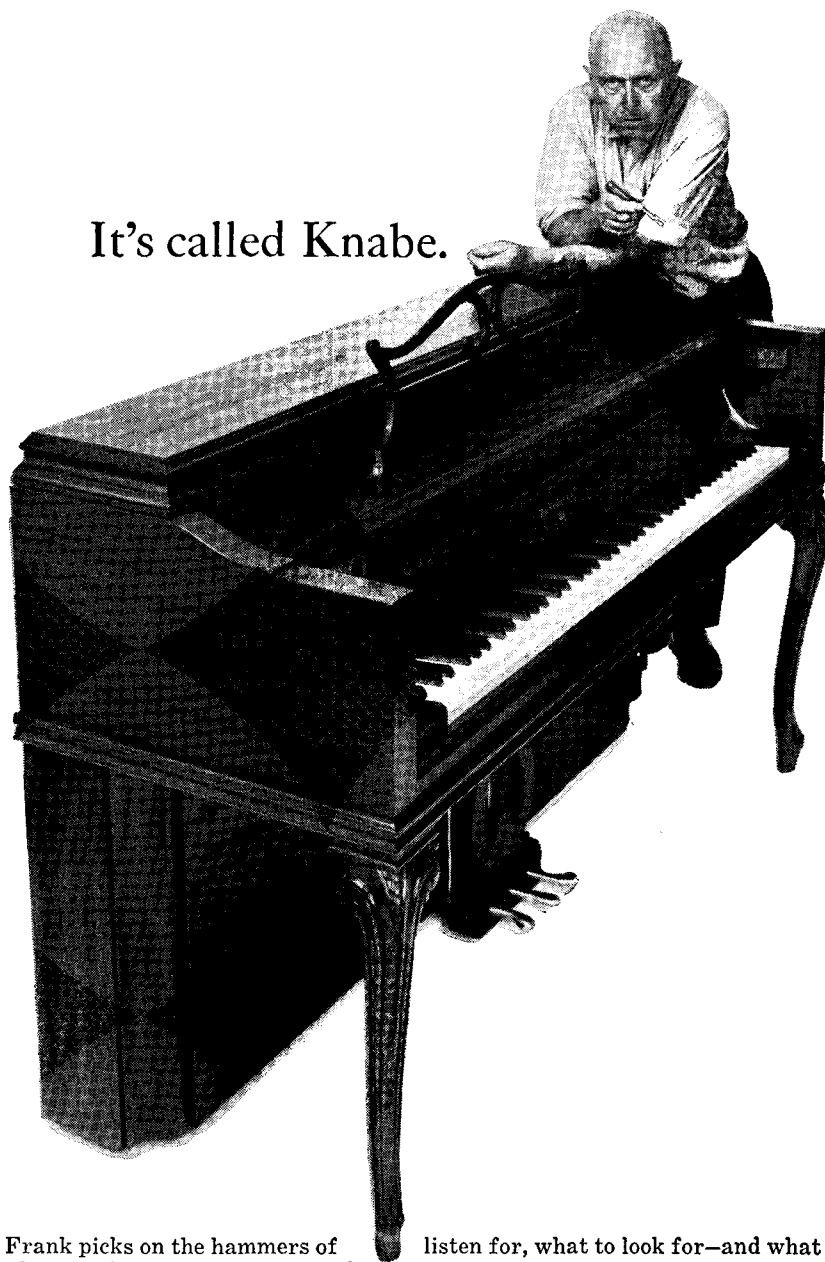
I have checked my first Society selection below:

- ☐ Glass Menagerie by Tennessee Williams. Retail price \$12.90.
My price only \$8.99 plus shipping and handling.
- ☐ Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Retail price \$18.85.
My price only \$12.90 plus shipping and handling.
- ☐ Macbeth by William Shakespeare. Retail price \$17.85.
My price only \$12.90 plus shipping and handling.

TRS-5

43 craftsmen do their very best work to
give Frank Hendricks something to pick on.

It's called Knabe.



Frank picks on the hammers of a Knabe with five sewing needles and a finely attuned ear. That's called "voicing". Frank's needling sets the rich distinctive Knabe tone in every Knabe console or grand—Colonial, French, Italian or Contemporary.

A Knabe voicer learns his craft from a Knabe voicer, who learned from a Knabe voicer. In fact, each of the 43 hand skills that go before voicing have been taught, and learned, the Knabe way—since 1837. It takes a man more than six years before he begins to know what to

listen for, what to look for—and what to do about it. Whether he's a voicer, a stringer, a fly-finisher or tuner, he keeps learning until he's among the best in the field. Then he's good enough for Knabe.

Next time you hear a Knabe sing out—at the Metropolitan Opera, on a concert stage or in a friend's home, listen to Frank's voice. It's unmistakable. It's called

KNABE

Official piano of The Metropolitan Opera

A Wm. Knabe & Co., Inc., 33 West 57 Street, New York. Division of Aeolian Corporation

Report on the Philippines

Nor was this an end to the Marcos package. In loans and grants to cover the dollar-financing of irrigation facilities, feeder roads, airport and harbor improvement, and agricultural extension work he got \$125 million, most of it calculated to help the more critical aspects of his domestic agricultural program. He had agreement, also, on such long-term but highly contentious issues as the early opening of discussions on arrangements to succeed the Langley-Laurel trade agreement, which expires in 1974 and ends U.S. commercial privileges.

Reparations from Japan

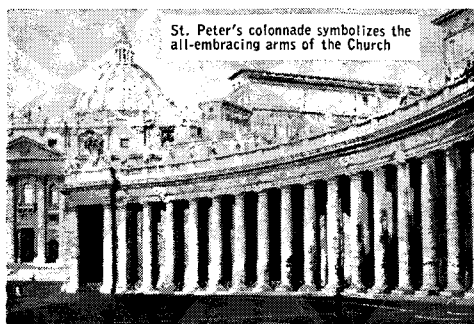
Taking in Japan on the last leg of his journey, Marcos received Japanese commitments to accelerate the balance of reparations payments amounting to \$300 million. For most Filipinos, hobnobbing with the Japanese is still fraught with political risk, but not for ex-guerrilla Marcos. Making the most of his unique capacity for maneuver, he buttered up the Japanese with speeches designed to sweep away lingering, and partly justified, fears that all was not yet forgotten or forgiven for the Second World War.

The results in accelerated reparations and investment promises pleased the Filipinos even more. Ticker tape showered on the presidential car as Marcos drove through Manila on his return, and an estimated million people lined the streets to cheer him.

To cap these successes came the Manila conference. For Marcos, it was another big step forward in national stature and presidential power. No sooner had the captains and the kings departed than Marcos set in motion his own "grand peace offensive." Among his plans is an Asian conference, with countries of similar ideologies participating, to be followed by a bigger meeting of all Asian countries, including mainland China.

Tempting though it may be, protracted preoccupation with summitry is not going to bring down the price of rice. In private conversation, Marcos appears to be well aware, however, that his mounting

LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART invites you to participate in an unprecedented new program embracing the great art of all ages in superb low-cost collectors' volumes



St. Peter's colonnade symbolizes the all-embracing arms of the Church



Gainsborough's portraits reflect the poetic vitality of the 18th century



"Fame" typifies Baroque taste for the flamboyant



An "intimate" Rococo salon emphasizes the age's formality



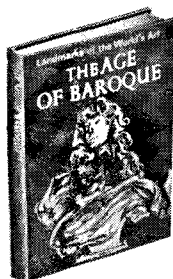
This Sevres inkstand was a gift for Marie Antoinette

Large 8½ by 11½ inch format — 200 illustrations, 100 in full color.

In this introductory volume, explore the glorious age of Rembrandt, Bernini, Velasquez, Rubens, Watteau, and other Baroque masters for \$1 (regular series price \$4.95)

ACEPT THIS SPECTACULAR art volume, *The Age of Baroque*, for only \$1 as your introduction to LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART—a new international art program designed for your family's pleasure and enrichment.

In this magnificently illustrated book (100 full color reproductions, plus 100 in black and white), you will discover a civilization unrivaled for its sheer creative energy and drama. From the glittering crystal salons of Louis XIV's Versailles to the compassionate humanity of Rembrandt's portraits...from the ecstatic religious sculpture of Bernini to the delicately chiseled neoclassic designs of English Wedgwood pottery...you will marvel at the dazzling array of art reflecting the glory of king, church, and merchant during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.



IN PAINTING, Watteau depicts the idyllic pleasures of the French royal court at the height of its power...Vermeer celebrates the cheerful domesticity of prosperous Dutch burghers...Hogarth satirizes the scandalous morals of a social-climbing English aristocracy...and all over Europe, the irrepressible sensuality of Rubens' heroic figures decorates palace, chapel, and country manor...

IN SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE, Bernini and Borromini complete the monumental tomb and the awe-inspiring piazza of St. Peter's...Sir Christopher Wren virtually rebuilds London after the Great Fire, introducing a serene new style unknown on the Continent...Gabriel begins the private royal retreat, *The Petit Trianon*, for the King's mistress Madame de Pompadour, and completes it for her successor, the illustrious Madame de Barry...

IN THE DECORATIVE ARTS, porcelain is manufactured for the first time, under royal patent, in Meissen and Sevres... "French" windows are invented...designer Robert Adam, inspired by the archaeological discoveries in Pompeii, popularizes neoclassic furniture and wall decoration...landscape artists create breath-

taking formal gardens in Vienna, Naples, Munich, and other great cities...

You will see—and read about—all of these fascinating works of art (and many, many more) in this exciting new volume.

Why are we making this \$1 offer?

The Age of Baroque is offered for only \$1 to introduce you to LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART. As a subscriber to this unique Program, you may collect at low cost a library of sumptuous new art volumes revealing man's greatest achievements in the visual arts from prehistoric times to the present day.

These volumes encompass not only painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also graphics, interior design, furniture, ceramics, textiles, and jewelry—to mention only a few of the art forms included. Every culture, primitive and civilized—and every important known artist—is represented.

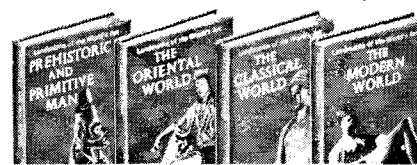
A unique educational opportunity for your family
Each LANDMARKS book is an authoritative reference written by an international art expert, and contains fully 200 illustrations—at least 100 in full color. Each book is elegantly bound in gold-stamped hard covers, measuring 8½ inches by 11½ inches in size. Informative glossaries, decorative end-paper maps, time charts, and complete indexes enhance their usefulness. If you have children in school, these books will be especially valued.

Ordinarily, you would expect to pay as much as \$15 for art books such as these. However, because the LANDMARKS Program is a cooperative venture—pooling the resources of five publishers in the United States, Britain, France, Italy, and Scandinavia—you may acquire the volumes you want for the astonishingly low price of only \$4.95, plus a few cents for shipping. You may take as few as two volumes during the next year; after that, you may accept as few or as many as you wish.

Explore The Age of Baroque without obligation
Simply mail the coupon. We will enter your trial subscription and ship you a copy of *The Age of Baroque* for 10 days examination. If you are delighted with the volume, send only \$1, plus shipping. Thereafter, you will be offered a new LANDMARKS book every two months (for 10 days trial) at the subscribers' low price of \$4.95. If not pleased with

the initial volume, however, just return it to cancel your subscription, and you will be under no further obligation. LANDMARKS OF THE WORLD'S ART, McGraw-Hill Book Company, 351 West 41 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

Among the forthcoming volumes in Landmarks of the World's Art



Landmarks of the World's Art
McGraw-Hill Book Company
351 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please enter my trial subscription and send me the new lavishly illustrated LANDMARKS volume, *The Age of Baroque*. Bill me at the special introductory price of only \$1, plus a few cents for shipping. If I am not delighted with this initial volume, I may return it within 10 days, cancel my subscription, and owe nothing.

If I do continue as a subscriber, you will send me a new LANDMARKS volume every two months (for 10 days trial), and bill me at the low subscription price of \$4.95, plus shipping. I may accept as few as two additional volumes during the next year.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

AT-102

"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink before lunch or dinner. Dry Sack has the body and superb nutty flavor to stand up to ice cubes. No wonder Dry Sack on-the-rocks, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK



Let this seal be your guide to quality



Report on the Philippines

popularity with the Filipino people will be useful only if it can be made to work as a lever for administrative action that would otherwise be beyond the presidential capability.

The home front

Yet politics being what they are in the Philippines, Marcos has only two years in which to implement his domestic policies before he is again caught up in the throes of the presidential election campaign, which now runs a full year, has the effect of all but bringing government to a halt, and is enormously expensive.

Although industrial expansion has been taking place at the healthy rate of about 8 percent a year, the rate of expansion in the primary sector has been only about one percent — far too low to meet the needs of a population swollen by a 3.2 percent growth rate. More than half the country's 33 million people are under the age of twenty, and the population gives every indication of doubling itself within the next twenty years. In the meantime, 400,000 new job-seekers are thrown on the labor market each year with little prospect that they will find employment in keeping with their educational levels. By the end of 1966 slightly more than a million Filipinos, or nearly 9 percent of the labor force, were totally unemployed, and an estimated 2 million others had much less work than enough.

Since education is given highest government priority — and 25 percent of the Budget appropriation — those who suffer worst are among the youngest and the best educated. The Philippines, as one local writer aptly put it, has become a land of growing privilege for the few and shrinking opportunities for the many. While there are not enough skilled artisans to meet the country's needs, the professional ranks are overcrowded in all categories, including engineering.

The private sector of the economy not only is demonstrably more effective than the public sector but suffers heavily from the government's administrative weaknesses. The demand for local textiles increased sharply last year when Marcos sup-



A pub is a come-as-you-are party.

Come to Britain—ancient & mod

A pub is where you don't worry whether you'll fit in or not. You will. Everyone does.

At the pub in the photo, for instance, you'll meet more than mere mini-skirts and kilts. You'll meet every sort from the neighborhood (Covent Garden, where Eliza Doolittle sold flowers).

You'll be welcome, too. And not just to look at us all and remark on how quaint we are. You can talk to us. Politics. Theatre. Darts tactics. The quality of the beer.

In fact, we'll talk of whatever you please, until the closing hour. (We regret to say we close at 11 P.M.)

But never mind. By then you'll have met enough of us to be asked along to one of our late-hours clubs.

There are many kinds. They range from traditional haunts to discothèques. We've rarely met an American

who didn't have his favorite club (and people) by the time he left us. He usually says it all began in a pub.

You can begin by sending the coupon for a free 52-page picture guide, "Vacations in Britain." Read it, then talk things over with your travel agent.

This is a mailing label. Please type or use block letters.

British Travel, Box 4100, New York, N. Y. 10017		
TO:	002	
NAME		
ADDRESS		
CITY	STATE	ZIP

British Travel: New York—680 Fifth Avenue; Chicago—39 South La Salle Street; Los Angeles—612 South Flower Street; also offices in Canada.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world's oldest "flight uniform"

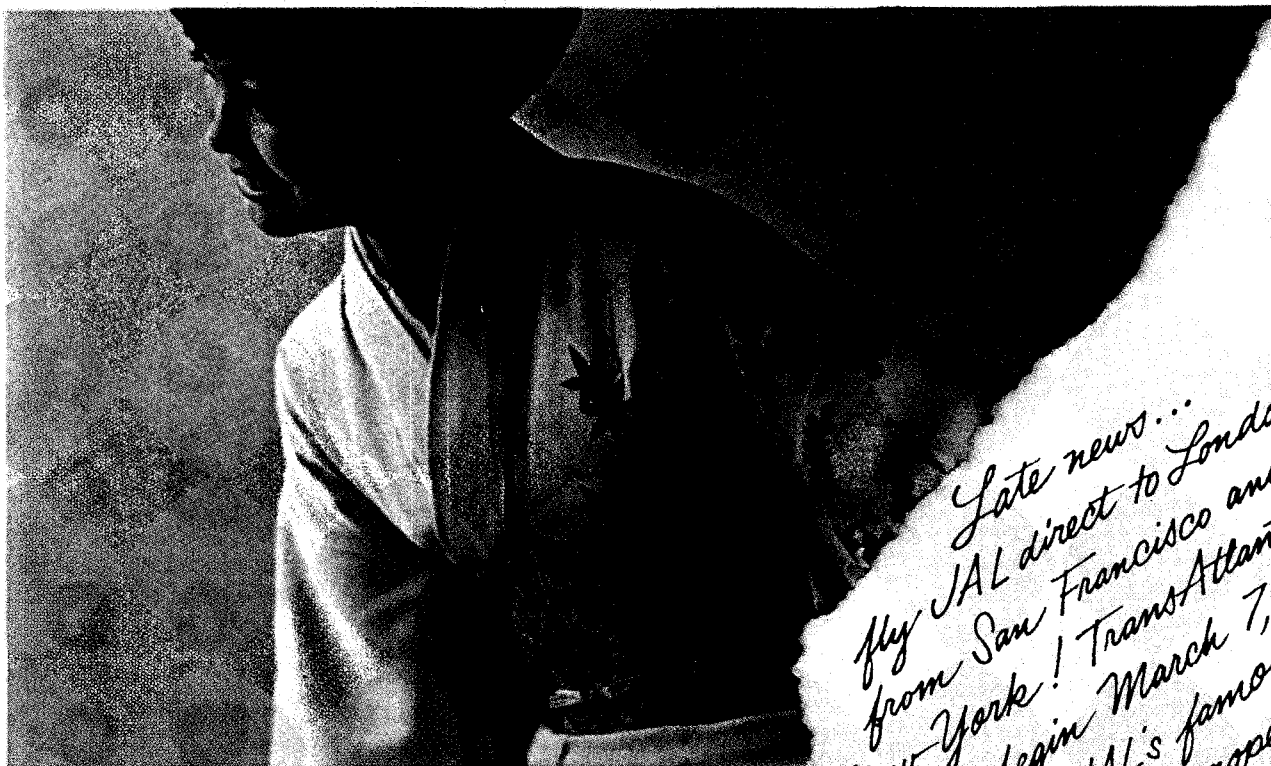
The kimono of your JAL hostess is as ageless as Japanese hospitality. Yet it reflects her individuality—she chose the pattern herself. It was her graduation gown at the select "finishing school" for JAL hostesses.

sets the mood for your silken flight

The kimono—one of the most feminine of garments—is part of a classic tradition of Japan. A tradition that holds beauty and grace to be a part of perfect service... as you discover during your flight.

on the worldwide airline of Japan

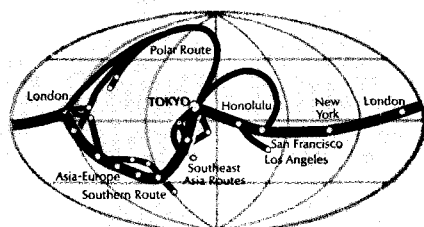
Notice the graceful way she pours a tiny cup of warmed sake. And offers *tsumami mono* appetizers before JAL's superb Continental cuisine. As she attends every wish you experience 1,200 years in the art of pleasing others.



ENJOY THE SPECIAL CHARM OF JAPAN AIR LINES

Now flying direct from New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles to Tokyo. Stop over in California and Hawaii at no extra fare. See your travel agent for a

JAPAN AIR LINES



(N. Y.- London service subject to government approval)

*Late news...
fly JAL direct to London
from San Francisco and
New York! TransAtlantic
flights begin March 7,
give you JAL's famous
service...now to Europe
and round the world.
Join us, please!*



Report on the Philippines

pressed some forms of smuggling, but many other factories are working less than full time because smuggling generally is still rampant.

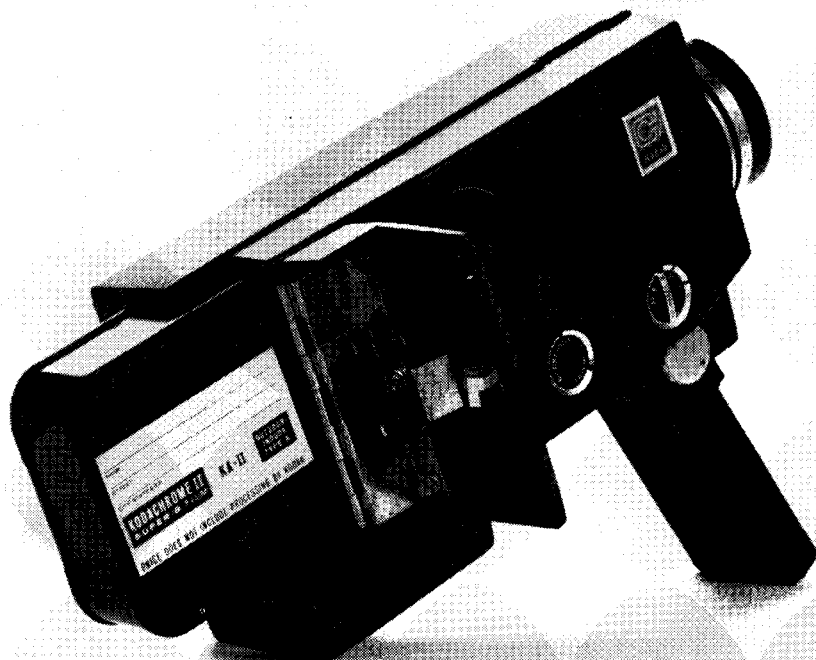
According to an official Central Bank estimate, smuggling costs the Philippines \$350 million a year in foreign exchange and another \$85 million in lost revenue. "Pure" smuggling constitutes only a small proportion of the total. Most is achieved by way of undeclared or underdeclared imports, which in turn involve the corruption of underpaid customs officials who are paid an entirely inadequate wage of 360 pesos (about \$93) a month. Corruption does not either begin or end with the petty functionary, however. It embraces the administration, the legislature, the armed forces, and the judiciary.

So far, Marcos has promised and probed, but he has not really come to grips with the problem. "Just watch the arrests," he said when he first came into office. People are still watching. Even Marcos does not seem to have understood where arrests, if carried to their proper conclusion, might lead, or, since corruption is everywhere, how he could make charges stick. With the sons of well-to-do families virtually immune from punishment even on the most serious charges, justice has fallen into disrepute. Moreover, the courts have such a backlog of cases, and in many instances, have so few judges available, that the lawless feel no need for restraint.

Violent hangover

In the law of the jungle that prevailed during the Japanese occupation, survival often depended on a willingness to lie, cheat, steal, or even to kill. The young Filipino grew up with a knife or a gun. In the immediate post-war years this remained as a hangover from the years of violence. Today it has become a reflection of the unsatisfied revolution of rising expectations. Robbery, arson, and murder are all increasing and have become so much a part of the way of life that only cases involving well-known people are regarded as worth more than a paragraph buried on an inside page of the newspapers.

Fastback



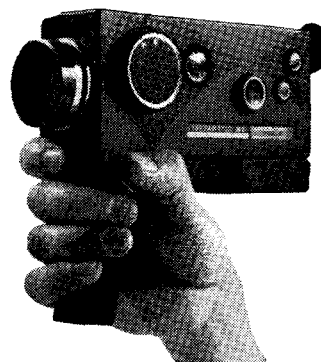
Slide the cartridge in and you're off to the movies—a full 50 feet of uninterrupted super 8 movies. They're easier to make, better to show than personal movies you've seen before.

The KODAK INSTAMATIC M8 Movie Camera is our most advanced super 8 camera. It features smooth power zooming from 9.5mm wide-angle to 45mm telephoto close-up, plus four shooting speeds for special effects. You follow the action, and the CdS electric eye measures the light, right through the lens for the utmost in exposure accuracy. No film winding—battery drive. Less than \$225.

See this superb movie camera and the complete line of KODAK INSTAMATIC Movie Projectors at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

Kodak Instamatic® M8 Movie Camera



COINTREAU

WORLD-RENOWNED LIQUEUR

COINTREAU

PERFECT AFTER DINNER

COINTREAU

LEND'S COCKTAILS MAGIC

COINTREAU

EXCITING ON THE ROCKS

COINTREAU

HONORED BY CHEFS

COINTREAU

FOR GOURMET DISHES

COINTREAU



COINTREAU LIQUEUR • 80 PROOF • PRODUCED & BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

Report on the Philippines

Also a way of life are the activities of the noisy, articulate, left-wing, urban groups of students, unionists, and others who are bitterly critical of both political parties, bitterly anti-American, seemingly ultranationalist, and heavily infiltrated by the Communists. Since employment in the countryside is often on a food-only basis, the glitter of Manila continues to attract young men whose further frustration provides ready fuel for the left wing's revolutionary doctrine.

In rice- and sugar-growing provinces beyond Manila, all the causes that led to the Hukbalahap uprising after the Second World War remain and have been exacerbated by neglect. In 1963 President Macapagal introduced long-overdue land-reform legislation, which was first watered down by Congress by raising the lower limits of the size of expropriatable estates from 59 to 184 acres and later immobilized by Congress' failure to finance the expropriation.

One does not need to seek far to find the reasons why the agricultural Philippines, with tens of thousands of acres of virgin and arable land, has become one of the biggest rice-importing countries in the world, or why the rice-growing areas — in particular in Pampanga Province — are seething with revolutionary discontent, which the revived Hukbalahap movement has begun to exploit with alarming success. Tenant farmers working two- or three-acre blocks in grinding poverty, in debt to landlords for eleven out of twelve months of every year, have turned in thousands to the Huks.

In parts of Pampanga the Huks have become a state within a state. They have organized and now control more than 120 barrios. Five small towns and the city of Angeles, where GI's from the Clark Field air base spend their pesos in sleazy bars, are all under virtual Huk control. The transport and the vice of Angeles are Huk concessions. The Huks run their own courts, administer their own justice, collect their own taxes. Family heads in controlled and organized barrios are assigned a tax quota of one sack of rice, or its equivalent, every harvest. Landlords must

contribute as many sacks of rice as they have tenants and must make cash contributions also.

How many Huks?

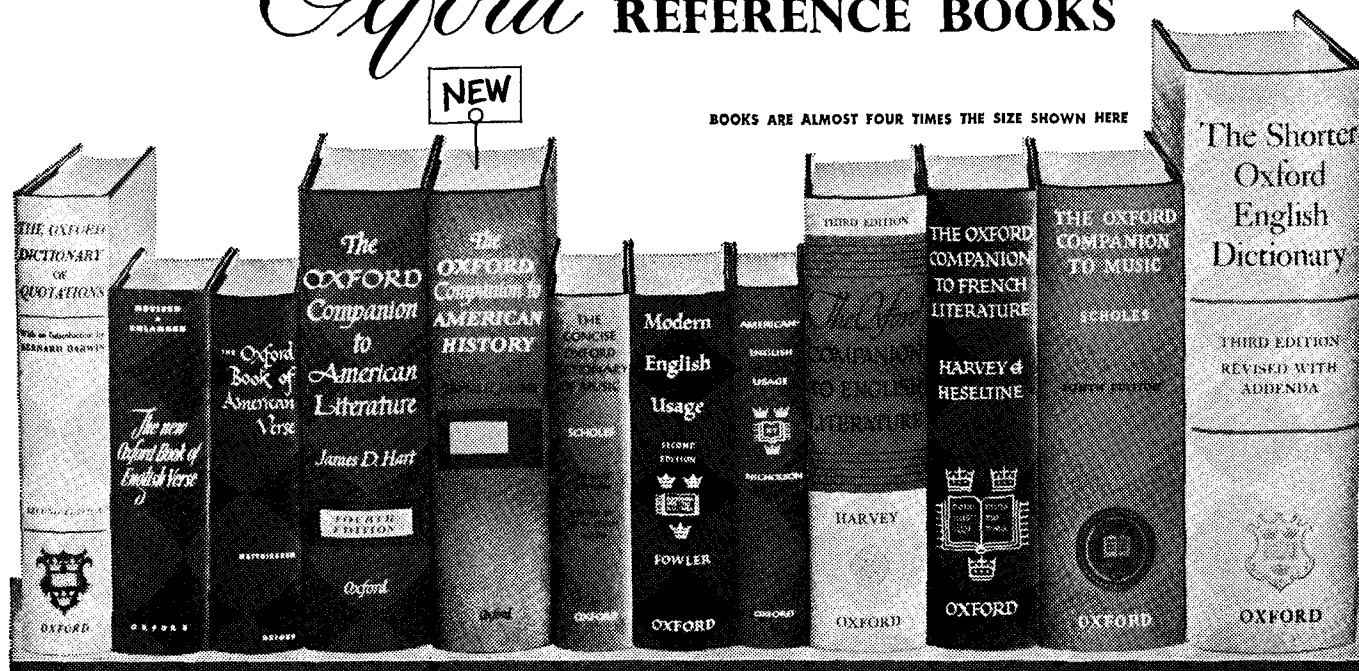
Although the movement is still in the rebuilding stage, it is growing rapidly. According to official Philippine security estimates, the regular, full-time armed members of the Huk forces numbered only 37 before the 1965 elections. These were backed by about 200 cadres working in the towns and villages and about 8000 tax collectors and other workers. Today the regular armed force has grown to between 130 and 145, backed by part-time combat support and service support units of nearly 1000 and a mass working organization of some 26,000.

The movement now has guns, money, and widespread sympathetic support. In the classic style, the Huks offer themselves as an alternative form of government. They promise social justice and protection against the twin scourges of oppressive landlords and cattle rustlers.

The only difference between the situation in Pampanga today and that which existed in the western provinces on the Mekong Delta in South Vietnam late in 1959 is that Marcos, though he has been accused of heavy-handedness, appears to have a more sensitive understanding of the reasons for peasant unrest than Ngo Dinh Diem used to have. At this stage the struggle calls for a genuine land-reform campaign, for government credit for seeds, fertilizers, insecticides, for improved irrigation canals, and for a great deal more dedication among government officials in the rural areas.

Some of these needs will be met by the U.S. aid promised during Marcos' visit to Washington. In the final analysis, however, real progress in improving agricultural production to meet the food needs of the nation will depend on the effectiveness with which Marcos can make use of the political power which he has so carefully been cultivating. It is here that his bipartisan approach will meet its principal test, since some of the most powerful members of the administration represent the diehard landlord interests, which have stood resolutely in the way of rural reform.

Take your choice OF THESE INDISPENSABLE *Oxford* REFERENCE BOOKS



A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

By H. W. FOWLER. 2nd Edition revised and edited by SIR ERNEST GOWERS. The standard for English usage brought up to date. "A good book has been made better . . . without sacrificing the terse, tart touch of old Henry himself."—JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review* Syndicate. 747 pages including new Classified Guide.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

With an Introduction by BERNARD DARWIN. 2nd Revised Edition. Most convenient of quotation books. Fuller cross reference of more than 40,000 quotations makes it possible to compare similar and related phrases and ideas. New Index gives the page and line number of each quotation. 1,024 pages.

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC

By PERCY A. SCHOLES. 2nd Edition edited by JOHN OWEN WARD. A thoroughgoing revision with numerous new entries; one feature is a "who's who" of 3,500 concise biographies. Entries are listed alphabetically, with cross-indexes, diagrams, and illustrative passages in musical notation. 666 pages. Illustrated.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE

Chosen, with an Introduction by F. O. MATTHIESSEN. Includes 571 selections from the works of 51 American poets ranging from the seventeenth century to the young poets of today. 1,188 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY. Covers alphabetically by title and author more than ten centuries of literature in the English language, with brief biographies of writers, summaries of plots, and explanations of the many allusions commonly met within our literature. 3rd Edition. 940 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY and J. E. HESELTINE. 6,000 entries: articles on poets, novelists, dramatists, critics, historians, scientists, statesmen, philosophers; biographies, etc. Alphabetical listing; cross-referencing; 2 maps, 900 pages.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE

By MARGARET NICHOLSON, based on Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. The "faster Fowler," especially prepared for Americans. Adds new words and idioms and variations in American and English usage and spelling. 684 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN HISTORY

By THOMAS H. JOHNSON, in consultation with HARVEY WISH. Lives, events, and places significant in the founding and growth of our nation—every aspect of American history and thought, from colonial times to the present. 4,710 entries. 928 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

By JAMES D. HART. 4th Edition. The newly enlarged edition contains 223 authors and 62 summaries not previously included; 343 articles, the Chronological Index, and material on literary prizes, groups, and magazines have been brought up to date. 1,003 pages.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

Chosen and edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH. Revised Edition. The best known and probably the most highly prized anthology of English poetry. Covers seven centuries of poetic development from thirteenth-century lyrics to modern poetry. 1,198 pages.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC

By PERCY A. SCHOLES. 9th Edition. The most famous of all one-volume musical encyclopedias, brought up to date with new material on contemporary music and musicians. Includes biographies, opera plots, and a Pronouncing Glossary of some 7,000 names and terms. 1,255 pages. Illustrated.

THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Prepared by WILLIAM LITTLE, H. W. FOWLER and J. COULSON. 3rd Edition revised and edited by C. T. ONIONS. The big one-volume dictionary (also known as *The Oxford Universal Dictionary*) based on the renowned "historical principles" which have made the original 13-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* a recognized classic. 2,538 pages.

A unique offer to Atlantic readers

"OXFORD . . . publishes the best reference books in the English language," says Charles Poore in *Harper's*. Undoubtedly you have always wanted to own several, or all, of the books described on this page. Now, for a limited time, you have the privilege of examining your choice of these titles in your own home, with the understanding that you may pay for them on a budget plan. (Details are explained in the coupon below.)

This is your golden opportunity to build an Oxford reference library that is the dream of every educated person . . . on terms that permit easy monthly payments.

Published and periodically revised by Oxford University Press, honored by scholars and treasured by their owners, these modern reference works form a bond of kinship between men and women of culture throughout the world. Which of them belongs in your library now? You can make the choice without moving from your chair; use the coupon below to order as many volumes as you wish. *You need send no money.* Simply indicate the titles you wish, clip the coupon, and mail it.

THIS OFFER GOOD ONLY IN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES

SPECIAL OXFORD PURCHASE PLAN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc.
16-00 Pollitt Drive, Fair Lawn, N. J. 07410

Please send me the Oxford Reference Books I have checked. If my order totals more than \$11.00 I am to receive an itemized invoice. This may be paid in full or at the rate of \$5.00 a month until the last remaining balance is paid.

Orders totaling less than \$11.00 will be accompanied by a bill payable in full at the end of 30 days.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip code _____

A-10

- ☐ A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE\$5.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE\$12.50
- ☐ COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE\$10.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO FRENCH LITERATURE\$13.00
- ☐ CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF MUSIC, \$7.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO MUSIC\$25.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO AMERICAN HISTORY \$12.50
- ☐ NICHOLSON: AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE\$6.50
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE\$7.00
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE\$7.50
- ☐ OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS\$11.00
- ☐ SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY (OXFORD UNIVERSAL)\$32.00

THE knives are out for Harold Wilson. Nearly fifty Labor Party backbenchers have signed a petition condemning the Labor government's economic policies, and the number of dissidents can be expected to rise, together with the number of unemployed. The Conservative Opposition abandoned bipartisanship on foreign policy to come out directly against Wilson's request to the UN for mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia.

Wilson is a fascinating phenomenon. Unemployed car workers march on the Labor Party's Annual Conference to protest the government-inspired slump, and their leaders are greeted by the Prime Minister, bullhorn in hand, and invited in for tea. Conservative merchant bankers in the City of London comment approvingly that Wilson is the first Prime Minister to confer seriously with the Queen; in fact, he times those conferences to drive speeches by Tory Leader Edward Heath off the front pages. The Foreign Secretary announces that Britain will never give up its ties to the United States; Wilson begins his address to the English-Speaking Union the next day by claiming that the first act of his government was to save the British computer industry from an American take-over. All sides are played against the middle.

Wilson's domination of the British political scene has until recently been unquestioned. His Foreign Secretary and Deputy Prime Minister, George Brown, demonstrated his incapacity for top leadership during his bumbling year and a half as Minister for Economic Affairs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, James Callaghan, sits and suffers at the Treasury while the government's economic policies produce unemployment — and while he is set up as a scapegoat.

New discontent with Wilson inside the Labor Party has produced a fresh figure in the wings: Roy Jenkins. As Home Secretary he has an opportunity to effect some reforms in Britain's archaic legislated morality, and he has no responsibility for economic affairs — his good fortune. At forty-six, Jenkins is only four years younger

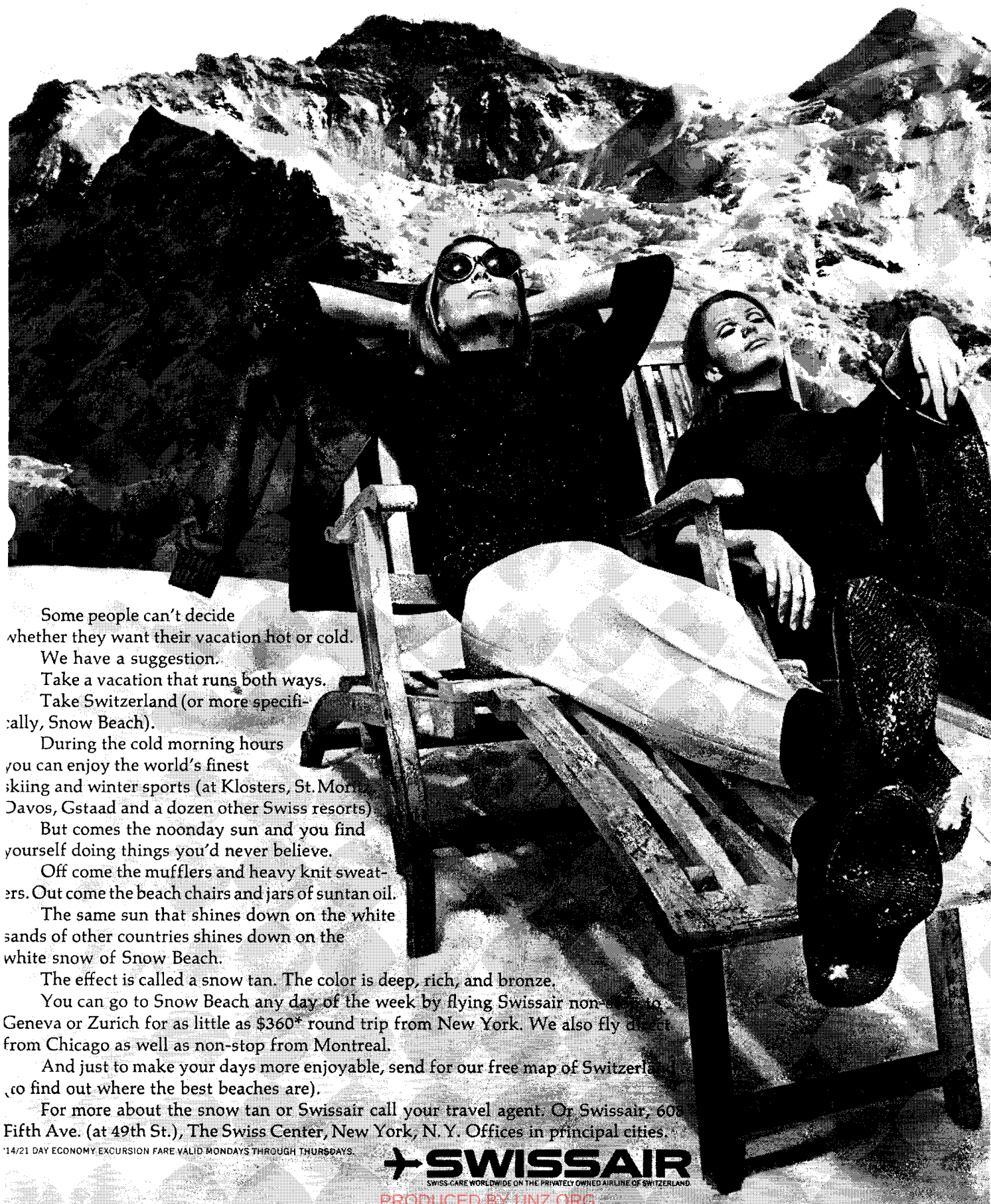
than the Prime Minister, although his vocal support in the Parliamentary Labor Party comes from the younger generation of M.P.'s, particularly those elected in 1966 to help "modernize Britain." But the experience of those former threats to the throne — Brown and Callaghan — offers ample warning to Jenkins. In fact, one political journalist (Alan Watkins in the *Spectator*) has already used his weekly column to advise Mr. Jenkins "to ask his young supporters to lower their voices slightly when they next decide to appoint him Prime Minister."

Threats to Wilson's leadership from within his own party appear more substantial than the threat from without. Wilson's victory in March gave him a majority of nearly 100 seats and what can be a clear run until 1970. Moreover, Edward Heath, the leader of the Conservative Opposition, has the misfortune to be identified by Laborites and Conservatives alike as "the Tory Harold Wilson." Heath's two major assets are in fact a talent for political organization and a sincere desire to get Britain into the Common Market. "Ted Heath is honest and sincere and hardworking," says one old-time Tory. "But while Wilson amuses or outrages or excites, Ted has this extraordinary ability to bore. He might have been a first-class Ted Heath, but he'll never be more than a second-class Harold Wilson."

Winter of discontent

The opposition may not be particularly challenging for Wilson at this juncture, but that is made up for by the intractability of the problems with which he must deal. This is a winter of discontent for Wilson and for Britain. The honeymoon after Labor's massive victory last March is over. There are two issues which have crystallized opposition to Wilson: one foreign, Rhodesia; and one domestic, the "freeze and squeeze" being applied to the British economy by the government. In both cases, the danger for Wilson is that his "realistic" policies will erode his position within the Labor Party without gaining him sufficient Conservative and Independent backing to offset the loss to his political base.

Introducing Snow Beach.



Some people can't decide whether they want their vacation hot or cold.

We have a suggestion.

Take a vacation that runs both ways.

Take Switzerland (or more specifically, Snow Beach).

During the cold morning hours you can enjoy the world's finest skiing and winter sports (at Klosters, St. Moritz, Davos, Gstaad and a dozen other Swiss resorts).

But comes the noonday sun and you find yourself doing things you'd never believe.

Off come the mufflers and heavy knit sweaters. Out come the beach chairs and jars of suntan oil.

The same sun that shines down on the white sands of other countries shines down on the white snow of Snow Beach.

The effect is called a snow tan. The color is deep, rich, and bronze.

You can go to Snow Beach any day of the week by flying Swissair non-stop to Geneva or Zurich for as little as \$360* round trip from New York. We also fly direct from Chicago as well as non-stop from Montreal.

And just to make your days more enjoyable, send for our free map of Switzerland (to find out where the best beaches are).

For more about the snow tan or Swissair call your travel agent. Or Swissair, 608 Fifth Ave. (at 49th St.), The Swiss Center, New York, N.Y. Offices in principal cities.

*14/21 DAY ECONOMY EXCURSION FARE VALID MONDAYS THROUGH THURSDAYS.

 **SWISSAIR**
SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report on London

Wilson's realism over Rhodesia was summed up recently by a right-wing Labor M.P. of shrewd political judgment: "This government doesn't want a fight with South Africa. We have too big a stake there in trade and investment. So Wilson will go on beating Ian Smith with a fly whisk while all the time telling the left-wing boys that he's flogging him with a cat-o'-nine-tails."

Whatever the official line, it is difficult to find anyone in London who believes that mandatory sanctions against Rhodesia will bring down the rebel regime. The Tory cry is that Britain should dispense with the fiction by coming to terms with the white Rhodesians. The left-wing Labor response is to call for force, particularly the bombing of the rail and road links from South Africa to Rhodesia. From both points of view, Wilson's position — no use of force but also no recognition of illegal independence — seems pure hypocrisy. But the government's dilemma is real. Wilson did

not have the troops or the planes to force a settlement on Rhodesia.

Sanctions offered a way out, at least temporarily, but strict enforcement of sanctions, especially oil sanctions, has all along raised the specter of direct confrontation with South Africa. South Africa is Britain's fourth biggest trade partner. No Prime Minister can calmly contemplate losing some \$1 billion in exports and investment income, the price of a total break. Hence Wilson's dramatic flight to Gibraltar in early December and the Churchill-style talks on the *Tiger* with Ian Smith. "Harold tried to sell out," a longtime Wilson observer commented. "He did his damndest to sell out. But those idiot Rhodesians won't let him."

Economic freeze and squeeze

Wilson's Chancellor of the Exchequer has said that the price of confrontation with South Africa in terms of Britain's balance of payments would mean an even tougher and longer squeeze on the domestic economy than the government has imposed to date. But unless sanc-

tions against Rhodesia escalate into trade war with South Africa, the real gut issue in Britain remains the economy itself, and the government's handling of it. Last July, Wilson met the latest outbreak of the chronic crisis over the pound with the economic equivalent of overkill. Following up a series of deflationary and restrictive moves to check spending and credit expansion, he slapped on the tightest credit squeeze of modern times, slashed government expenditures, and called for a six-month freeze on both prices and wages.

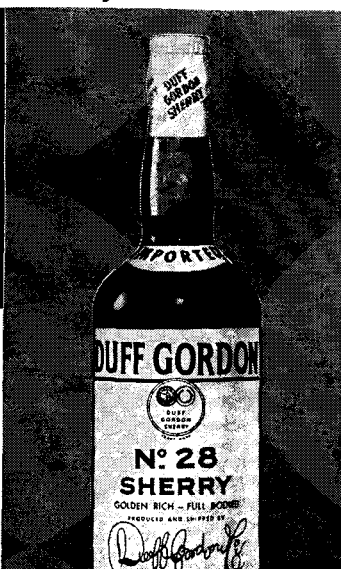
With the Great Freeze, Wilson tested the loyalty of the political and financial base of the Labor Party, the trade unions, to the breaking point — and in a few cases, beyond it. But he also gained widespread support as the first Prime Minister in a generation to "take on the unions," a popular cry in today's strike-ridden Britain. He earned the respect and partial cooperation of Tory bankers and businessmen, yet set off hopeful speculation among left-wingers that the Freeze would finally suppress wasteful capitalist free-for-alls. And he prevented a crisis devaluation of the pound, and consequent chaos in the world's money system.

Six months later, the smoke is still clearing. The initial political success of the tough measures has faded as the extent of their impact has become clear. The various estimates of the fall in new investment plans for 1967 range from 8 to 20 percent — this in the country which has had the lowest rate of new investment and of economic growth in the industrialized world. Automobile sales fell by 30 percent in three months. Most important of all politically, unemployment has doubled. Although the British unemployment rate of slightly more than 2 percent seems absurdly low by American standards, the level of tolerance in Britain is far lower than in America. Cause and effect are readily grasped: between the wars there were never fewer than 1 million unemployed in Britain; during the worst years of the Depression unemployment reached 3 million, more than a quarter of the working force. Whole towns disappeared, and few of today's older generation have forgotten.

There's a Moment of Truth when you serve your Sherry...



...that moment when your guests taste it. If it's imported Spanish Sherry, it tells them so much about you and your judgment. There is a difference! Because if it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry. If it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best.



SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.



A Financial Squeeze That Hurts All Over

America's rural electrics, which provide our countryside with vital electric power, are caught in a tight financial squeeze.

The demand for electric power is booming. But the money to buy and install the equipment and lines that will be needed to help meet that demand is lacking.

And when 20,000,000 people served by rural electrics are caught in a squeeze, the whole nation is pinched.

Within the next 15 years our country will need a total electric power system four times as big as the one we now have. Rural electric cooperatives and other consumer-owned systems, which serve in 2700 of the nation's 3100 counties, will have to invest more than nine

billion dollars during the next 15 years to do their part.

To help themselves obtain that capital, rural electric cooperatives have put forward a plan which will permit them to pool their collective credit. They're working to secure passage of necessary legislation by Congress.

Much of our nation's future lies in the countryside. There's room for our swelling population and growing industries. There's space in which to build tomorrow's model communities.

That's why the nation's rural electrics must have additional financial resources to insure that there will be ample power to do the job that needs to be done to prepare the countryside for tomorrow's growth.

*Everybody
benefits*

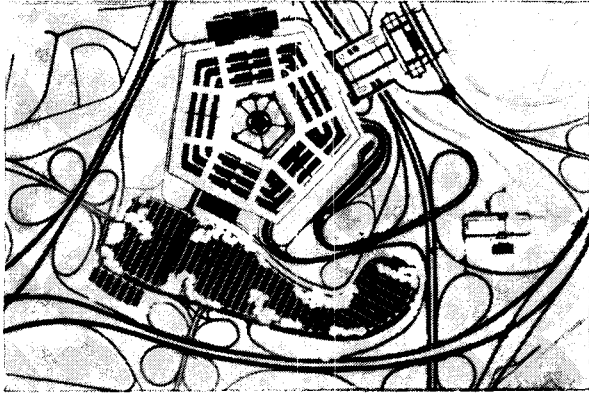


AMERICA'S Consumer-Owned RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

Coming in the *Atlantic*

Spring will bring a parade of special sections and new features, fresh fiction and poetry to *Atlantic* readers. A few samples from our projects list:

THE FIVE CORRIDORS OF POWER



Douglas Kiker presents a searching profile of Robert McNamara, who presides over the \$50-billion-a-year defense establishment, runs the Vietnam war, and by his drive, brilliance, and doggedness, profoundly influences affairs that reach far beyond the Pentagon. Adam Yarmolinsky adds an essay on the Pentagon and how it works under McNamara.

May Day Sermon to the Women of Gilmer County, Georgia, by a Woman Preacher Leaving the Baptist Church

A powerful long poem, the finest work yet by James Dickey.

A Gothic ABC

With witty pen and charming sketches, Barbara Byfield brings up to date the words, ways, and superstitions of the Middle Ages.

Louis Kronenberger on Henry Adams

Dr. William Sargant on Psychiatry and War, and Dr. Norman

Zinberg on The Uses and Abuses of Psychiatry on the Campus

Nat Hentoff on The Murderous Pleasures of Tennis

Daniel Callahan on The Catholic Bishops of America

Stories by Mary Lavin, Joseph Whitehill, and Wallace White

. . . and much more.

Report on London

When the six-month total freeze on wages ran out, the government moved to keep the lid on any possible inflation with at least another six-month period of "severe restraint." In the meantime, tight money, high interest rates, and high taxes are bound to produce still more unemployment and lower spending. A December OECD report projected British growth in 1967 at precisely zero percent. On disgruntled Labor M.P., Eric Heffer, has predicted 1 million unemployed by the end of the year. The left-wing *New Statesman* summed up criticism of the government when it concluded an editorial in December with the question "How long can we afford Mr. Wilson?"

A Labor government pledged to modernization, industrial advancement and social justice has resorted to the deliberate creation of unemployment. Why did Wilson do it? One explanation, offered by the business editor of a London daily, is that "by July the Government had already set the stage for a pretty serious slump. They had pulled hundreds of millions of pounds out of the economy with each regular and emergency budget since reaching office. When there was still another sterling crisis, after all they had done already, they panicked. They overdid it. And now they are stuck with it. If they call off the Freeze, there will be another sterling crisis before you can turn around."

But even if the July program was improvised in the face of unforeseen disaster, there is some method in it. Conservative economic policy from 1951 to 1964 consisted alternatively of promoting the pent-up demand for consumer goods and stamping it down. According to sympathetic observers, Wilson's new wage and price freeze, combined with "planned unemployment," offered hope of being the final "stop" in the post-war "stop-go" cycle. It could provide the opportunity for a major reorientation of the British economy away from domestic consumption and in the direction of exports and investment.

A new program means much greater pinpointing of the government's

If she doesn't fill out that rental form in 2 minutes flat, strip her of her Avis button.



The record: 47 seconds, Aileen Gray, Denver.

Time her.

(Many Avis girls break 90. After record holder Gray's 47, there's Alice Webb in Seattle, with 48.)

So if she goes over 2 minutes, her Avis button is yours.

And don't think it won't hurt.

When you wear a button that says, "We try harder," and somebody tells you to take it off, they're telling you something about yourself.

Try it the next time you rent a shiny new Plymouth from Avis.

2 minutes. If she takes a second longer, tell her to hand the button over.

Please don't try to remove it yourself.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report on London

ment's economic weapons. It means inducing workers to move to high-productivity industries, and providing them with the skills to do so. It means the direct encouragement of new investment in industries whose products compete with imports into Britain or the world's export markets, or which offer the potential of breakaway growth (such as computer-run machine tools).

The impact of the Squeeze and Freeze — the rising rate of unemployment and the clampdown on wages — is dramatic stuff indeed. But even more dramatic, and dangerous, is Wilson's gamble that his moves can give him the opportunity to convert growing discontent with orthodoxy into support for a program to modernize Britain.

Can Britain join Europe?

While Rhodesia and the economic situation dominate the headlines, Wilson is active in a third area which could prove the most significant of all. Since last December and through the spring, he and Foreign

Secretary Brown have been undertaking a series of visits to all major European capitals (and a goodly number of minor ones) for consultations on Britain's entry into the Common Market. This is the "European play," shrewdly timed and long awaited, not least because successful negotiations for British entry into Europe would remove almost the last vestiges of Edward Heath's distinctive political clothing. Wilson is making a great play of touching every base before making formal application for entry, in contrast to the alleged naïveté of Harold Macmillan's Tories in 1962, who spent months settling butter prices in Brussels, all the time neglecting the task of gaining the assent of General de Gaulle.

What are the chances for British entry? According to a Department of Economic Affairs insider, "the technical agreements on economic adjustment are all signed and sealed. They could be taken off the shelf where they were put in January, 1963, and go into operation tomorrow." Certainly on the economic side, only the Common Market's protectionist agricultural policy

seems to offer real problems. It is in the political and diplomatic area that the most serious questions lie.

For example, Wilson has aroused suspicion by his obvious silence on the issue of joint defense arrangements within Europe. A parliamentary defense expert, not unsympathetic to the Common Market, explains Wilson's reticence this way: "Johnson and McNamara have us so closely tied in on defense matters . . . that Wilson couldn't cut the string if he tried."

The ties with the United States

An influential backbench Labor M.P. elaborated on the knots in that string recently: "We are all Europeans now; this is the big change since 1962. But the political price of the entry still seems to be a real break with America. If the Prime Minister becomes more Gaullist than De Gaulle, he may get us in reasonably soon. But if the cost is to cut ourselves off from America, where the real power lies, it will be too great. So" — with a deprecating smile — "I am for Britain joining the Common Market — and for America joining it too."

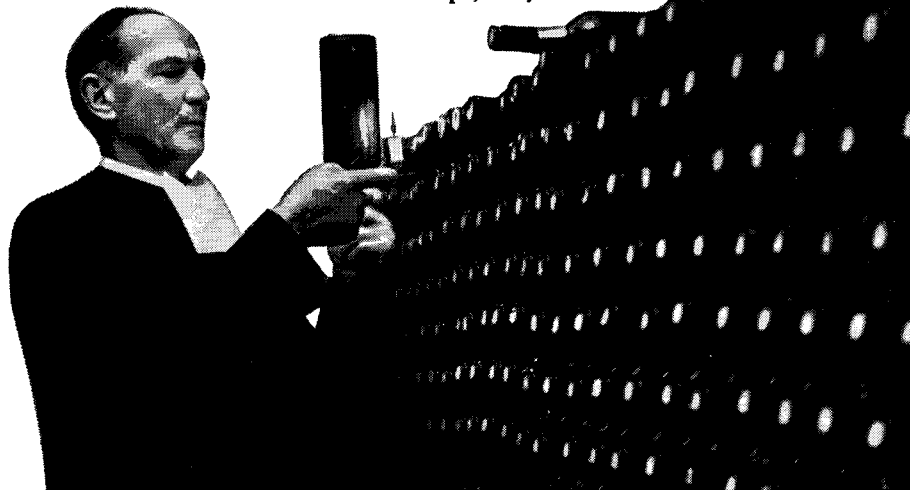
The Christian Brothers California Sherry. Made from this country's largest library of matured dessert wines.

The quality of any sherry depends in large measure on the age of the wines it's blended from. Since this country's largest collection of fully matured premium sherry wines belongs to The Christian Brothers, these sherries are unsurpassed.

Taste The Christian Brothers Cream Sherry, a wine that is rich, full-bodied, delightfully sweet. Or the Golden Sherry. (Only moderately sweet.) Or the Dry Sherry. Or the Cocktail Sherry. (Very dry and pale.)

The Christian Brothers Sherries. Always instantly ready to help you entertain your friends. As easy to serve as filling a glass.

*A message from
Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster
of The Christian Brothers Winery,
Napa, California.*



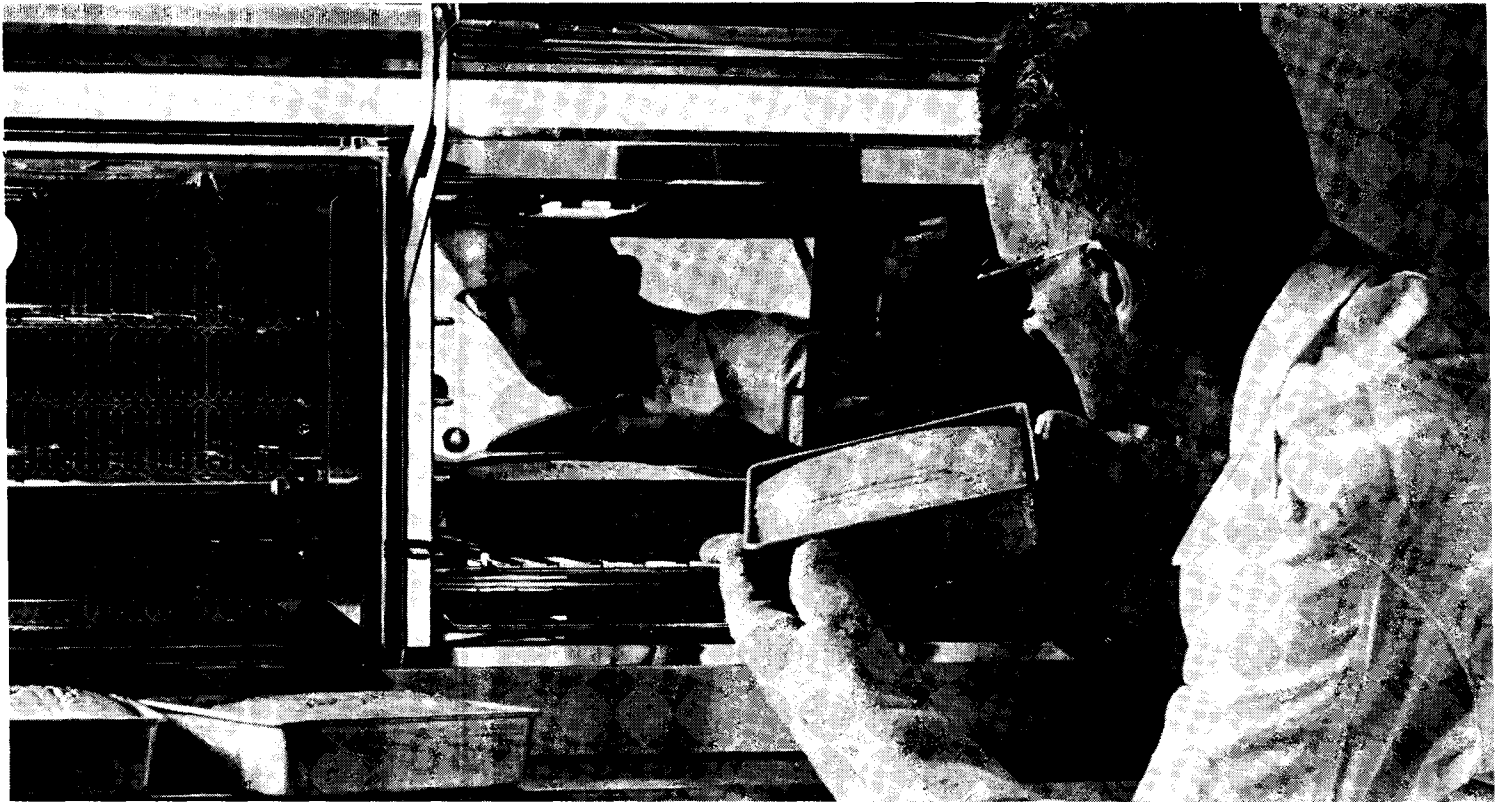
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: FROMM AND SICHEL, INC., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Wilson himself has gone to some lengths to offer British membership in the Common Market as the answer to American economic domination of Europe. It is an approach that strikes sympathetic chords across Europe. For the fear of the economic weight of the "Colossus of the West" is second only to opposition to the Vietnam war as a source of anti-Americanism.

For settlement of all three issues — Rhodesia, the economy, Common Market entry — Britain is dependent upon the political skills and strategic judgment of Harold Wilson. The Prime Minister can call the tune on any and every issue — unless and until he loses the confidence of his own followers or is disowned at a general election. Wilson has been called "an opportunist," "a man without principles," and, perhaps most flatteringly, "that man." He is not a dogmatist, at any rate. Britain's problems are great enough today to test any political leader to the limit. If Wilson deals with them satisfactorily, he will be "a very great man" indeed, even if to do so he must get himself thoroughly distrusted.



Youthful chef for the outdoor set now cooks up some answers for GM's Frigidaire



Dawn was breaking over Buckeye Lake in the summer of 1920. Over a campfire the tantalizing aroma of breakfast was in the air. And breakfast was the responsibility of young Lawrence Howdyshell, top cook in the troop.

It was at Buckeye Lake that "Howdy" developed his talent for cooking that paid off in later years when he became a range and oven-

tester at the Frigidaire Division of General Motors in Dayton, Ohio.

Now, "Howdy" bakes cakes and broils steaks—he cooks both fast and slow, with heats high and low, to test the performance of Frigidaire ovens and ranges. "Howdy" is one of the housewife's representatives at the factory, searching for anything that might cause complaints in the kitchen.

He started with Frigidaire in 1931 as an inspector of refrigerators, but for the past 13 years has devoted full time to testing ranges.

"Howdy" and men like him play an important part in the development of Frigidaire ranges. We're glad he's cooking for Frigidaire. His experiments in the test kitchens can make any housewife a better cook.

General Motors is people making better things for you.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Americans in Asia

SIR:

Apropos the articles on Thailand (Maynard Parker: "The Americans in Thailand") and Vietnam (Frances FitzGerald: "The Tragedy of Saigon") in the December *Atlantic*: Both articles confirm my fears about the nature, extent, and consequences of our involvement in Southeast Asia. In tandem, they are depressing and ominous — what a tragedy for all concerned.

J. W. FULBRIGHT
U.S. Senate
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

I was a Peace Corps Volunteer in Nongkhai, northeastern Thailand, until the spring of 1965. We Americans in the area knew, long before they were revealed in the American press, many of the things Mr. Parker mentions in his article in the December *Atlantic*; we knew of the arms caches being discovered, the planes bombing Vietnam, et cetera. What we volunteers did not realize was that the rest of the U.S. mission was so blind to the situation there. We learned many things about the political situation in Thailand and the diplomatic policies of the Thais that the U.S. mission, according to Mr. Parker's article, seemed intolerably slow in realizing — that the Thais, for example, are pragmatic in their foreign policy and side with whoever they feel will help them maintain their national sovereignty; and that they are not our friends out of concurrence in our democratic ideology.

We were disappointed by American embassy, military, and aid per-

sonnel — embassy wives who thought it was "cute" that we had learned Thai, military men who hated and distrusted the Thais because they never got to know them — but we did not know that on the policy and intelligence level such shameful carelessness and ignorance prevailed.

MARCIA J. BATES
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

Having just returned from nearly three months in northeastern Thai villages and having lived in Thailand from 1961 to 1963, I found Mr. Parker's article erroneous in two areas.

First, regarding the nature and purpose of the American effort in the northeast, he fails to mention the two key counterinsurgency programs being carried out there. Mr. Parker makes no mention of the Accelerated Rural Development Program, which will receive approximately 30 percent of next year's \$40 million U.S. aid budget for Thailand, as well as the direct support of the highest levels of the Thai government.

And in damning the American effort to counter the subversion of Communist guerrillas, Mr. Parker does not mention the Public Safety Program of the U.S. aid mission which helps Thai provincial police maintain security in the villages.

Second, Mr. Parker argues that it was "American military escalation which caused Americans to take a new look at the growing Communist insurgency in the northeast." Insurgency in the northeast has concerned the highest officials in the American government since 1962.

Special Forces teams provided civic action training for the Thai Army back in 1962; the Mobile Development Units first went to the field in 1963; the Mobile Information Teams had preceded them; the Accelerated Rural Development Program was worked out in 1963 and 1964; the Public Safety Program in the northeast has been assisting the police since 1962. In short, steps to counter subversion in the northeast predated the American use of Thai air bases, which only began in 1965.

STEPHEN B. YOUNG
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

I should like to correct one serious omission in my article, "The Tragedy of Saigon," in your December issue. Owing to problems of communications, no acknowledgment was made of Miss Patricia Marx, to whom I am deeply indebted for initiative as well as for hard work. We planned and researched the article together, and Miss Marx's name ought to have appeared on the title page with mine.

FRANCES FITZGERALD
New York City

The Los Angeles police

SIR:

Paul Jacobs' superbly sensitive and scholarly analysis of one of America's most fertile hotbeds of racial hate, the Gestapo-efficient Los Angeles Police Department (December *Atlantic*), is also, unhappily, a microcosmic view of many of America's urban police departments.

For minority groups, police brutality has become the rule rather

than the exception, and these excesses have spilled over into the total pattern of law enforcement. As a result, the rights of *all* citizens have been jeopardized by the abuse of constitutional safeguards against unreasonable arrest, interrogation, and detention.

While I concur with Mr. Jacobs that a heavier emphasis in human relations is desperately needed for all Los Angeles police, I believe a far more successful antidote to the poison of racism in that department will be:

1. The employment of Negroes as policemen in numbers comparable with their proportion in the population.

2. The upgrading of Negroes as captains, inspectors, and deputies throughout the L.A. police department — again, in numbers *at least* equaling their proportion in the population.

ADAM C. POWELL
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

I have read Paul Jacobs' article with dismay.

Mr. Jacobs has, in a few thousand words, inflicted irreparable damage upon our police-minority group relations which this department has spent, and is now spending, tremendous time and effort to improve.

The cunningly written article is replete with untruths, half-truths, inaccuracies, and distortions and is a disservice to the efforts of the city of Los Angeles to upgrade community relations.

THAD F. BROWN
Chief of Police
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

I have read Paul Jacobs' article in your December issue which is highly critical of the Los Angeles Police Department, particularly when the department was under the superb leadership of the late Police Chief William H. Parker.

Most of the article is simply not true, and a check of Mr. Jacobs' background will only convince any thinking American that he is the last one who should be allowed to criticize the Police Department of Los Angeles or any other law enforcement agency.

MAYOR SAM YORTY
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Jacobs replies:

Good grief! Sam Yorty's chasing Reds again! Instead of dealing with the substantive issues, the mayor says warningly that my background should be checked, and that someone like me shouldn't be allowed to comment on law enforcement.

Dear Mr. Mayor:

Despite your statement that most of the article is not true, it is true, and "no thinking American" has to check into my background, activities, or attitudes, for my political life is an open book, published in 1965 with the title *Is Curly Jewish?* It costs \$5.95, and if every "thinking American" buys a copy, the taxpayers will be saved money, I will get rich, and your dossier on me will be even more complete.

PAUL JACOBS
San Francisco, Calif.

We would like to acknowledge a misleading statement in the L.A. Police Department article. The Citizens' Advisory Councils were set up before the death of Chief William Parker, not afterward, as the article implied. Despite Chief Brown's and Mayor Yorty's undocumented assertions, the ATLANTIC is aware of no other misstatements or errors in this article.

—THE EDITOR

Marriage and divorce

SIR:

In his article "Marriage As a Wretched Institution" (November *Atlantic*), Mervyn Cadwallader pictures our present form of marriage as a burdensome and outmoded contract which should be replaced by another marital system more compatible with modern trends, the short-term marriage. The system of marriage which he outlines would make it possible for any of our young people, under the legal guise of the short-term marriage contract, to disregard all emotional responsibility and engage in a series of romantic affairs for purely selfish reasons.

In view of the seemingly degrading nature of this system, is it not possible to preserve our present marriage structure? Dr. Cadwallader acknowledges that there are some good marriages: the unions of couples "intelligent or fortunate" enough to take a realistic look at what they want from marriage and to work for it. Perhaps, instead of remodeling the present structure of marriage, we

Riserva Ducale. The Classic Chianti from Ruffino.



Riserva Ducale is special Chianti. It's made from carefully selected grapes, only in the vintage years. Available in limited quantities, only at the finest restaurants and liquor stores. You'd probably expect a Chianti of this quality to cost more than the others. It does.

Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

should work at remolding our young people, giving them the maturity to face the responsibilities, emotional and otherwise, which marriage should incur.

MARILYN J. MARTIN
Tucson, Ariz.

SIR:

I will not quarrel with the charge that our divorce laws are unfair and unrealistic. The answer is not in "easier" divorce, but in removing divorce from all the assumptions of a broken contract with its invidious need for witnesses at a public trial.

Divorce should take place only in a specialized "Court of Domestic Relations," which would operate in chambers without attorneys representing the principals, and in which both parties to the matter would be required by law to submit to the intensive efforts of a staff of trained and experienced caseworkers to salvage the marriage in cases where children are involved.

ROBERT B. BRUNNER
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR:

Dr. Mervyn Cadwallader's article represents a total refutation of the Judaic-Christian concepts of the social institution of marriage. Inasmuch as a moral issue of this magnitude has been raised and given voice through one of the nation's most prestigious magazines, every Catholic priest, every Protestant minister, and every Jewish rabbi should feel compelled to declare his stance on this important subject. Silence by our religious leaders may tend to be interpreted as approval of Dr. Cadwallader's flagrant contempt for religious and moral principles, and the civil laws which relate to the institution of marriage.

The proposals for trial marriages bound by short-term contracts, and his encouragement for late teenagers and young adults to undertake cohabitation without benefit of marriage, should constitute a threat to the parents of teen-agers in every home in the land.

JOHN W. GILBAUGH
*San Jose State College
San Jose, Calif.*

SIR:

As I understand his article, Professor Cadwallader was looking at the state of the institution of marriage in our society. I detected no glaring

errors in his observations. He then proposed what seemed to him a solution to the dilemma. Though I would take strong exception to some of his conclusions, I would strongly defend Mr. Cadwallader's right to suggest solutions to one of the major problems facing our society. It would be tragic if this ceased to be possible, particularly in the academic community.

J. BENTON WHITE
*Campus Minister-Director
The Wesley Foundation
San Jose State College
San Jose, Calif.*

Voice of the South

SIR:

Your article "Whistlin' Dixie" (by Jesse Hill Ford, December *Atlantic*) was written by a reporter who is evidently biased, bigoted, and prejudiced to a great degree.

In the closing paragraph I quote: "The issue' certainly isn't hidden. No more than the whiskey being drunk in this dry county, against this dry county's law, is hidden."

I do not know that any law was broken at all. Just as in Arkansas and many other states that have local option, whiskey is permitted in dry areas. It simply isn't legal to sell it there. Also, the writer could have mentioned that a few of the governors, for example, George Wallace, never drink any intoxicating beverages of any kind.

Then again I quote: "The racial issue as a subject dominates every private conversation. It takes over every press conference."

It does not, and I know that it did not dominate every private conversation, and the fact is that scarcely any Southern governor can have a press conference without the press bringing up the racial issue. In fact, some of them won't ask questions about anything else, and won't even quote a governor if he says anything about any other subject.

I could take the article from beginning to end and refute with facts and examples the impression which the writer attempts to create, which is completely false, distorted, and phony in every degree. In fact, the article stinks!

ORVAL E. FAUBUS, GOVERNOR
Little Rock, Ark.

SIR:

I think Jesse Hill Ford's article on the Southern governors in caucus was

just "super" — superficial and supercilious.

EVELYN LAMBER
Hydes, Md.

SIR:

I am appalled at the article by Jesse Hill Ford.

I could not agree more with Mr Ford's basic opposition to people like most present-day Southern governors, but I do object vehemently to his method of disagreeing with them. His cheap way of writing the article in dialect and his cheaper name-calling hardly are calculated to appeal to anyone with an ounce of common decency left in him.

HUGH O'NEILL
Marshall, Okla.

SIR:

Thank you for publishing Jesse Hill Ford's delightfully perceptive observations on several top-dog politicians in operation at the Southern Governors' Conference.

Mr. Ford captured with poignancy the personal buffoonery, lack of direction, and sense of unreality with which the political leaders of the South have charted our stormy course to nowhere.

There is, however, much cause for optimism here, even if the rest of the nation has temporarily lapsed into a state of restlessness which Governor Wallace hastily (and I hope erroneously) construes to mean that "they're finally coming around to our side."

Negroes voting in substantial numbers, Southern youth rebelling against the old verities, and moderate Republicans seizing and strengthening GOP organizations in the Deep South states will inevitably spell resurrection from within for the third-party South.

By the time he develops Maryland and Illinois, as Mr. Faubus thinks he can, Wallace may have trouble carrying Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. There is no reason to believe that the South need stumble through another national election "whistlin' Dixie."

ROBERT D. BOYD
*Young Democratic Clubs of Mississippi
Jackson, Miss.*

SIR:

Jesse Hill Ford may be "Whistlin' Dixie," but it's badly off-key. When he says Jim Johnson will succeed Orval Faubus as Arkansas's governor,

I'm sure he is surprising Orval and Jim, but, particularly, Win Rockefeller and the people of Arkansas.

TERRY L. ALFORD
State College, Miss.

SIR:

Referring to my notes on the Southern Governors' Conference in the December *Atlantic*:

Arch-segregationist Jim Johnson, or the voters of Arkansas, must have agreed with me that another Johnson in the ranks of Southern politicians would have been overdoing it.

I take this opportunity to congratulate Justice Jim for having the good sense to lose the Arkansas governor's race to Mr. Rockefeller. Although Mr. Johnson ruined my prediction by going down to defeat at the hands of "that prissy sissy," he so delighted me by this last-minute gesture of chivalry and sacrifice that I cannot find it in my heart to hold his defeat against him.

At least Georgia stood by us.

JESSE HILL FORD
Humboldt, Tenn.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

In the September Repartee Mrs. Billie Dahlstrom implies that the United States is systematically destroying the Vietnamese. She also says "people all over the world 'know' what we are doing there with napalm . . . and bombs."

If Mrs. Dahlstrom were to fly combat missions day after day as I do, it might surprise her to note how stringent the expenditure of ordinance actually is.

The elaborate precautions and agonizing target clearance procedures with agencies of the South Vietnamese government would amaze her. She might also find remarkable the high percentage of air strikes that are in support of South Vietnamese operations, with Vietnamese commanders selecting the targets.

CAPTAIN D. M. PETTEYS, USMCR
Chu Lai, R. V. N.

Sir:

This letter is late because I was late discovering the very, very interesting article by Ben H. Bagdikian about the *Houston Chronicle* ("Houston's Shackled Press," August *Atlantic*). I did not notice the *Atlantic* on the newsstand, though usually when some article about Houston appears here in a national magazine

each copy is wrapped in a red strip and a big advertisement poster appears near the pile. I didn't see anything about it in either of our papers, though last spring when *Life* magazine snapped a photograph of one of our hideously commercial landscapes, our mayor and city council made a big outcry about *Life's* injustice, and their indignation and hurt feelings were noticeably written about in the newspapers.

When I tried to get this issue of the *Atlantic* from the library last week, I found that it had been stolen; I then went downtown, and the central library had it in its archives. I want to thank the *Atlantic* for printing the story. Let me also suggest that next time you print something enlightening about our city, do take the trouble to advertise it.

ADAIR SULLIVAN
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

I have only recently received a copy of the April *Atlantic*, which contains a "review" ("My Spy Can Lick Your Spy") by Mr. Max Frankel of *The Penkovskiy Papers*, which I edited. The burden of Mr. Frankel's argument seems to be that this book was the work of some "spooky committee that mischievously compiled these collections of fact and fancy"; and that it contains "facile and boastful claims," since it is an attempt by "dissembling assemblers" to foist on the public "a viperous and internecine warfare" of rival intelligence services, et cetera. Mr. Frankel offers not a single fact to substantiate this or other allegations he makes.

I spent a good part of three years sorting, editing, and preparing the Penkovskiy Papers, without benefit of committee — either from the CIA or the rival Soviet KGB. I made it plain from the start that the papers were a collection of notes, jottings, and comments, which had to be edited and annotated to be comprehensible by the general reader.

As for the "highly anonymous circumstances" in which the papers were smuggled to the West, I made it equally plain that it would be dangerous to reveal the channels through which they came. Surely the fate of Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, who received severe jail sentences for smuggling purely literary manuscripts out of the Soviet Union, would make this danger obvious.

Mr. Frankel ticks off Penkovskiy

as a "disaffected defector." In fact, he traveled three times out of the Soviet Union, contributed intelligence information to the United States and Britain, and went back three times to get more information before he was finally apprehended.

After citing "facile and boasting claims" I allegedly made on Penkovskiy's behalf, Mr. Frankel knocks them out without specifying them. All I actually wrote in my introduction was that Penkovskiy was in a position to have given information of great value to the United States about Soviet missilery, intelligence practices, et cetera because of his high status and his access to heavily classified Soviet information, as well as his capacity to evaluate information as a trained intelligence officer.

It is worth recalling that on the one occasion when Mr. Frankel and I met, at a press conference at Doubleday & Company in New York, he rejected, after having requested, the opportunity to interview Greville Wynne and myself, privately, to discuss any questions he might have concerning the Penkovskiy Papers.

FRANK GIBNEY
Tokyo, Japan

It
tastes
expensive
...and is.

Maker's Mark
IV
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKY
Old Style Sour Mash
Distilled, aged and bottled by the
STAR HILL DISTILLING CO.
on Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Kentucky

Made from an original old style
sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels,
fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof.

90 proof • Star Hill Distilling Co., Star Hill Farm, Loretto, Ky.

The airline that won the Atlantic has a brand new hop.

Starting April 1, the Giant Alaska Crab Legs, the Double Consommé with Sherry, the Breast of Pheasant Pan Fried, and all the tasty things you can enjoy on our flights to Britain, are yours to Australia.

BOAC will jet you there, across the Pacific, direct from New York and San Francisco to Sydney.

(We'll also let you stop over in Honolulu and Fiji at no extra air fare.)

In addition to the gourmet delicacies, there are a few other transatlantic similarities in our flights Down Under.

A roomier Economy Class seat. Pilots with millions of miles of flying experience behind them. Stewardesses you don't have to tell things twice to. And sleek Rolls-Royce 707 fan jets.

Add up all these virtues and you may get an idea why business has been

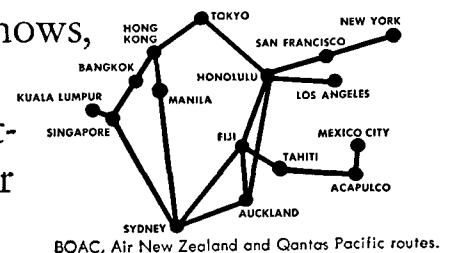
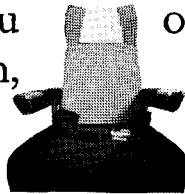
so good for us. For the last two years BOAC has flown more passengers per plane across the Atlantic than any other major airline.

If you want to see more of the Pacific, so much the better. We serve Auckland, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Bangkok —all the exotic, exciting places.

(All told, BOAC, with Air New Zealand and Qantas, will have twenty flights a week across the Pacific.)

For more information, see your Travel Agent and ask him about us.

Heaven knows, we've done enough chest-thumping for one ad.



BOAC, Air New Zealand and Qantas Pacific routes.

 **BOAC**
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU



**Who cares
if your home is warm
in the morning...**



G.E.'s new Weathertron® heat pump warms a home in winter — *and* cools it in summer. So many people now prefer clean, safe, efficient electric heat that 25% of all new homes built this year will feature it.

pretty at night...



Well-planned lighting adds charm and beauty to your home. New G-E Dichro-Color spotlights give you rich colors for distinctive, decorative lighting effects.

easy to run all day?



There's more time for relaxing today, because the average American home has 25 electric motors in it, powering all kinds of electrical servants. More are coming every day. Most G-E appliances made today weren't even on the market in 1950.

General Electric cares

**(With your electric utilities,
we're finding new ways
to help you make it so.)**

Nearly every American home comes with a built-in handyman—electricity.

This handyman helps you do the laundry, slice meat, open cans, clip hedges, scrub floors, even brush your teeth. G. E. helped pioneer many of these safe and helpful electrical conveniences, including those at left.

But the best part is how little these things cost to run. Electricity is one of the very few things that cost less today than they did twenty years ago.

This may sound surprising when your electric bill has perhaps doubled since 1946. But you're probably using *five times as much* electricity! In the last twenty years the average cost of a kilowatt-hour of electricity has come down 30%.

The nation's utilities have worked hard to achieve this; and companies like General Electric have helped them.

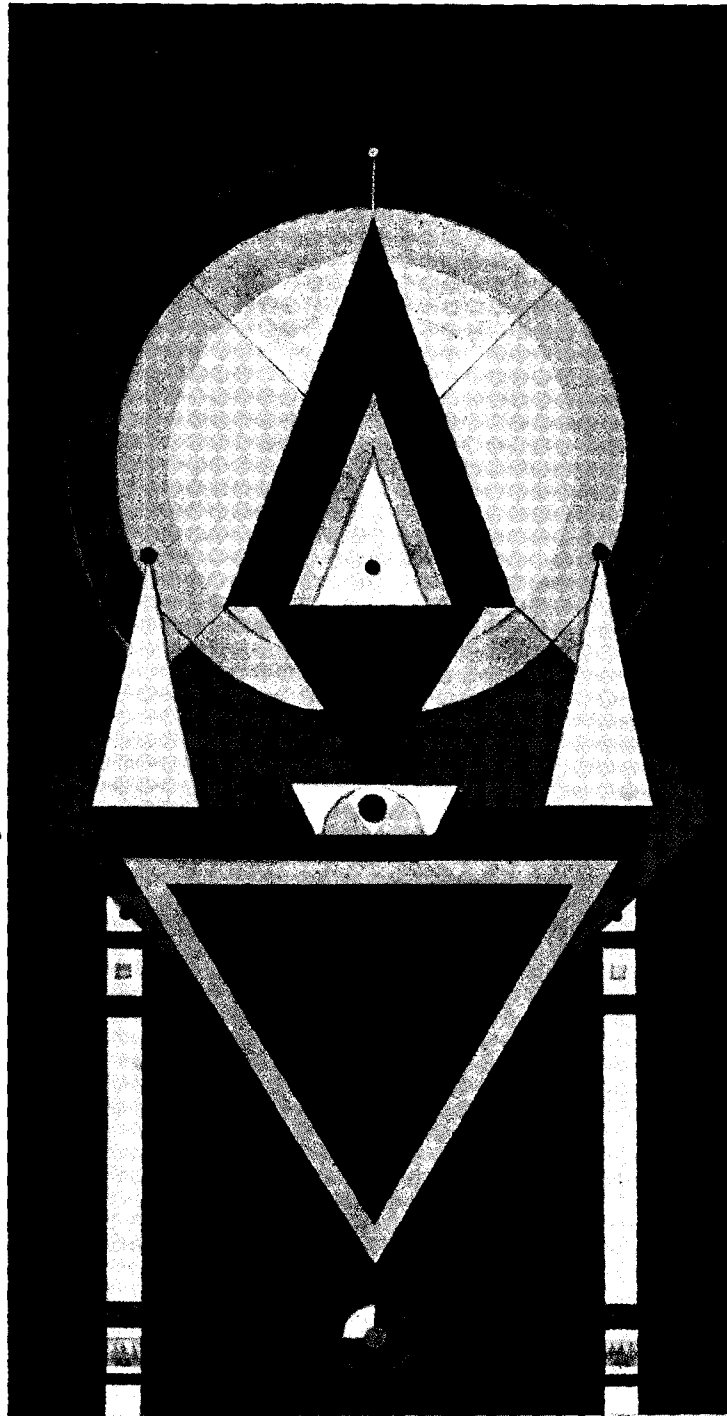
For instance, utilities are using new and more efficient G-E systems to make their operations ever more economical. Nuclear power plants, extra-high-voltage transmission equipment, distribution systems, computers — all these are helping utilities improve their service and meet the booming demand for low-cost power.

That's why electricity is one of today's great bargains. It's a handyman that keeps on working harder and costing less.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

great ideas of western man one of a series artist: charmion von weigand



nothing that is wrong in principle
can be right in practice.
carl schurz, 1829-1906

container corporation of america



CAN HISTORY USE FREUD?

The Case of Woodrow Wilson

BY BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

The speculations of Sigmund Freud are the basis for THOMAS WOODROW WILSON: TWENTY-EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES — A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY, just published by Houghton Mifflin. The book was written in 1932 in conjunction with the former diplomat William C. Bullitt, and withheld from publication until now. The odd, controversial volume, its values and its mischiefs, is here examined by the author of THE ZIMMERMAN TELEGRAM, THE GUNS OF AUGUST, and THE PROUD TOWER.

SINCE Americans are not, by and large, a people associated with tragedy, it is strange and unexpected that the most tragic figure in modern history — judged by the greatness of expectations and the measure of the falling off — should have been an American. During the two climactic years of one of the world's profound agonies, 1917–1919, Woodrow Wilson was the receptacle of men's hopes. He personified the craving of men of goodwill to believe that some good would come of it all, that the immense suffering, turmoil, and disruption would not be for nothing, that the agony must prove to have been the birth pangs of a better world. In a series of pronouncements that seemed to pluck out men's best desires and give them shape, Wilson supplied the formula for that better world (which must be read not as a stale slogan but in the first fine rapture of its promise) as one made "safe for democracy," safe from war ever again, safe from tyranny, hunger, and injustice, safe from the oppression of one people by another. It was felt he had made the world a promise; nor was it only simple people who believed in him, but also the sophisticated — men of affairs and intellectuals. It was these whom the subsequent disillusion most embittered, for they felt they had been made to look like fools. When the Treaty of Versailles made a fiasco of their hopes, they felt personally deceived and betrayed.

Two men acutely afflicted by this anger and resentment were Sigmund Freud and William Bullitt. Their collaboration seems at first sight wildly improbable: the old famed weary European, a genius, one of the rare authentic pathfinders of all time, and the young American, a person of courage, independence, and goodwill but volatile and "adrenal" (to use the word of a shrewd observer), a picaresque adventurer in politics, a Tom Jones of diplomacy. This seemingly bizarre combination has produced a fascinating but distorted book. As an analysis of the deep mainsprings of motivation in one of the most complex and puzzling public characters who ever lived, it is sharply illuminating, and with certain reservations, convincing; it makes the contradictions in Wilson's behavior fall into place with an almost audible click. But as an overall estimate of the whole man it is lamentable, and as an interpretation of events it falls to pieces. It is good psychology but bad history; bad because it is invalid, dangerous because it misleads us as to where the responsibility lies.

Past circumstances have a direct bearing on content. As a twenty-eight-year-old specialist for the State Department on Eastern European affairs, Bullitt, previously a participant in the Ford Peace Ship, went with the American delegation to the Paris Peace Conference in 1919 in the same mood expressed by his contemporary and colleague

Copyright © 1967, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston, Mass., 02116. All rights reserved.

Harold Nicolson on the British delegation: "We were preparing not Peace only, but Eternal Peace. There was about us the halo of some divine mission. . . . We were bent on doing great, permanent noble things." For Bullitt the opportunity came when he was sent to Russia to ascertain terms of settlement with the Bolshevik regime which Wilson acknowledged to be "the acid test of goodwill." Accompanied by Lincoln Steffens and sharing his conclusion, "I have seen the future and it works," Bullitt returned with Lenin's offer of incredibly favorable peace terms. His reception was a stunning blow.

Because the treaty with all its faults, after agonizing delay, was at that moment on the edge of conclusion and the Bolshevik problem seethed with cause for dissension, Wilson, who habitually evaded reality by refusing to look at it, refused to receive Bullitt, to read his report or hear what he had to say. Although it meant inviting attack as pro-German and a Bolshevik, Bullitt resigned in a public letter to the President stating that "effective labor for a new world order" was no longer possible as a servant of his government. He then left for the Riviera telling reporters he intended "to lie on the beach and watch the world go to hell." Subsequently called to testify before the Senate, he supplied Senator Lodge with potent material to aid in defeating American ratification, thus earning denunciation as a traitor to his party and finishing off, as it seemed, his public career. True, Bullitt had a private income, but not everyone who can afford the courage of conviction exercises it.

Freud, too, had had high hopes of Wilson which had turned sour. It was "one of those numerous cases" in his life, according to his biographer Dr. Ernest Jones, where his "optimism and credulity" led to inevitable disappointment and resentment. The experience confirmed Freud's existing displeasure with America, a country which he regarded as a "gigantic mistake." "Your Woodrow Wilson," he told Max Eastman in 1926, "was the silliest fool of the century, if not of all centuries. And he was probably one of the biggest criminals — unconsciously I am quite sure." When Dr. Jones, in a similar conversation, pointed out that the complexity of the problems after the war precluded an ideal peace being dictated by any one man, Freud replied tartly, "Then he should not have made all those promises." In his preface he writes that from the start of the undertaking, Wilson "was unsympathetic to me," and this aversion increased the more he learned about him and "the more severely we suffered from the consequences of his intrusion into our destiny." The last four words are highly revealing of a point of view, perhaps a natural one to a national of the Central Powers.

In the 1920s when Bullitt's second wife was a patient of Freud's, the doctor helped Bullitt through a difficult period, and the two became friends. Their joint study of Wilson was begun in 1930 when, on learning from Bullitt that he was planning a book on the Treaty of Versailles and its authors, Freud eagerly offered to collaborate on the chapter on Wilson. The project soon grew into an analysis of Wilson alone. No more tempting subject for the exercise of the Freudian method could have offered itself. Wilson had combined world power with extraordinary contradictions of character which to Freud bespoke some torturing inner conflict. What was the nature of the conflict, and was it in fact the source of Wilson's power as well as of his failure? The challenge of the question was obviously irresistible. Although, like love, war, and tennis, psychoanalysis takes two, the couch in this case would not be quite as silent as in the case of Moses, on whom Freud also tried analysis without the patient. Wilson had been dead only six years, not 3000, and had left a mass of contemporary evidence.

Although work on the manuscript was completed in 1932, certain unspecified differences between the authors kept it from publication at that time. It was not until 1938, after Freud's safe removal from Vienna to London, in which Bullitt, by then ambassador to France, was directly instrumental, that agreement between them was reached. A contract authorizing publication by Bullitt was then signed, whether under a sense of obligation to Bullitt felt by Freud, who was then in his last illness and was to die in the following year, is impossible to say. Publication was mysteriously delayed for nearly thirty years, according to Bullitt as a matter of courtesy until after the death of Mrs. Wilson. The explanation seems inadequate since Mrs. Wilson died in 1961 (Bullitt survives), and in any case, the authors originally intended to publish in 1932. Undeniably, certain questions are left unanswered, but not such, it seems to this reviewer, to justify the current anguish of the psychoanalytic fraternity, who have greeted this posthumous work of the Master as if it were something between a forged First Folio and the Protocols of Zion. The sinister doubts they cast upon the authenticity of Freud's share in the book seem groundless. The writing may or may not be largely Bullitt's, but even if Freud only talked his share, characteristic ideas and prejudices affirm his presence. Moreover, his estate is sharing in the royalties.

The authors' basic premise is that the Treaty of Versailles was the Great Betrayal, from which the world has suffered ever since; that as such it was the result of Wilson's failure to make the Allies live up to the promise of the Fourteen Points and

other Wilsonian principles; that he had the power to do so but exhibited a moral collapse and “mental degeneracy” at Paris which were the outcome of his inner psychological conflicts; ergo, that all of us thereafter have suffered from Wilson’s neuroses.

Despite a gaping hole in this argument, which I shall come to later, it has the simple appeal of all personal devil explanations of history. Blaming Versailles on Wilson’s personal faults is the easy way out, which J. M. Keynes, among others, followed in his *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. It has taken enough hold to justify a deeper look at the President whose Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison, said he could never understand him and doubted if anyone could. “He was the most extraordinary and complex character I ever encountered.”

THE central neurosis, unearthed by the authors, which established its deep unconscious grip on the whole course of Wilson’s life and caused him, like Whittier’s Daniel Webster, to be “fiend-goaded down the endless dark,” was his fixation on his father. The relationship was, in fact, sufficiently remarkable to have attracted notice by others, notably Alexander and Juliet George in their study *Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House*, published in 1956. Recognizing in Wilson “some consuming inner difficulty for which he paid a terrible price,” the Georges used the father fixation as an informing symptom. Freud and Bullitt break it down into its Freudian components and show how these determined Wilson’s development and explain his frequent episodes of self-defeating behavior, which have always seemed so incomprehensible. They draw on the known facts of Wilson’s passionate adulation of and unbroken subservience to his father, his chronic headaches, indigestion, “breakdowns,” and other psychosomatic symptoms, his exaggerated friendships, hates, and quarrels, and other evidence.

Briefly, the analysis discovers a man in whom manifest submissiveness toward his father warred with unconscious hostility, which had to find release in acted-out hostility toward substitute father figures such as Dean West at Princeton and Senator Lodge, while the submissiveness had to be compensated by a torturing super-ego whose excessive demands “required of him such God-like achievements that no actual accomplishment could satisfy it.” On the jangling Freudian battlefield of the id, the conflict rages in many forms: there are the complicated shapes of narcissism — identification with the father, a Presbyterian minister, becoming identification with God, and conversely, as little “Tommy” Wilson, with Jesus; there are over-devoted friendships with small, slight “son” figures

— Hibben, Tumulty, House — always ending in a sense of betrayal; there is identification with the mother, prompting or requiring “feminine” concessions and submissions to father figures in the case of Lloyd George and Clemenceau; there are the compulsions to repeat, and over all, the unrelenting super-ego.

Born of his deep inferiority as a small child vis-à-vis his father, which itself was part cause and part effect of the startling and almost unbelievable circumstance that Wilson did not learn the alphabet until the age of nine or read easily until eleven, his tyrannical super-ego could never be satisfied with any success. No rung up the ladder was high enough, not even presidency of the United States; he had to become Savior of the World. The League of Nations was to be the Grail, proof of his title as Savior. The treaty’s inequities did not matter as long as it embodied the League, for the existence of the League would solve all problems. The League was “the rationalization which made it possible for him to believe he had indeed saved the world.” Wilson *had* to gain the League to save his soul, yet in the fight with Lodge, he himself set up the conditions which made the gain impossible. In Freudian terms this becomes the death wish, which to this reviewer seems supererogatory, for the battle with his father in the shape of Lodge, plus the demands of his super-ego and the terrible truth in his heart that the treaty, even including the League, was not the peace he had promised the world, was enough to destroy any man. On October 2, 1919, came the paralytic stroke by thrombosis in the brain, even as thirteen years earlier, in the midst of his frenzied struggle with West at Princeton, his arteries reacted with the bursting of a blood vessel in the eye.

Thus foreshortened, the analysis is less persuasive than in the book, where all the details, examples, and corroborative evidence from episode to episode build up an inherent logic which has the same quality as certain dream interpretations: when they are right they fit, and one knows it at once. Otherwise no bell rings. The bell rings here. One feels that Wilson, himself so like a queer dream, is explained.

CERTAIN aspects seem slighted: for one, the fact of Wilson’s late reading, whose repercussions for a mentally gifted child in an intellectual family could not fail to have been devastating, and for another, oddly enough, Wilson’s relations with women. The easy references to mother identification and to his wives as “mother substitutes” are coupled with the flat statement that until the first Mrs. Wilson’s death, Wilson “had not the slightest sexual interest in any other woman.” I am perfectly

prepared to believe it, but, to quote my own marginal notes at this point, "how on earth do they know?" What is the evidence for or proof of this negative? (The book, incidentally, is without notes or references of any kind, and quotations are given without attribution.) As regards the second Mrs. Wilson: "Let us content ourselves," the authors say airily, that Wilson "again found a mother's breast on which to rest." In view of rather more genial aspects of this relationship, not mentioned in this book, including the fact that Wilson habitually referred to his second wife as "Little Girl," the authors' reliance on mother seems a bit glib.

Sex in lay terms in fact receives surprisingly little explicit emphasis in a work co-authored by the progenitor of the sexual revolution. (I note this less in complaint than in wonder.) Even the male friendships are treated as facets of the father-son problem, not as latent homosexuality, a relief to anyone whose cup of ennui has been filled by that particular strain in our current literary supply.

Up to this point the authors' exploration of Wilson's unconscious is enlightening and valuable, despite an irritating style. Among other faults is a habit of maddening repetition, not only of phrases but of whole episodes, recounted two or three times in identical language as if the reader were some sort of nitwit who could not be trusted to retain what he is told from one chapter to the next. More fundamental is the basically irresponsible approach. The authors have allowed emotional bias to direct their inquiry, which has led to undisciplined reasoning, wild overstatement (the Treaty of Versailles was "the death sentence for European civilization"), and false conclusions.

A writer dealing with the world of actuality as distinct from fiction has, it seems to me, an obligation to the reader to deal as honestly with the facts as he knows how. It is easy enough with even a minimum skill in words to leave a loaded impression on the reader while evading the responsibility of being explicit, but the temptation is one that most writers who respect their profession will try to resist. Freud and Bullitt indulge it. They repeatedly, for instance, use the suggestive but loose terms "mental degeneracy" and "degeneration" ("the mental degeneration which led him to sign the Treaty of Versailles"), and sidle up to psychosis while avoiding a precise statement which could be challenged ("he nearly plunged into psychosis" or "he was rapidly nearing that psychic land . . . in which an asylum chair may be the throne of God"). This is pretty, but is it historical? The fact may be historical; indeed, the evidence adduced by the authors, especially the truly frightening quotations from Wilson's last frenetic speeches on the League, suggests that he *was* psychotic in the final period from Versailles to his collapse. But the historian's

duty, especially in a matter of such moment as the psychosis of a President, is to state plainly, not to evade responsibility by the blurring of metaphor.

Freud says in his preface that as he studied Wilson's life "a measure of sympathy developed . . . mixed with pity," which grew until it "was so overwhelming that it conquered every other emotion," and he vouches the same for Bullitt. If so, the pity does not penetrate into print. Dislike and contempt dominate these pages. So highly charged is the authors' bias that it is a constant astonishment to realize that they seem unaware of its effect on their thinking. Watching Dr. Freud exhibiting overtones of the Freudian unconscious is a faintly eerie experience, like watching a Pirandello play within a play. The authors, for instance, describe Wilson as "ugly," though judging by the hundreds of pictures one has seen of him, he was reasonably presentable. They depict him from youth onward with decayed teeth, "disfiguring" eyeglasses, putty-colored, unhealthily blotched skin, protuberant ears, short legs, "sour" stomach, a priggish, sickly, nervous, rather repulsive hypochondriac. Is this the man two women loved devotedly? I do not know whether Mrs. Galt was in love or beglamoured by the presidency, but of Ellen Axson's feelings there is no doubt. "He is the most wonderful man in the world," she wrote, "and the best."

Dislike shows too in borrowings from William Bayard Hale's clever but venomous *Story of a Style*, published in 1920. Although, according to Dr. Jones, Freud had read this book "with gusto," Bullitt in his preface carefully omits it from the list of books they consulted.

KEPT under control, bias can direct and inform an inquiry, but Freud allows himself the undisciplined prejudices of a Personage — with sometimes ludicrous results. The passage on America is certainly his. According to this, Wilson was able to flourish in America because America was a nation "protected from reality during the 19th century by inherited devotion to the ideals of Wyclif, Calvin and Wesley" and because the "Thou shalt not!" of the "Lollard" tradition produced an atmosphere congenial to women and feminine men but "intolerable" to a masculine man. Had Wilson been brought up in "the comparative freedom of European civilization," the argument continues, he would have had to face up to his inner conflicts.

One is almost helpless before this concoction. Besides twice using Lollard where he means Puritan (a very different thing), and assuming that Puritanism was alien to masculine men (Cotton Mather? Oliver Cromwell?), and transferring in one mag-

nificent swoop the entire Protestant tradition of Europe to the United States, and picturing Europe in the Victorian age as a place where screens of rationalizations fell “early,” the passage also imagines an America that is the never-never land of Peter Pan. It exemplifies a characteristic of the psychoanalytic method that is its own worst enemy, the habit of rapid expansion from the perceptive and profound to the fatuous.

The authors give Wilson no credit for ideas. They absurdly claim that his legislative program as President was derived from Colonel House’s novel *Philip Dru*, evidently themselves suffering from total ignorance of the Progressive movement and its ideas. When Wilson takes a definite stand, they give it a minimizing explanation; they ignore or underrate his positive policies; they are lavish with sarcasm. When forced to allow that Wilson’s super-ego drove him to “considerable accomplishments,” they hurriedly add that it made him in the end “not one of the world’s greatest men but a great fiasco.” Their emphasis is always on the failure, not the achievement. True, Wilson’s end, from the Peace Conference on, was a fiasco but not the totality of his life and not what he is remembered for.

How do the authors account for his “considerable accomplishments”? Easily. It was a matter of rhetoric. Superb oratory was the secret of his influence. They present Wilson as obsessed by speechmaking, as no doubt he was. (In Freudian terms speechmaking, it appears, is a “pleasure of the mouth,” and the mouth is a “feminine weapon.” They have lost me here.) But that his speeches were merely verbal emperor’s clothes, the pretense of a vacant mind, hardly suffices to explain a man whose collected papers are now being issued in forty volumes, who had the stuff to fill an eight-volume official biography thirty years ago, plus a new one of equal length now under way, as well as countless other appraisals and studies over a period of fifty years. Behind Wilson’s speeches were thought and profound belief and ideas which pierced through to men’s hearts, aroused minds, and awakened hopes. That he was also weak, self-deceiving, rigid, sometimes hypocritical, even dishonest, self-defeating, insufferably self-righteous, ruthless, unforgiving, and mean is equally true but not the whole truth.

In allowing their bias to control their judgment, what the authors have come up with is Mencken’s “the perfect model of a Christian cad” — with headaches. This is inadequate. It does not account for Wilson’s enduring influence or for the devotion, adoration, and respect of good men that he was able to inspire. The puzzle of Wilson remains.

More serious than their one-sided picture of the man is the authors’ twisting of history. The most startling example is their claim that for eight

months, from October, 1915, to May, 1916, Wilson’s “supreme desire was to lead the United States into war” on the basis of an agreement to be reached with the Allies allowing him to dictate the peace. This is their analysis of the negotiations surrounding the House-Grey Memorandum. It supposes that the combined lure of being leader in war and arbiter of peace was irresistible to Wilson because the first would release his hostility to his father and the second would satisfy the super-ego’s demand to become Savior of the World. The argument is compelling if one grants the Freudian premise that unconscious drives invariably control conscious acts, but the human record suggests rather that sometimes they do and sometimes they do not. It is quite possible that a subconscious desire for war as a vent for hostility may have been rumbling around in Wilson’s interior, but the historical fact is that his conscious determination to stay neutral maintained control. Undoubtedly Colonel House, out of strong personal conviction, was trying at this time to maneuver the United States into the war. By playing upon the President’s ambitions and weaknesses and judiciously misinforming him, he may have lured Wilson for a time into believing that the Allies’ acceptance of his terms was possible (being ignorant of the Allies’ secret treaties, House may have thought it was). But that American entry into the war was Wilson’s “supreme desire,” or that he was “doing his best” to bring it about, is, to put it politely, hokum.

To reveal Wilson as warmonger, the opposite of what he professed and everyone has believed him to be, is the kind of magicanship Freud delighted in. He always “took a special interest,” says Dr. Jones, “in people not being what they seemed to be.” He was convinced that Shakespeare was really Bacon or the Earl of Oxford and discovered to his own satisfaction that Moses was not Hebrew but Egyptian. Giving free rein to intuitive flashes may be fun, but it is not history and it is not science. These disciplines require that the intuitive flash must stand the test of evidence. Freud, by reason of the change he wrought on habits of thought, with effect on art, literature, philosophy, medicine, social relations, and indeed almost any aspect of modern life, is one of the world’s outstanding figures, but when he called his method “the science of the unconscious” he was setting a standard that it does not live up to.

WE COME now to the gaping hole in the argument. It is the assumption that in the conditions prevailing after the Armistice, in the passion of anti-German feeling, in the wounds of the victors, in the antagonisms and nationalisms released by the breaking

up of three empires, an ideal peace was possible; that, in short, Wilson had the power to dictate a just peace and failed to exercise it.

All he need have done, the authors announce, was to have faced Clemenceau and Lloyd George with "masculine" weapons: threaten to leave the Conference, to publicly denounce the Allies as the "enemies of peace," and to withdraw American financial and economic aid. In fact, as Wilson well knew, to have risked such an open rupture was impossible, if only for his own sake, for with it would have gone glimmering any hope of the League. Rather than being hailed as Savior, he would have been denounced as a destroyer, and pro-German besides. But careless of history, the authors rush on. "One crack of Wilson's financial whip," they inform us with characteristic restraint, might have brought Lloyd George "to heel." "One threat" to leave France to face Germany alone might have brought Clemenceau "to compromise" (which suggests a capacious ignorance of the Tiger). Wilson, they state, "still had more men ready to answer his call and follow him to battle than any man has had before or since. He was still the leader of all the idealists of the world." Two sentences less translatable into reality or more empty of hard fact would be difficult to imagine. The idealists of the world, if the authors are referring to the crowds who cheered Wilson in ecstasy when he arrived in Europe, were now, if French, shouting for reparations and the Saar; if Italian, for Trentino and Fiume; if English, to "hang the Kaiser" and "squeeze the orange till the pips squeak."

The authors' version of a Peace Conference with Wilson cracking the whip that would have brought the Allied powers "to heel" is another never-never land. It ignores those who had done most of the fighting. It presents the Allies as scheming plotters against the noble "idealists of the world," rather than, nearer to the truth, as the battered, exhausted survivors of terrible war who had lost the best part of a generation and, in the case of France, suffered the wreck, pillage, and ruin of a large part of its territory, and who were determined to make victory produce gains to pay for the long bleeding years. It supposes that Wilson, by the simple exertion of a little masculinity, would have had no problem in extracting a "just" peace out of the rival claims of a dozen nationalities, the redrawing of boundaries, the conflicting promises of secret treaties, the allocating of mandates, the dividing of the spoils of the German colonies and the Turkish dominions, the arranging of areas of sovereignty among Arab claimants, the adjudicating of claims to the coal of Silesia, the oil of Mosul, and other rich prizes, the application of "self-determination" to Austrians in the Italian Tyrol, Sudeten Germans in Bohemia, Armenians in Turkey, Mon-

tenegrins in Yugoslavia, and a score of other groups inside alien frontiers, the settlement of such ancient insolubles as Constantinople and the Straits, Danzig and the Polish Corridor and the status of Palestine, the quarrels of Greeks and Yugoslavs over Salonika, of Poles and Czechs over Teschen, of Rumanians and Serbs over Transylvania, of British and French over Syria, of Chinese and Japanese over Shantung, and even of Zionists and anti-Zionists over the National Home, all of whom and many more were at Paris pressing their demands while the specter of the Bolsheviks and the revolution in Germany loomed in the background.

It was not only Wilson's psyche that failed in this situation, nor his fault alone that the Treaty of Versailles was less than ideal. The fault was humanity's.

It could have sufficed the authors to have analyzed the nature of Wilson's neuroses, which they have done brilliantly and convincingly. It was not necessary to have claimed it as the historical cause of what they see as the "evil peace" of Versailles. They are addicted to the oversimplified single explanation of great events. There was in Bullitt, writes his fellow New Dealer Raymond Moley, "a deep somewhat disturbing strain of romanticism." As ambassador he saw foreign affairs as "full of lights and shadows, plots and counterplots, villains and a few heroes"; a dangerous state of mind if not subjected to "the quieting influence of some controlling authority." It can be dangerous to the historian as well as the ambassador.

On a grander scale Freud had something of the same quality. As an originator, powered by extraordinary energy of mind, he was capable of great forward bounds, so that he habitually extrapolated a whole system from a single item: saw the ocean in a drop of water, perceived a law of human behavior in a dropped handkerchief. These marvelous leaps of his from observation to deduction, from the particular to the general, opened for the world a whole new area of thought, but they were not subjected to that "controlling authority." Freud was an adventurer of the mind, and the truest thing ever said of him he said himself: "I am not really a man of science. . . . I am by temperament a *conquistador* — an adventurer if you want to translate the word — with the curiosity, the boldness and the tenacity that belong to that type of being." The Conquistador and the Romantic made natural collaborators.

The undoubted insights of this book into the motivation of a crucial figure in our past raise the question, What can the Freudian method do for history? The answer must be that as an instrument of illumination it can do much — on one condition: let it for God's sake be applied by a responsible historian.

THE LABYRINTH IN FOGGY BOTTOM

A Critique of the State Department

by William Attwood

A widely traveled journalist and onetime aide to Adlai Stevenson, Mr. Attwood served the Kennedy Administration as Ambassador to Guinea (1961-1963), was Special Adviser to the United States UN delegation (1963-1964), and was President Johnson's Ambassador to Kenya from the beginning of its independence until this year. He is now editor in chief of Cowles Communications, Inc. This article is drawn from his book THE REDS AND THE BLACKS, to be published in March by Harper & Row.



I THINK it was Ernest Hemingway who said that the only way you can really get to know a foreign country is to earn your living there. In my work and my travels up until 1961 I had been in and out of the State Department and a good many of our overseas missions. I had friends in the Foreign Service and knew of their frustrations. Abroad, I had sweated out the McCarthy period with them; in Washington, I shared their laments about the red tape and deadwood in high places that impeded action and stifled initiative. But it wasn't until I joined them on the payroll — until I began earning my living there — that I really began to understand what went on in the State Department. Not many Americans do — which happens to be one of its problems.

Some of State's shortcomings are its own fault, some could be corrected by presidential action, and others are the result of congressional suspicion and niggardliness. Unlike several other branches of the government, State has no constituents — nobody who wants to increase its annual appropriation — no aircraft companies or farm lobbies or veterans' organizations to fight its battle on Capitol Hill. And State never seems to put its own case across either to Congress or to the public. Reasonable requests for more funds somehow come out sounding like a cookie pusher's plea for a bigger booze allowance.

And so, while I may sound critical, my purpose is to shed some light on what goes on in the labyrinths of Foggy Bottom, and try to stimulate some concern about how to induce qualified and talented people to go to work for their government and help formulate and carry out an intelligent foreign policy.

The State Department is relatively small. Its 25,700 employees, of whom 3520 are Foreign Service Officers, and its annual budget of \$393 million make it the second smallest department of the government. (Labor has fewer people, and Justice a smaller budget.) It is also the most far-flung — with 117 embassies, 69 consulates general, and 79 consulates scattered around the world — and the most verbose — a large embassy on an average day will receive more than 400,000 words, the equivalent of an 850-page book, and in Washington the Department's distribution section makes copies of 70,000 incoming messages a day. So perhaps the best way of explaining what's wrong with the State Department is to start with the paper.

Paper work is invented by bureaucratic-minded people who, like Frankenstein, later become its victims. These are people to whom an overflowing in-box is a daily challenge and an empty one a daily achievement; for whom a satisfying week's work consists in initialing as many reams of paper and deferring as many decisions as possible;

with whom you can talk of “action” only in terms of setting up a committee, hopefully one that will spawn subcommittees. The chief considerations of a bureaucrat are to abide by the letter of the regulations, whatever the consequences, to keep a clean desk, and never to “make waves.”

There are fewer bureaucrats in the State Department than in other swollen government agencies — AID, for example — but enough to make you wonder at times how a new idea ever bubbles to the top. The reason, of course, is that there are generally a few activists at every echelon who enjoy results and do not regard moving paper as an end in itself. Keeping these activists in the bureaucracy and recruiting new ones should be a priority objective of every incoming Administration.

The production of paper is excessive at both ends and self-generating. Reporting requirements from the field keep embassy officers desk-bound when they should be getting out and around. Most of these reports are copied, distributed, and filed away without anybody’s reading them except, possibly, some specialist in the Bureau of Intelligence and Research. Telegrams get more attention because they are shorter, but only a few percolate up to the sixth and seventh floors or to the White House. (Former Ambassador J. K. Galbraith once told me the only way to get a telegram read in the White House was to put a four-letter word in it.) Since so much of what is reported is of no practical or immediate use, I have often wondered why Washington does not deal with its overseas missions the way a news service editor deals with his overseas bureaus — which is to ask for special reports when the need arises rather than to expect correspondents in the field to keep filing everything they can find out about anything. Conversely, the men in the field should be spared the eyestrain of having to read or even glance at most of what comes from Washington by pouch. (Our weekly CIA summary — naturally, stamped “secret” — seldom contained anything we hadn’t already read about in the *New York Times* Sunday news digest.)

Perhaps the only way to stop the flow of paper is to penalize anybody who writes reports that could possibly be avoided. But it won’t happen; there are too many people who need to produce paper in order to justify their presence on the payroll. (A Foreign Service Officer named Holmes Welch recently defined the Welch corollary to Parkinson’s Law as follows: *Every producer of paper added to the government roster creates the need for an additional consumer of paper.* But the latter, when hired, turns out to be a producer too.) What happens to all the paper? It piles up.

Aside from reports, there are other kinds of paper that clog the machinery and waste time, money, and manpower. Travel and expense

vouchers are just two examples. When a Foreign Service Officer goes from point A to point B, he must make out a form accounting for every minute of his time in transit (0916 — departed terminal, airport tax: 70 cents; 0955 — arrived chancery, bus: \$1.25). Per diem rates vary, depending on where he is and whether he happens to be stationary or in motion. The resulting voucher is both complicated and time-consuming for everyone involved in preparing and reviewing it. It has been estimated that the government spends about \$10 to process an average voucher, which can easily double the cost of the reimbursement. It can even more than double it, as in the case of a junior officer I knew in Spain whose quarterly entertainment allowance, which had to be accounted for, was only \$3.

The obligation to justify every penny spent not only is wasteful but can be embarrassing. A senior officer who is trusted to handle top secret documents does not have his government’s confidence where a dollar is concerned. I remember being invited to a meeting with the Guinean Foreign Minister while serving at the UN. The taxi fare to the Guinean mission and back came to \$2.40. A few days after I submitted the required voucher, somebody from the administrative section called me about my taxi ride: “We have no record, Mr. Ambassador,” said the voice archly, “of any reception being given at the Guinean Embassy on that day.”

My favorite story is about the Foreign Service Officer returning to Washington on orders. His mother, who was not on government orders, traveled with him. In making out his voucher, he carefully separated his own from his mother’s expenses. But the last item was a taxi from Union Station to his hotel. In Washington, there is a different fare if two people occupy the cab. Back came a query: “Did your mother ride in the cab with you?” His reply made bureaucratic history: “No. I took the cab. My mother walked and carried the bags.”

The sensible and economical way to handle this kind of paper work would be for the government to calculate the cost of moving an employee from point A to point B. Anyone traveling that distance would then be given a flat sum to travel as he wished just so long as he got to his destination on time. Time and money would be saved. But it might be necessary to get rid of a lot of people whose jobs depend on processing the paper under the present system. The Deputy Undersecretary of State for Administration told me he was not even able to introduce air travel cards as an efficiency measure; the General Accounting Office has a vested interest in keeping the system cumbersome.

Similarly, ambassadors should be given represen-

tational funds to use at their discretion without having to make out forms in quintuplicate listing and justifying every social function for which they and their staffs require reimbursement. No diplomatic missions have such big administrative staffs as ours; other countries generally treat their ambassadors like men of integrity and judgment — as George Washington treated Benjamin Franklin when he sent him to Paris with 50,000 francs and no budget and fiscal officer to bird-dog him. But that was back when the U.S. government was too small to afford a bureaucracy.

THE average Foreign Service Officer is forty-one and makes \$13,900 a year. When you take into account the education, the training, and the wide range of skills that the State Department requires of its officers, and when you consider what private industry offers talented executives in the way of salary and advancement, the wonder is that our government is still able to induce young people with drive and imagination to make diplomacy their career. Despite occasional directives commending boldness and courage, most FSO's have become convinced from experience that the way to move up the ladder is to play it safe. As Averell Harriman has said: "I have seen men's careers set back and, in fact, busted because they held the right views at the wrong time, or for accurately reporting facts that were not popular at the time." Caution, of course, becomes a habit as well as a necessity for a man in his forties who needs that next promotion to put his children through college.

A good many of our senior FSO's are also suffering from the McCarthy syndrome; they have never quite recovered from the experience of seeing some of their patriotic colleagues hounded and persecuted by the late senator without either the President or the Secretary of State being willing to stick up for them. Moreover, a potential executive who because of the seniority system is not given the opportunity to exercise his executive ability in his middle years becomes bleached out. If he does get to be a chief of mission, he has often lost the capacity for controlled indignation — for sticking his neck out — that is vital to effective leadership.

A system which rewards seniority rather than ability can produce absurd situations. I have a friend who was made an FSO-1 at thirty-nine. The next rung on the ladder is Career Minister. According to existing regulations, he could not become a CM until he was fifty. Yet the regulations also stated that an officer who is not promoted for ten years is subject to "selection-out" — a euphemism for being fired.

From what I have seen of the State Department,

the greatest concentration of executive talent can be found in the thirty-five to forty-five age bracket. But most of these men and women are upper-middle-level FSO-3's and -4's. Above them in the hierarchy, as of December, 1966, were 7 Career Ambassadors, 52 Career Ministers, 313 FSO-1's, and 452 FSO-2's. With about 36 ambassadorships available each year — of which a quarter are filled by political appointees — the chances of a substantial number getting top jobs in their most productive and vigorous years are practically nonexistent.

What is also discouraging to talented middle-grade officers is that the higher echelons are cluttered with deadwood — with people who drifted up the ladder because somebody on a promotion panel wanted to give good old Joe or Charlie a break. (I know of one of these good old Joes who was finally moved out of an African post — he had refused to entertain Africans in his house — and was transferred to a bigger post commensurate with his rank.) The deadwood are usually officers with bland records, with no black marks on their efficiency reports, with no history of ever having gotten out of line or rocked the boat or questioned their instructions. A good, energetic officer, on the other hand, can be passed over for promotion, if he lacks friends in the Establishment, on the basis of one negative efficiency report written by one superior who might not have liked the way he dressed. (I personally interceded in one such case.)

Some officers who manage to reach the top after long years of patient subordination tend to become martinets — like British public-school boys hazing their juniors because they were once hazed themselves. And their wives can be even more dictatorial: I have known of some who ordered the wives of staff members around like servants; one who put a hairdresser off limits to other wives because she didn't like him; one who insisted the staff speak to her in French; one who would whimsically appropriate a cook or piece of furniture from subordinates. A book could be written about the dragon ladies who have dominated some of our embassies in the past.

HANS MORGENTHAU has said that elimination of half of State's employees "could by itself not fail to improve the operation of the Department." His figure may be high; I would say a fourth could be spared to good advantage, particularly in Washington and Europe. For State is both over- and understaffed. It is overstaffed, for example, in Foggy Bottom committees, where ten people will spend twenty man-hours preparing a paper that one able man could prepare in two; and it is understaffed in places like Africa, where substantive officers usually

work a sixty-to-seventy-hour week. If deadwood could be got rid of, there would still be a problem of maldistribution of personnel, both in Washington and in the field. On the sixth and seventh floors, our top officials are too busy every day of the week to do much original thinking; down below, the thinking is collective — a new idea must be vetted by several bureaus before it goes upstairs — and the result is papers and reports that reflect the lowest common denominator of judgment.

Anyone who has served on a committee understands the problem. Most people who attend committee meetings have no definite ideas of their own; they come prepared only to pass judgment on what somebody else suggests, to support or knock down a new idea, depending on how they think the man they want to impress feels about it.

In general, new ideas are not popular among the committee-minded layers of personnel that lie between desk officers and assistant secretaries. (These are the layers where senior deadwood stacks up in Washington.) A new idea is likely to require revisions of existing policy papers, guidelines, and contingency plans. This means additional work — real work, not just going to meetings; it also implies that present policies, which everyone has spent years defending and justifying, might be faulty. (Guinea, we may recall, was labeled “lost” back in 1961.) Thus, new ideas run into a kind of vested, automatic resistance. Chester Bowles was unpopular in the Establishment not only because he promoted younger men on merit but because he generated too many fresh and unsettling ideas.

The layers of fat in State’s midsection also hold up action on all kinds of requests from the field. Clearances often take time because officers initialing a paper feel obliged to suggest some changes if only to show they have read it. When we asked Washington three weeks in advance for a letter from President Johnson to Kenyatta on a national holiday, nothing happened, even though we had sent along a proposed draft, until Wayne Fredericks of the Bureau of African Affairs personally went to the Secretary’s office and got it out to us by telegram just in time. I was told later this letter was “an example of the Department at its collective worst.”

Our European embassies are not unlike Washington. Most of them are overstaffed with paper producers. Austria, for example, may be a small neutralist country that isn’t making any history these days, but we continue to maintain a diplomatic establishment in Vienna appropriate to a major power or to an important listening post — which is what Vienna was twenty years ago. In Paris, there are twenty-one people in the agricultural attaché’s office just to cover France; in Nairobi we had one man and a secretary reporting on seven countries and handling PL480 sales as well. Four

economic officers are assigned to The Hague; we had one in Nairobi. A junior administrative officer on my staff in Conakry was transferred to a large embassy in Europe; he wrote me later complaining that he could finish his day’s work by 10 A.M. — there were fifty-two people employed in the embassy’s budget and fiscal section alone.

I never talked to anyone in Washington who didn’t agree our European posts were too big. Yet nothing is done about them. The Department’s top brass is largely Europe-oriented: they spent a good part of their careers there and tend to regard anything that happens in the rest of the world as being of marginal significance, the way it was in the thirties. I remember talking to one of our senior ambassadors, a longtime member of the State Department Establishment, when I passed through Europe on my way home from Nairobi. He asked me, in all seriousness, what the capital of Kenya was and who its President was. An aide later told me that the ambassador had no interest in anything south of the Mediterranean.

THE overworked FSO in Africa and the less meaningfully employed FSO in Europe have one thing in common: they are both underpaid. Only 10 percent of our FSO’s make \$20,000, which itself is not high by corporate executive standards. And the expense accounts that embellish the average businessman’s way of life don’t exist in the Foreign Service. The seventeen dollars per diem an FSO or ambassador gets on consultation in Washington barely covers his hotel room; there is nothing left over for meals, laundry, or taxicabs. In the field, representation funds, in my experience, never fully covered legitimate entertainment, and our embassy officers were always out of pocket. In Nairobi we were the only diplomatic mission too poor to give a party on our national holiday. Travel was also restricted for lack of funds. I do not know of a company whose overseas sales managers come home as infrequently as our ambassadors return to Washington.

Even if surplus and superannuated personnel were weeded out of the State Department, the savings would not begin to meet the diplomatic requirements of a nation with such worldwide interests as the United States. If you compare the budgets for State and Defense, you will note that we are spending about 150 times more money on our military establishment than on the agency of government whose job is to defend and advance our interests without war.

One reason that our nonmilitary agencies are on short rations while Defense generally gets even more than it asks for from the Congress is public

relations; State, as I have pointed out, has no constituents and no lobbies. The Pentagon spends nearly \$40 million a year on its own public relations while State's budget for explaining U.S. foreign policy to the American people is only \$3.1 million. And the Pentagon, unlike State, has companies with defense contracts, veterans' organizations, and governors and other local officials continually pressing Capitol Hill for larger military appropriations. The cumulative effect of all this public relations effort is to make it hard for a congressman to vote to eliminate waste in the Pentagon but easy for him politically to attack "extravagance" in State, USIS, AID, the Peace Corps, and other agencies whose missions seem to be less dramatic than that of our uniformed services.

Most Americans are still prone to regard our "boys" (as politicians call our men in uniform) in Germany or wherever as deserving of everything we can give them, preferably at the expense of the dudes in striped pants. The "boy" may be in charge of the bar at an officer's club in Spain, and the dude may be working a sweaty sixty-hour week in Burma, but the images persist and are reflected in the congressional appropriations.

Many career FSO's have become resigned to this state of affairs; they develop an air of shabby gentility and give the impression of approaching Capitol Hill with dignity but with hat in hand. Congressmen regularly visit our embassies, but they nearly always go to Europe, where our diplomats, figuratively speaking, don't often get mud on their boots. (In 1965, no fewer than ninety members of congressional delegations went to Paris and eighty-four to Rome; but only four made it to Nairobi in all the time I was there.) Little effort is made to arrange for ambassadors and other senior officers from hardship posts to tell their stories and explain their work personally to the legislators who hold the purse strings.

It wasn't so long ago that a venturesome young man interested in foreign affairs and willing to live abroad would tend to think of a career in the Foreign Service. This is no longer true. With U.S. firms opening branches all over the world, opportunities for working overseas have multiplied. In Nairobi, we had men in their thirties representing American companies who not only had the satisfaction of contributing to Kenya's economic development, but who were making twice the salaries of embassy officers of equivalent age and ability, and benefiting from tax advantages denied government employees. Not only that: they were treated with consideration by their home offices.

Under the circumstances, I don't see how we can expect creative, enterprising, and strong-willed people to continue to enter the Foreign Service at

the bottom of a ladder that is arduous to climb and not very rewarding when and if you reach the top. What we may get are prospective civil servants looking for a kind of respectable security, paper producers who will bring neither imagination nor verve to the conduct of our foreign policy.

I have found few professionals who do not agree that the State Department needs an infusion of new talent at the top as well as at the bottom of its hierarchy. In fact, it needs it at the top if it is to get it at the bottom. The Secretary and Under-secretaries are now too burdened with substantive responsibilities to direct enough attention to reforming the Department's administrative practices and procedures. The Secretary needs a deputy with full authority and White House backing to retire, discharge, hire, and promote people on the basis of merit and promise.

I would like to see more qualified outsiders brought into the Department, both in Washington and in the field, for limited tours of duty — men of proved ability from politics, journalism, teaching, and industry who would not take bureaucratic routine for granted. They would improve the system and leave government, as I did, with greater understanding and sympathy for public servants. And they could be influential in helping pry needed appropriations out of the Congress so that government service would no longer be synonymous with personal and financial sacrifice.

The advantages in having some qualified non-career people scattered throughout the Establishment are that they prevent bureaucratic barnacles from accumulating; they can raise hell about red tape and personnel inequities; they can argue with the Department about policy decisions without fear of jeopardizing their careers; and they are likely to see crises as opportunities rather than headaches and to appreciate the value of other government agencies to contemporary diplomacy. The problem is to make government service rewarding enough to attract first-rate men from other professions.

STATE's problems and shortcomings are shared in varying degrees by most other agencies of government dealing directly with foreign policy. AID, as State's chief operating arm in developing nations, is the most important. Without economic and technical assistance programs, our diplomats in most nations of Africa, Asia, and Latin America would have far less influence or leverage than they do. Unfortunately, AID is even more smothered in paper and hobbled by congressional red tape than State, and its proportion of timid bureaucrats, no-sayers, and nitpicking lawyers far higher.

The good work AID does is obscured by its

tarnished public image: to most Americans it is the "give-away agency." The same week in 1965 that we were talking with Kenyan officials about applying PL480 food proceeds to the irrigation of idle land, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* ran a cartoon showing Uncle Sam on bended knee offering a bag of gold labeled "foreign aid" to an arrogant, potbellied dictator. If we are going to save foreign aid from being progressively whittled away by the Congress, I believe drastic reforms are needed in AID.

As for the Department of Defense, I was impressed during my excursion into government by the political maturity of our senior officers in the Pentagon, and depressed by the extravagance and prodigality of our military establishments. The old breed of generals who looked at the world exclusively in military terms — the LeMays and the Twinings and the shoot-firsters — is fading away and being replaced by men who have learned from study, travel, and experience that the problems of this revolutionary world are much too complex to be solved by superior firepower alone.

What is regrettable is that so many of the Defense Department's resources and talents are not being employed to full advantage. Even when we are involved in limited military operations in Vietnam, the Pentagon is hard-pressed to find ways of spending its money and keeping its people usefully employed. In a busy embassy (and most embassies are) it can be embarrassing and demoralizing to everybody concerned to have large army, navy, and air attaché sections around with no real work to do and bigger entertainment allowances than the ambassador.

In Kenya, Pentagon-financed studies of esoteric subjects like "Nandi expansion from 1870 to 1905" were under way shortly before I left, but I could not tap the Defense Department's tremendous engineering potential to help build needed roads. I know U.S. civic-action programs would be welcomed in many countries if the signing of military assistance agreements — with its overtone of "alignment" — were not a prerequisite.

And I am sure that most of our military men would welcome the opportunity to take part in the global war against poverty. The frustrations of our Defense establishment are those one would expect among any group of vigorous executives and technicians sitting around a lavish firehouse, polishing their equipment, and waiting for that three-alarm fire that no one really wants or even expects.

Considering the magnitude and variety of our involvement in world affairs, it is essential that the

government at least integrate its own efforts more effectively. Foreign policy can no longer be separated from domestic policy. Commerce, Agriculture, Labor, Treasury, and Interior, too, are all doing things that influence our foreign relations. Today, a rise in the interest rate, a drop in wheat production, or a change in established trade patterns can affect those relations far more than the wording of a diplomatic *aide-mémoire*. Foreign policy will never again be the exclusive province of State in this smaller, faster, more interdependent world of ours; and we should be reorganizing our governmental structure accordingly.

In fairness to State, I must point out that our Foreign Service represents us more ably and keeps our government better and more fully informed than that of any other major power. It does not generate many new ideas — as it did in the pre-Dulles era — but this is a fault of bureaucratic procedures, ingrained routines, and leadership that tolerates mediocrity and overstaffing so long as the wheels seem to keep turning and the paper gets processed. Revitalizing State would be difficult, but it would not be impossible over a period of five years under a reform-minded Secretary with full White House backing and a sympathetic Congress.

The recommendations I have made in the foregoing pages can be summarized as follows:

1. Get rid of deadwood, and trim overstaffed posts and bureaus.
2. Promote FSO's on merit rather than seniority.
3. Make salary scales comparable with those offered by private industry.
4. Minimize the production and distribution of paper.
5. Personalize (that is, decomputerize) personnel assignments.
6. Dismantle the AID bureaucracy, and put foreign economic assistance under the State Department.
7. Coordinate the activities of all federal agencies concerned with foreign affairs.

The support of Capitol Hill will be essential; that's where the money comes from. This support depends in turn on greater public understanding of government operations and why reforms are needed, for people elect congressmen. Unfortunately, the American people, whose lives are most directly affected by our foreign policy actions — who are regularly taxed, drafted, and killed because of our worldwide diplomatic and military commitments — often seem as confused and uninformed as ever, in this age of mass communication and instant news, about the world we live in and America's role in shaping the one our children will inherit.

viewpoint

What Culture? What Boom?

by Henry S. Resnik

Henry S. Resnik is twenty-six, a native New Yorker, and a graduate of Yale.

While the Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Center was busy putting on one of the most dazzling shows New York has seen in years, opening-nighters seemed oblivious to the shaggy, angular presence of cinema-lovers attending the New York Film Festival at Philharmonic Hall. But here was a juxtaposition of velvet and vinyl that graphically illustrated the fact that we are in the midst of a cultural revolution.

Indeed, the cultural revolution already has its own engagingly manipulative press, so bouncy with humor that one often forgets the seriousness of its purpose. The love 'n' anger of the *East Village Other* is an example, replete with psychedelic prose. Anti-daddy, arteriosclerotic Tom Wolfe is another, with class. One article in the *Village Voice* even went so far as to imply, in a daringly offhanded conclusion, that Marshall McLuhan is too square to know what really should be happening. There is bound to be anger on all sides, particularly from the "older" generation, in whose territory I am resigned to having one foot forever (I was not weaned on TV; I am literate) and some of whose anger I share. They (we) will eventually go out of style completely, and this makes them (us) pretty uncomfortable.

Thus, although the opening of the

Metropolitan was a pageant (rather, a vulgar spectacle), it seemed in its self-conscious gaudiness to celebrate an ending more than a peak. It could not have intended to celebrate the end of the "culture explosion" it represents, however; by now that explosion is a multimillion-dollar business. It even has the *Esquire* seal of approval.

Yet one of the most interesting developments in the so-called explosion is the possibility that it does not exist. Until the Twentieth Century Fund commissioned two economists to prepare a report on the economics of the performing arts, evidence for the culture "boom" consisted largely of the enormous sums of money that consumers have been spending in recent years on the arts. Evidence against it came from skeptics like Harold C. Schonberg, music critic of the *Times*, who asserted, for example, that while more music may be available than ever before, "audiences do not seem particularly interested." But arguing against the culture explosion is something like trying to reason with a glacier; one simply can't deny the existence of all those new civic cultural centers.

In assembling the Fund's report, William J. Baumol and William G. Bowen discovered that of ninety-three culture centers reported to be planned or already in existence in ninety-one cities, fifty-three had been completed by December, 1964, and twenty-six of these had opened since 1950.

But figures supporting the culture boom are subject to a number of systematic distortions which have magnified the real rise in spending. After making adjustments for the inflation of the dollar, the rise in population, and the expenditure in terms of personal disposable income

after taxes, Baumol and Bowen conclude that if the post-war years have exhibited a culture explosion, "it appears to have been an education boom much more than an expansion in relative demand for the performing arts." The only branches of the performing arts that have shown a substantial increase in rate of growth, according to the report, are the dance and regional theater.

Whether or not there is a culture boom, the Twentieth Century Fund report lends substance to the claim that much of what has been passed off as a flowering of creativity in America is bogus. The culture boom always *looked* bogus, but no one until Baumol and Bowen had offered convincing evidence (as contrasted with educated opinion) that it is. The best culture centers promote the loving care of good antiques — operas, plays, symphonies — and at these times the concept of a "center" seems worthwhile. Too often, however, they do more harm than good to the antiques they preserve.

Granted that regional theater is flourishing, what is actually going on in all the gleaming new buildings? Monotonous productions of Shakespeare; occasionally worthy representations of Shaw, Chekhov, Williams, Miller — the "standards" of theater repertory that tradition-soaked audiences want and will get as long as the almighty Ford Foundation insists that repertory theaters work toward being self-supporting, thus forcing them to operate as much on the box-office principle as any Broadway house.

As for the symphonies, audiences "dress up" (concert clothes have, in a sense, replaced Sunday best) and listen politely to the music of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Strauss, Ravel, Stravinsky (still somewhat bold for

most audiences, though *Le Sacre du printemps* was completed in 1913), and other "popular" composers, almost all of whom have no place in the creating of contemporary music.

These culture centers fairly reek of virtue. They are industrial America's retarded gesture toward humanism and the liberal arts. Their intentions are unquestionably good, but their efforts always seem to lack conviction. The deadness of these efforts, plus the question about their widely hailed prevalence, suggests that the culture explosion is more a piece of expert public relations work, an affluent nation's bow to sophisticated tradition, than an honest attempt to modify materialistic values.

Action is the key

With or without shoulder-length hair, the youthful crowds who jam the "total" discotheques, one of the fastest growing of the new art forms, are the image of the new revolution. Their enormous energy — the constant movement, the frenetic dances — is an expression of defiance and life. Their uniform asserts independence and a flair for spontaneity. At its best their music possesses throbbing vitality, and more often than not it murders intelligence — it is designed for liberation, not thought. At its worst their music is horrible, worse even than the horrible music of their parents' generation.

In this age of satiety, one sensual experience, sustained for any length of time, is no longer enough. The senses must be drenched in order for them to respond at all. The key word of this age is "action"; passivity is anathema. The ten-to-twenty-five-year-olds seem to have taken over the new culture en masse (this accounts for that vaguely threatening term "teen culture"). McLuhan attributes much of the phenomenon to television, but all the media are responsible.

The most alarming quality of this new culture is what appears to be its obliteration of thought. "Content" has become a pejorative word; ostensibly the new culture has nothing to say. This may account for the enormous popularity of Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* among high school and college students. Tol-

kien's Christian morality is so obvious and uninteresting that the only possible reason for wading through the trilogy's thirteen hundred pages is to discover the various inventions with which he has filled his imaginary world.

Thought is not in such serious danger of disappearing, however, as some forms of the revolution might suggest. Susan Sontag's *Against Interpretation* is a collection of essays whose main thesis is clearly stated in the title; yet in its presentation of the "new sensibility," it is as interpretive as any Ph.D. paper. Moreover, what Sontag and the whole crowd of new sensibiles oppose is the search for meaning, particularly the search for morality, that, according to them, has preoccupied intellectuals and literary critics in past decades. The new culture emphasizes ethics and the importance of questioning rather than the more passive, thou-shalt-not forms of traditional morality, which merely provide answers. Perhaps through boredom, or the search for newness, it tends to reject Freudianism in favor of technological theories.

"Happenings," one of the most viable alternatives to traditional theater, frequently rely on chance, as their name implies, but behind their superficial mindlessness is a philosophy considerably more complex and sophisticated than the doctrine of realism that has dominated the twentieth-century American stage. The Stone, an "environment" that will soon be permanently established near St. Mark's Place in Manhattan, is designed, with Zen principles in mind, to elicit contemplation as well as to stimulate the senses with sound, light, and tactile experiences.

Murderers of Broadway

The recent production of *Marat/Sade* offered an overwhelming affirmative for the theater. There was a continually excited quality to the audiences who filled the Martin Beck Theater for every performance of the limited run. They were there for more than just the excitement of seeing the "in" hit of the season. A good half of the audiences appeared to be under thirty; many of them were dressed so casually that they

either didn't know what conventional audiences wear to the theater or they did know and decided against it. During intermission, the lobbies seemed to explode with conversation. Sensationalism and rave reviews cannot be the only reasons for the play's amazing success.

Marat/Sade was different from the usual Broadway fare in a number of ways, aside from its subject. The most important, I think, is that Peter Brook's production made it more a circus than a play. From the entrance of the first inmate of Charenton to the thoroughly annoying curtain call, the cast offered a range of actions and gestures that was impossible to absorb at one sitting; one could easily have seen the play several times without seeing all of it. The proscenium, traditionally a "frame" that separates actors and audience, creating a nice picture of the stage, virtually disappeared as the audience was drawn into the play.

Marat/Sade offered a complex and carefully planned version of chaos; it was a challenge to all of the audience's faculties, intellectual and sensory. Boredom threatened only when the actors lapsed into long philosophical speeches.

This is the opposite of the theater of realism, which has declined into people consuming entire meals on stage and going through the most mundane moments of life in such a way that they become mundane theater — ultimate distortions of the brilliant use of realism in Chekhov and Ibsen. Tyrone Guthrie said years ago that realism and the proscenium stage were the real murderers of Broadway when he insisted on the involving qualities of the thrust stage. Non-proscenium designs of many new theaters, including Guthrie's in Minneapolis, are among the few promising aspects of the regional theater boom. Happenings events, environments, and the like, which have been created more by painters than by playwrights, may be the answer to the dilemma of our theater, but in several years they have failed to attract more than a large in-group.

If production costs and ticket prices were lower, Broadway might be as vital a cultural force as London's West End, where one can see a play for seventy cents. But Ameri-

can producers are naturally reluctant these days to take chances; the economy of our theater demands frugality, and unfortunately this now applies to off-Broadway as well. The Merrick Foundation, which has imported such plays as *Marat/Sade* and *Philadelphia, Here I Come!*, has given Broadway a shove in the right direction. Robert Brustein may make things lively at Yale. The off-off-Broadway Open Theater group has livened the season considerably with *America Hurrah*, and most critics look on this unimposing company and on the Café La Mama as rich resources. As long as our theater remains a luxury, however, it will merely soothe.

Music and the galleries

"Serious" music is considerably less promising than theater, having shown scarcely a trace of experimentation. In 1958, the *Poème Électronique* of Edgar Varèse astonished audiences at the Brussels Fair, but nine years later it cannot even make people angry. Babbitt and Stockhausen are peripheral; Stravinsky is titan-in-residence; Leonard Bernstein wrote a gala new book for Christmas distribution. The healthiest thing that could happen in the music world would be the elimination of the term "serious music."

The richest, most vital music of the past has served a function of some kind — most of the music of Bach was written for the church; Prince Esterhazy employed Haydn to serve up regular courtly helpings of bubbling music; some of Stravinsky's best work was written for the ballet.

The functional music of our own half century is rock 'n' roll. Although its main function is to accompany dancing, its constant blare everywhere indicates that for many people it is a necessary part of the environment — music to live by, exploding with the rhythm of this frenetic, liberated age. This is the first time in history that there has been popular music on such a scale.

Rock rock is a logical step in the evolution of American music, and Bob Dylan has elevated the genre to the highest level of art.

The most significant creative activity, in New York at least, can be

seen in the art galleries; here the new culture has almost completely taken over, to a point, in fact, where traditional methods of painting have succumbed to all sorts of mixed forms and new, technological materials.

Modern painting (which often includes sculpture, sound, and other media) has become the central expression of our mechanized, automated, impersonal society. Pop art, which rebelled against the introspective and personal quality of abstract expressionism, has given way to an even more impersonal mode of expression: the most important show of the New York season in terms of formal evolution was the display of "systemic" art at the Guggenheim Museum. Each of the paintings was, theoretically, the development of a system, something in the manner of the equally cerebral serial music, a development which could be finished by anyone once the artist had invented the original system. Moreover, the materials one sees in the most progressive galleries — stainless steel, aluminum, acrylics, plastics, vinyl — represent even more vividly the cold anonymity of our society. The element of Camp, so frequently part of the modern painter's attitude, is the ultimate removal of the creator from his work. Condescending humor is the basis of Camp, and it is also the best defense against a world in which one is constantly faced with doom. Laughter is the new culture's answer to modern civilization.

In an important sense, then, there is a certain kind of unintelligence in the new culture. It is not what we usually mean by "unintelligent," however, for the makers of the new culture are fiercely brainy, constantly inventive. Rather, it is a deliberate, chosen blindness to the apparently hopeless moral issues of the day, a sophisticated form of moral obtuseness. The new culture is unremittingly "cool." Passion is gauche: sex is a *fun* thing, rarely meaningful, a joyous biological dividend in return for living.

Sense and sensibility

Even as I discover the vitality of new forms, however, the pre-electronic generation in me rebels. I will

continue to see plays and to hope for the future of the theater; I have a good collection of records, and I'll stay with Brahms until I can find more than sentimental reasons for going to concerts; I learned to love reading so early in life that I will read as long as people write. And I don't think I'll ever be able to stop trying to see beneath the surface of things.

The "new sensibility" focuses on form, glittering the surfaces. When one looks for character, one finds only layers of stereotype. The new art educates the senses, and the education of the soul is considered gauche.

Yet a work of art like *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* is powerful because of its content — the ideas, the questions, the answers — as well as its form. The enduring works of art survive because they speak to mankind of what touches man deeply.

I cling to my belief in the power of the mind, and I think this power is being assaulted, not by Susan Sontag or Marshall McLuhan, both of whom have minds, but by the obsessive neophytes who are finding in this revolution an opportunity to murder their fathers. I do not think that they will ever rule the world, however, even though they may make a good deal of noise before they leave it.

The most serious problem both generations face is the result of a misunderstanding. The revolution has freed us from Victorian moralizing — the interpretation and making of art as if it were a sermon. But the rediscovery of exuberant sensuality has given too many people the false idea that the senses are all. Perhaps these ill-informed Camp followers are merely like the occasional "bad reaction" to a health-giving shot; or perhaps they are an actual disease.

The best minds of the new generation are encouragingly alive, however. They are toiling in Appalachia and the slums; they are trying to make some sense of Vietnam; they are questioning, thinking, speaking out. Of course, they are also filling the movie theaters and discotheques; they probably watch TV every now and then; and they seem to be having an enormous amount of fun. That is, after all, what's happening.

BABE THE BLUE OX

An Atlantic "First" by JIB FOWLES

Mr. Fowles, born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1940, and a graduate of Loomis School, has traveled widely in the United States, Mexico, Europe, and India (where he held a Fulbright Scholarship) and has worked "at various mundane jobs." He prefers writing.

IN THE same spring that I began catching the afternoon DJ's and spending my off-hours perfecting a hollow baseball bat, my father was hospitalized. For our last visit with him we drove to the hospital in Uncle Teddy Bear's convertible — my mother up front beside Uncle Teddy Bear, busy writing long lists to herself on household notepaper, and Sis and I in the back seat, our hair unseated by the wind. No matter how obvious it was to us or how appropriate it was to my father, we were not to mention Death; this was my mother's single requirement for that trip. "Now I don't want you children saying anything about the doctor's opinion" was the way she commanded us. And so, when we four stationed ourselves like compass points at the corners of his bed, we stood piously. It occurred to me that if he died at that very moment and if we could have mustered the strength to lift his frame, wasted but still huge, we could have been his pallbearers.

Because of my enchantment with such journalistic paradoxes as no china came from China and no Turkish towels were seen in Turkey, I was always disappointed to find his sheets tucked into hospital corners. The clear plastic oxygen tent and the elaborate machine going "bup, bup, bup" discreetly off to the side were also missing. Uninspired, I busied myself at the foot of his bed slid-

ing my lucky little finger — the one with the family ring, the family crest — inside the prim fold of the sheet. Across from me, my sister intently chewed her fingertips. My father, for his part, was propped up by a stack of pillows and looked willing, as he always did for our visits.

Uncle Teddy Bear, the nominal family head and cheerleader in the past weeks, remarked, "Ralph, I can say this: you sure look better. To me anyway. What do you say, Sarah?"

"Definitely," my mother replied.

My father winked openly at Sis, and she dropped her hand from her mouth and smiled in return. "To top it all, I think I'm getting athlete's foot," he whispered.

I winced; quelling the urge to whisper back was the hardest thing about visiting him. For hours I had practiced his whisper toward the vestibule mirror, but since Sis refused to listen, my friends were the only ones to hear my skill, and even they, although captivated, refused to believe that his voice had come to that. I considered it some sort of warrior's complaint, a battlefield scar.

My mother, who was dismayed by the most innocent mention of my father's condition or devices, tried to skirt his humor about athlete's foot by asking if he was eating well. When he answered, grinning, that he got his liquids, she showed us

her profile and sighed noisily. My father rapidly changed the subject and inquired about my hollow baseball bat, if it was illegal. "Sort of," I admitted, and as he laughed his new soundless laugh, I coined a smile.

As usual, it fell to him to direct the conversation. This time he imagined for us the overrunning of his room with the flowers from his well-wishers. The ranks of sprays and bouquets were laid out against three walls of his room, setting up a thick florist smell as bothersome to me as the odor of our downstairs powder room.

"Take some of the damn things home with you, Sarah," my father said. "I feel like I'm living in a rain forest."

"You said it," Uncle Teddy Bear agreed. "Boy, oh, boy."

"I love the scent," my mother said. "It's like a wonderful little tropical country. No one ever gave me flowers like this."

He offered them again. "I can't find any more nurses who'll take them."

"Used up the supply of nurses already, darling?" She twisted a cigarette into her holder, saying, "I hope they won't mind me stretching the rules a teeny bit. What a magnificent aroma."

"The days are long gone when you needed buckets of flowers to cover up the stench of people dying," my father whispered forcefully. "It's all fumigated nowadays. Sanitized."

My mother clapped her hands, a curt and foolish sound. "That sort of talk gets us nowhere, Ralph." She blew her nose and mumbled a long sentence at the same time; the only word I caught was "smell." "I suppose we ought to be going," she said, discarding the handkerchief into her alligator purse.

My father protested, and my mother sighed and said, "Well, if you must know the truth, darling, I can't stand to hear you talk like that in front of the children."

I was indifferent, looking out the window until I felt his glance, and Sis had been absorbed in scratching the back of her neck. He gave us a quizzical little nod, a change came over his face, and he said, "I wish you wouldn't go right now."

Uncle Teddy Bear, perplexed by my father's tone, coughed against his fist. "Is there anything you want from your house? Or mine too, for that matter."

"Sure. A hot-water bottle." This amused him more than anything else he'd said. And then, brightly, he told us about a book he was reading — Jefferson's letters — and reached for it on the nightstand. He found his place, said, "Listen to this," and as we all cocked our ears for what was going to be scarcely audible, began to read aloud, casually and articulately. On some sort of telling point at the end of the second sentence, he looked up.

My mother startled us by ordering, "*Stop that.* For Christ's sake, cut it out. You can't read. It's bad for your voice." She turned away from the bed and shook her head so violently that strands of hair slipped their bobby pins and fell over her temples.

"I agree with Sarah," Uncle Teddy Bear said hastily. "I think it's bad for you."

"Nonsense," he told them. "Just let me finish this for you. It's brilliant." Instead of beginning where he had left off, he returned to the first sentence. My mother bolted, slamming the door; it rebounded to give us a view of her trotting away down the hall. I smirked. For a few seconds my father read his book silently, and then he said to his brother, "You'll help out with things, won't you, Ted?"

"Sure I will, Ralph. You know that. Lookit, I'd better catch up with Sarah. She was in quite a huff," and he went off after my mother.

As I shifted toward the stack of get-well cards, my father said, "If the sum of those cards meant anything, I'd be Paul Bunyan. I'm going to send every one of them a diehard card," and he chuckled to himself. And then abruptly, he turned solemn and ordered my sister to his side.

Sis approached him hesitantly, walking her hands along the edge of the bed. When abreast of him, she suddenly lurched for his hand and brought it, wrapped in hers, against her chest. Steadily he drew her down until he could whisper in her ear; when he stopped, she kissed him damply between the eyebrows. But he wasn't finished; he either repeated or added to what he had said before, and finally she withdrew nodding. They both appeared grateful. "OK, kids. Go find your mother and Uncle Teddy Bear."

Going down in the elevator, Sis talked to herself while tentatively pressing the buttons of the self-control panel. "What did the old man say?" I interrupted her.

"Nothing," she replied amiably.

Together we found my mother and Uncle Teddy Bear in the parking lot where they waited for us with the engine running, and from there to our driveway my mother sobbed — a convulsive tearless sort of lament. My sister and I looked away.

FOR several minutes in the evening before my father's death I stood in the pantry behind Sis and watched her backside as she mixed old-fashioneded for my mother and Uncle Teddy Bear. I was a student of her boxy figure while she was still and of her graceless seafaring walk while she was moving. When I told her, "It's like we're waiting for a monster. A monster from the deepy depths," I was

trying to decide where the bra straps lay under her blouse.

"I suppose" was all she would say.

The hospital had forewarned us, and during that evening the household was hushed and expectant, a vigil which quickly became tedious. To relieve my boredom, I took the tray of drinks from Sis and carried it to the adults in the parlor, hoping my mother's antics had improved. Earlier in the evening she had alternated aimless pacing and prattle with sitting stock-still; now she was stretched out on the couch, her head in Uncle Teddy Bear's lap.

"How you doing, Jake?" asked Uncle Teddy Bear as he reached for his drink. "How you feeling, boy?"

"OK."

"Good, good. That's what we like to hear."

In spite of her position my mother sipped her drink agilely. "Sit down, Jake. Your uncle and I want to have a few words with you."

I sat down obediently on the edge of the marble-top coffee table. By turns they gave me their thoughtful and dutiful talk: that Uncle Teddy Bear could not stay with us forever, that I was going to be the Man of the House ("But you want to know something?" Uncle Teddy Bear said. "I think you're up to it. Or we wouldn't talk to you like this. You can bet on it"), and that, as a hard-boiled but necessary revelation, my father was not going to last much longer. It all seemed reasonable to me, reasonable and inappropriate, and I skir-mished by staring at their shifting eyes. It was Uncle Teddy Bear's turn to add something when my mother rolled away from me and said into the back of the sofa, "Damn, damn, tell him to go away, Ted. He looks just like Ralph."

"Well, I hope he'll act like his father. Your father was a great man, Jake. Great. Maybe you'd better pull out of here for a while; your mother's a little upset. You can understand that." Mulling over the man-to-man tone of his last sentence, I left them alone.

At the kitchen table Sis was dexterously cutting out pictures of fashion models for her collection. Later they would be taped on the wall of her bedroom, chinking in between the ones already posted. I took up her fountain pen and drew in underclothes on her rejects as I repeated the conference in the parlor. "They're all shook up," I said.

"All shook up," she repeated, snipping an oval around two arm-in-arm models. "It's natural."

"Natural as sin. Natural as nature. Snatch ural. Why don't they do something besides lie around? Uncle Teddy Bear just sits around on his fat behind."

"He does a lot."

"Like what?"

"It's very important to Mummy to have him

around, Jake. You have to understand that. He helps keep her calm."

"Keeps her lid screwed on."

Sis smiled absently, keeping her eyes on her work like a seamstress. Nothing I ever said could budge her; my mother, currently off-bounds, was a much better target. The magazine turned one way and the scissors another until I said, "Are we going to move?"

"How do you mean?"

"After the old man dies?"

"I don't think so," she said, opening the shears into an X and laying them on the page. "Maybe he won't die."

"But he's going to," I insisted.

"Yes, I know. But maybe he won't. Maybe nothing will happen at all."

I proclaimed, "Everything's going to happen," trying out a flamboyant, but to me harmless, sentiment.

"Maybe everything will just fizzle out," she said, "Just go off on its own." In small jerky arcs she crumbed the slivers of paper with the dishcloth. "Whenever you have a chance, Jake, I wish you'd take out the trash."

"And wash out the pail," I recited. "Are you going to sell your beetle?"

On her sixteenth birthday my father had given her a small foreign car. It sat in the garage for two months while my mother checked and rechecked with the director of the department of motor vehicles, and finally, on the same day my father had gone to the hospital, Sis was given permission to drive it to school and afterward until sunset. Considering my question until I thought she had veered from it, she said flatly, "No."

That night I was unwatched and unprompted, and went to bed late. Just before dawn I was awakened by my mother's wailing; it was Sis, dressed in wintertime pajamas, who came into my room and said the hospital had called — my father was dead. She told it as though it were news, with a hint of emergency in her voice.

WHEN I came down late in the morning, Sis was scrambling eggs for Uncle Teddy Bear, who was beating the bottom of the sink with his fist. The garbage disposal had stopped working in the middle of the orange peels, and Uncle Teddy Bear first flayed it, then teased it with a pencil. "All we need," he said on his way to the phone. "All we need. This is all your mother needs." After the repairman, he called the family minister. It took several calls to rout him out, and he and Uncle Teddy Bear immediately began bickering. "What do you mean by that sort of statement?" I heard

Uncle Teddy Bear shout into the receiver, and, "I'm not asking for your opinions, John, I'm asking for your services." Finally he said, "Then let him rot for all I care, you hypocrite. The letter of the law, my whatzis," and deserted the house by the garden door. Sis gave me his eggs, and being either gracious or muddled, a cup of coffee.

If Sis was upset by the telephone conversation, it was concealed from me behind the household motions of scrubbing breakfast dishes. When my mother appeared, Sis served her silently, and for a while it seemed as though my father's funeral were forgotten. Eventually, Sis sat beside my mother and described Uncle Teddy Bear's failure. "Oh, God," my mother whimpered when Sis was finished. "I just can't face that. Try and do something, will you? Find another minister. Do anything." While my mother stared into her coffee, Sis telephoned a Unitarian minister who had at times been my father's handball partner. Swiftly they decided upon cremation (as my father had wished), no funeral (a surprise, a request given out in the handball court), a memorial service (even if he had forbidden it). Sis said "yes, yes" several times and hung up, but instead of looking appeased, her face was set in a workaday attitude, as though something had neutralized her success.

Later in the morning I went to use the pantry toilet and found the door locked. "Is that you, Jake?" she called out.

"Hurry up."

"Jake, what do you think they're going to do with Daddy's urn?"

"How should I know?" I said.

"I just hope they do something nice with it."

"Like what?"

"Something appropriate."

"Maybe they could put it in the vestibule," I taunted her. "Maybe right up on the mantelpiece."

"I just hope they —" and her voice trailed off behind the door.

Whatever slight she imagined for my father's urn was overlooked as she served my mother and Uncle Teddy Bear on the sun porch. First came scotch, then peanut-butter-and-jellies, then more scotch. Back and forth from the kitchen she went, content in her diligence. In between two trips I overheard Uncle Teddy Bear say, "You don't have to worry about that girl one single bit, Sarah," and my mother answered, "Jesus" — a sort of general pronouncement.

Sis and the cook had the sherry glasses rinsed and the decanters filled and on the sideboard in time for the guests. I heard their cars coasting down the gravel driveway, and I went to peer

out the stained-glass windows in the vestibule. Through the transparent eye of the Indian Maiden on the left or the clear slit which formed the musket barrel of the Pioneer on the right, I could watch them close their car doors prudently and come up the front steps as gingerly as the Indian Maiden or the Pioneer would have walked in the wilderness. Cousins, friends, and employees came in past me and were greeted by Sis, who took their coats and showed them to the sherry. She was everywhere — answering the door, shepherding them through the rooms in search of my mother or Uncle Teddy Bear, straightening rugs with the heel of her flats, and even, when dispatched by my mother, going upstairs and bringing down the war-time photograph of my father in full dress uniform on some flight deck, the customary dead cigarette in his mouth, and the planes with their folded wings murky in the background. She set it where she was told, beside the sherry.

The front rooms were steadily filling up when Sis discovered the garbage disposal repairman wandering in the back hall. They made a queer pair as she led him through the throng — the uncomfortable repairman in his overalls carrying a stained toolbox and Sis perfectly groomed in bright colors. I made a slow tour of the sun porch and living room before following them into the kitchen, where I found the disposal already fixed and Sis and the repairman at the kitchen table drinking coffee from the best china. Seeing me, Sis leapt from her seat, grabbed my hand, and yanked me toward the table, declaring that Alexander had once worked for Daddy. "Alex," the man said, rattling my hand; "Jake," I said sternly. He was beaming, and Sis, who repeated, "Isn't it wonderful, Jake. Isn't it wonderful," was gleeful. Her joy seemed boundless; she kept reaching out for my hand or the hands of the repairman. When Uncle Teddy Bear came into the kitchen to ask about more glasses, I felt rescued. With an adult in the room the repairman became sheepish and packed his tools as Uncle Teddy Bear was saying, "Well, I'll be. That is a coincidence."

"It's more than a coincidence," insisted Sis. She showed the repairman to the back door, and while Uncle Teddy Bear and I watched, kissed him on the cheek.

Each of us took a tray of sherry glasses into the parlor, tiptoeing, because my mother, hidden among the guests, was making an announcement. "Please, everyone, no flowers. He detested flowers, I don't know why. Give the money to your favorite charity." Someone at the French windows asked what *his* favorite charity was, and my mother answered, "Mental Health." Behind me Sis whispered, "No, it wasn't," and shrugged with benevolence.

My mother started a game which soon involved all the visitors — they had to guess my father's middle name. It was a family name, one he used so infrequently that the initial was not on his checks. "A great big surprise or something," she said vaguely, went to the person who guessed it; those who guessed and missed had to pour their own sherry. They thought privately and aloud, singly and in groups, with no one knowing it immediately. My mother began to give hints; it was German, it began with "F." Only she and Uncle Teddy Bear appeared to know it, and at each guess — Fogel, Flammer, Finkelsdorf — Uncle Teddy Bear choked off his laughter and my mother shook her head and bit her lip coyly. She sat back in her chair, legs crossed, urging them not to give up. Someone finally shouted, "Far-ouen"; Uncle Teddy Bear laughed outright, and cried, "Freundlich." The hilarity of the name and the sport undermined him.

My mother was outraged. "Teddy, that's not fair. I'm furious." But everyone was occupied in agreeing with Uncle Teddy Bear. She stood up and shouted, "Ralph Freundlich Pierce! My husband!" Her handkerchief pressed over her mouth and nose, her eyes streaming, she walked out of the room and up the staircase.

Sis said good-bye to the guests at the front door, shaking hands with the men and touching the women. After the last person she double-bolted the door. "That was beautiful, that business about Alexander," she said to me.

ON THE day of the service Sis was sober and exacting. She bustled back and forth between the closets of the house, fetching whatever my mother requested or Uncle Teddy Bear asked for on the way, and proving herself uncomplainingly capable in the hurly-burly of our separate preparations. When my mother wanted to change her veil, Sis said, "Yes, I think you do," and found a second one in her own room. During a lull she had time for herself in the pantry toilet, and when she came out, she was painstakingly made-up, her lips still gummy with the lipstick, her eyes severely outlined, her face a different hue.

"You look like the Whore of Babylon," I told her.

"I look all right," she said blandly. "I'm sure."

"When are we leaving, for Christmas sake?"

"When Uncle Teddy Bear brings his car around. Don't you want your tie clip?"

"I look all right. I'm positive."

But in another of the petty mishaps which had pestered us during those few days, the top to Uncle Teddy Bear's convertible froze in an upright and rigid position like a drawbridge. My mother was

snide with Uncle Teddy Bear as we arranged ourselves in Sis's car. "Maybe we should take a motorcycle," she mumbled. Uncle Teddy Bear grimaced and threaded both his hands through the loop of the handhold as we eased past his car in the driveway.

"We could sail it there," I said, cashing in on my mother's irritation.

"Very funny," said Uncle Teddy Bear.

"What a brown day," my mother said, and our ill humor melted as we all looked out the windows in search of her adjective. I would have said "pea green" instead, I decided.

Usually a brisk driver, Sis drove fastidiously that morning, keeping to her lane and the speed limit. Catching her face in the rearview mirror, seeing her lips tightly rolled, I realized that her driving was more muted than curtailed. Whatever she was dwelling on served to hold her back, and as I rocked back and forth to urge more speed, she shifted languidly. "Step on it," I mouthed, via the mirror, to her eyes; she looked back on me queerly.

My mother took this time to check our outfits. Turning in her seat, she studied me briefly and said, "Yes. Very handsome," and granted me a smile. She gave Sis a lengthy and closer inspection before saying, "You do like that dress, don't you?"

Sis glanced down quickly at her unbelted dress. "You don't like it?"

"Not very much, I have to say. I don't like being overcritical of my own children, but it's not very becoming."

"It's all right. I think it's all right."

"Well, you're wearing it, not me. Who am I to say?"

"You're my mother," Sis said, as though it were new information.

My mother looked back at Uncle Teddy Bear and flicked her eyebrows twice.

When we stopped at the end of the line of cars, we were still a block from the church. "Go around them," my mother ordered Sis; we pulled out and shot to the head of the line, where people let us back in with small knowing waves. Suddenly my mother blurted, "My God, your father was a great man."

"Yes," Sis said. "Of course, of course."

She let us out under the portico, listened to my mother's instructions, and drove off to find a parking space among the cars which had already filled the church parking lot and both sides of the avenue in front. My mother led us directly through the crowd in the doorway and down the center aisle to the first pew, where our seats were held for us. I felt haughty knowing that the backs of our heads were the center of attention for the whole congregation, and I concentrated on holding my neck as

rigid as possible. A man behind us offered my mother fortitude by grasping her shoulder; without looking, she kissed the hand and sent it back.

Sis had not joined us by the time the readings began. In turn the three of us glanced back and to the sides, but she was missing. Throughout the selections from Ecclesiastes and Emerson I kept expecting her to sidle down the pew toward me and take her place. One of my father's business partners read, and then a woman from the House of Representatives, and still Sis was nowhere in view. By the final meditation I realized that my expectation had carried me all the way through the service. Leaving our pew, my mother was clearly upset, and I was sure Sis's disappearance was irreversible. But she fell in with us as we passed through the church doors.

My mother held off until we were through the crowd and into the car. "Now where in God's name were you?"

"In the back," she answered.

"Well, you certainly weren't with us. And you should have been. You know that, don't you?"

"It was beginning when I got there," she explained weakly. "I didn't mind sitting in the back."

"My God," my mother said. "I just can't imagine what you were thinking of. You're supposed to be with your family at a time like that. What do you think it looks like? To have the family split up. There are certain times when you can't do just exactly what you feel like doing, darling."

Uncle Teddy Bear interrupted: "Take it easy, Sarah. She didn't mean anything by it."

"Ted, mind your own business," my mother snapped. "Now, darling, was that too much for me to expect? To have you sit with us?"

Looking toward her side mirror, Sis said, "Anyone can expect anything from anyone."

"What the hell does that mean?" asked my mother, more astonished than angry.

"It means —" Sis began dimly, and then gave up, letting her voice drift off to a hum.

"Let's just drop the subject," insisted Uncle Teddy Bear. "Let's just forget it," and he sat back in the seat, determining a silence which lasted the rest of the trip and even on through the minutes we waited in the parlor for the cook to set out dinner.

We sat, the four of us, evenly spaced around the dining room table, eating without conversation. Once my mother said to Sis, "Hold your fork the right way," but Sis continued using her knife and fork in the European manner. The dessert was two scoops of maple walnut ice cream for Uncle Teddy Bear and one each for the rest of us. While I watched, Sis touched the ice cream with her fingers; she was kneading it by the time my mother noticed.

"Good God," my mother said. "Have you lost your mind?"

Sis stopped, but her hand remained in the dish. "Go wash your hands," my mother said tensely. "Go wash your hands, darling, and then I think you'd better go upstairs and have a nice long nap."

My mother and Uncle Teddy Bear decided to nap also, and so I was left to while away the afternoon in the cellar fussing with my baseball bat. Sis, who was in the habit of coming down to watch me work, never appeared; I assumed that she had fallen asleep. Without an audience my project became laborious, and I grew irritable at the mechanics of it. The stand I had constructed to hold the bat upright in the drill press was wobbly; the motor made questionable sounds; the adjustable bit refused to be adjusted. And when, finally, the cellar was flooded with a disagreeable odor from the kitchen, I left the bench and ran up the backstairs to protest.

Sis, her face bubbly with sweat, was standing at the stove and peering into a steaming pot. As I came toward her she continued to dip a dish towel into whatever she was brewing. Annoyed by her, by the heat of the kitchen, by the foul chemical smell, I elbowed her aside and looked into the pot. It was filled with odds and ends from the kitchen — meat still wrapped in cellophane, gobs of several colors, whole cartons of milk, onion skins, the handle of something, and all of it boiling in a gaseous broth. Coming back on me, she moved me aside and started me on the way to wake up my mother.

The first thing Sis said to my mother was, "It's not for you."

"Of course not, darling." My mother turned off the burner and ushered Sis to the sink.

She did not have to be cajoled. Obediently she held her hands under the water while my mother washed them and then submitted them to a clean towel. "It's not for you," she whispered. "It's for the repairman, Alexander." My mother nodded.

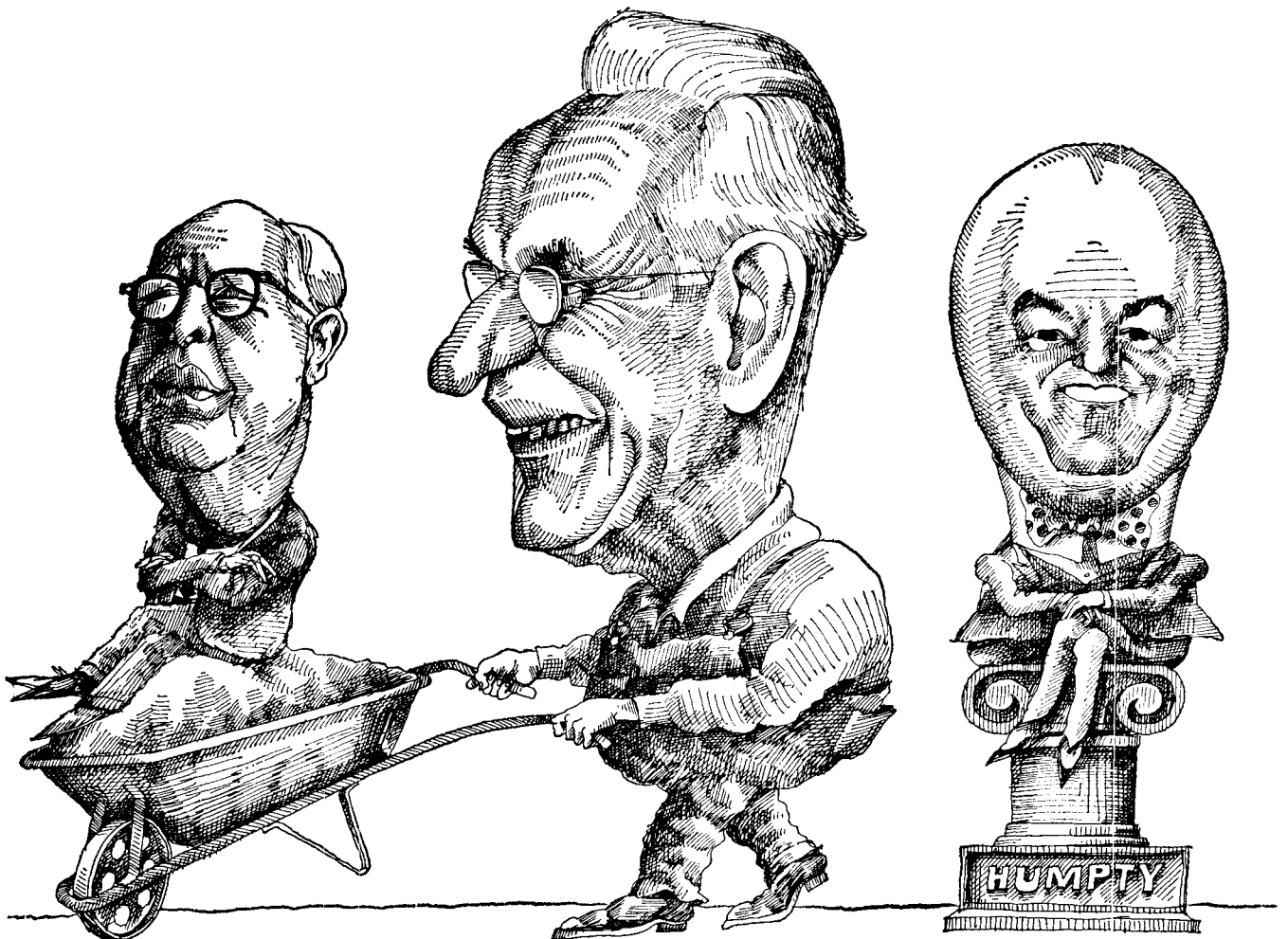
Uncle Teddy Bear, holding his bathrobe closed around his stomach, glanced into the kitchen before using the library phone to call Sis's doctor at the sanatorium. Sis was allowed to pack her own suitcase; the three of us waited downstairs for the doctor's car. In a few minutes I heard her come halfway down the stairs and stop. When I went out from the parlor, she was sitting on the landing beside her suitcase. "Why don't you wait down here?" I tried to persuade her, but she shook her head.

Through the parlor door we watched the car turn into our driveway. My mother and Uncle Teddy Bear remained sitting, and I went alone back into the hallway to face my sister. "What did Daddy say to you in the hospital?" I blurted as she passed me. She refused to answer. Tilting with the weight of her suitcase, she walked unaided out the front door and down the steps to the waiting car.

CAPITOL HILL'S UGLINESS CLUB

The movement to assure architectural ugliness on Capitol Hill has the kind of support Washington lobbyists dream about, numbering among its adherents the Speaker of the House, the Senate Minority Leader, the House Minority Leader, the Vice President of the United States, and, of course the Architect of the Capitol. Curiosity inspired the author, a history major at Harvard College, to inquire into how the atrocities get committed.

by Hunter Lewis



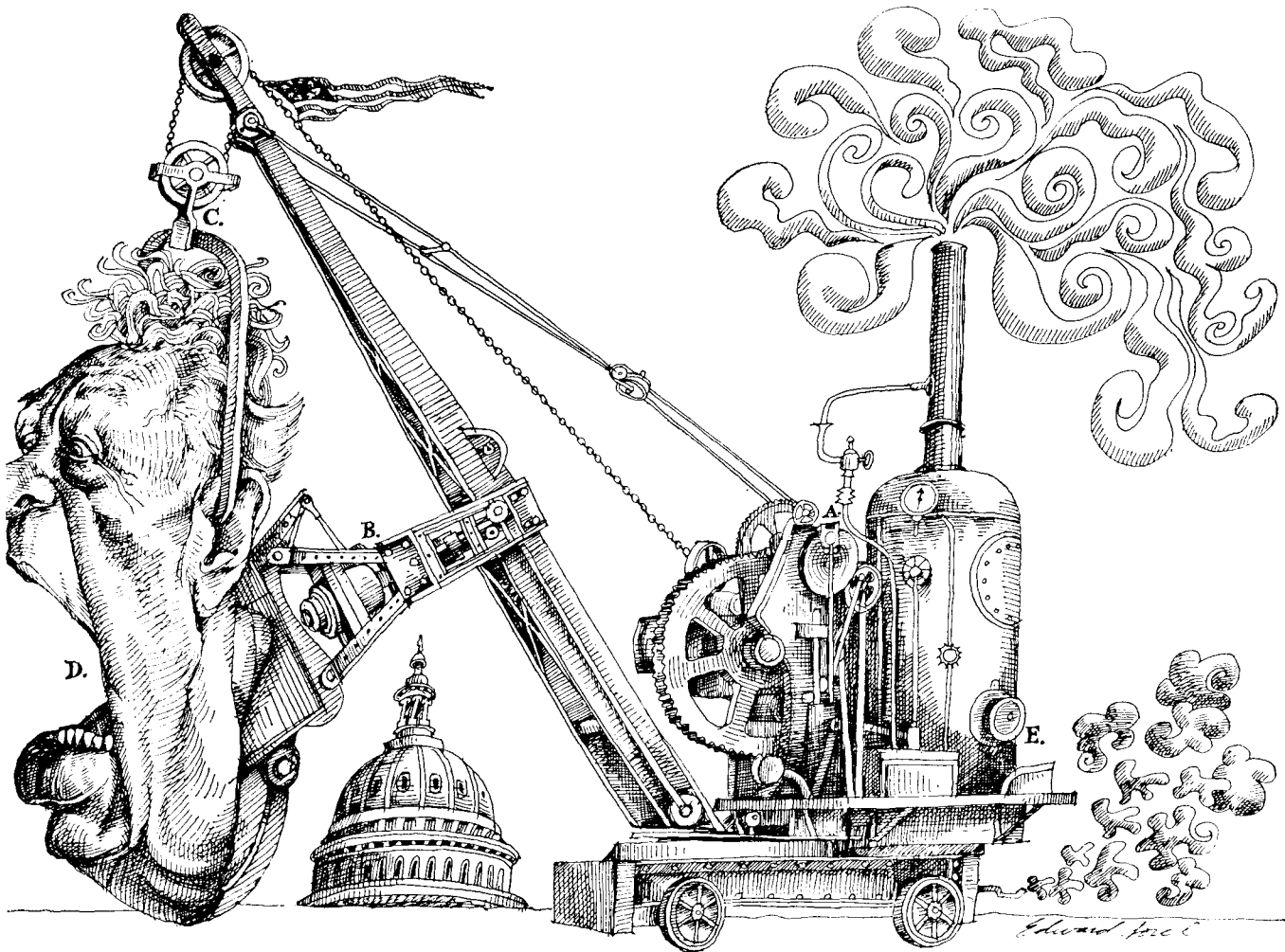
ARCHITECTURE on the Hill has become something of a national scandal during the past ten years — enough of an aesthetic outrage to bring down the fulminations of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* on the philistine indifference of Congress. Since 1958 both newspapers have publicized the granite imbecilities of official Washington architecture with a determination which has so far failed to sway the congressional veterans who have authorized and financed the projects of the recent past. At the very mention of the name of the *New York Times's* architectural critic, Ada Louise Huxtable, the long lines of Senator Dirksen's mouth extend in a delightful caricature of sarcasm: "One of that aesthetic group," he allows, with a telling emphasis on the penultimate word.

Despite Dirksen's sometimes charming disclaimers, the damage is well documented. The New Senate Office Building, the extension of the east front of the Capitol, and the cavernous Rayburn Building share a uniform banality of design. The Rayburn Building has even been introduced into the classrooms of the Harvard School of Design as a notable example of contemporary architectural

blundering. Its corrupt classic facade faithfully reproduces a variety of detailed ornamentation which fell out of favor among fashionable architectural circles a half century ago.

The story of the building's construction has by now passed into Washington legend. Work on "that thing on the Hill" was first begun with the ostensible purpose of providing space for cramped congressional offices. Matthew H. McCloskey, a well-known Democratic fund raiser from Philadelphia, was chosen as contractor; the initial estimate varied from \$40 million to \$65 million. The final product, produced at a cost of \$122 million after five years delay, provided only 15 percent of its total floor space for offices, and congressmen currently occupying the building are housed at a total construction cost of approximately \$721,000 apiece.

Still, the Rayburn Building is not the true measure of the abilities of the aging Architect of the Capitol, J. George Stewart. The case of the extension of the east front of the Capitol has demonstrated what he is truly capable of doing. In 1960 at his behest, the historic sandstone east front, which the neoclassical genius Benjamin Latrobe had conceived and Charles Bulfinch completed,



was extended thirty-six feet and embalmed in a garish marble reproduction. The *New York Times* with considerable justification labeled the result a "hard, grotesque, vulgar . . . imitation of a charming . . . simple period piece."

The voices raised against the Capitol project in its initial phases were both numerous and persuasive. The Washington Fine Arts Commission deplored the "bulldozing" of American history; the American Institute of Architects proposed the renovation of the east front as an alternative to its extension; and a host of newspaper editorials excoriated the plans. Nevertheless, the views of Sam Rayburn and the congressional commission which he headed prevailed over the objections of the most qualified architectural opinion available.

In Washington, events move swiftly enough so that only the most ardent controversialists still belabor the fate of the east front. Sam Rayburn has passed from the scene secure in the affection and esteem of all who remember him, his lack of architectural judgment rightly forgotten within the perspective of a lifetime's public service. Vice President Humphrey, who so bitterly opposed the extension while a senator, has in the space of these few years won himself a niche in the congressional establishment; he no longer sounds off with the shrill vehemence which was once his hallmark. The most powerful adversary of "Architect" Stewart's plans, the late President Kennedy, is now sanctimoniously quoted out of context by George Stewart himself.

Even the American Institute of Architects has been content to nurse its wounds and brood over its rebuff — at least until the Office of the Architect of the Capitol announced plans last year to extend the west front of the Capitol. That decision struck the AIA as the crowning infamy.

UNTIL the Senate Appropriations Committee scheduled hearings on the project, the details of Stewart's plans were a closely guarded secret. Only gradually were the facts disclosed. The central section of the west front was to be extended fully forty-four feet out toward the mall, the old Senate and House wings eighty-eight feet. The sweeping Olmsted terraces, built at the end of the last century, were to be almost entirely obliterated, and four and a half acres of interior space would be added to the sixteen and a half acres of the present Capitol (including the two and a half acres of the recent expansion on the east).

Of course, even the AIA could not question Stewart's contention that the west wall of the Capitol was in need of immediate repair. By early summer of last year, building maintenance men

counted twenty-one gashes running down the 105-foot facade. And only recently a forty-pound chunk of sandstone plummeted from high up the wall to a resting-place appropriately near the offices of the Architect of the Capitol. The AIA, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, and the Fine Arts Commission were protesting against the decision to extend rather than merely restore the Capitol.

Stewart has consistently claimed that simple restoration or repair of the existing wall is technically impossible because the brick interior arches would collapse if the temporary metal supports were removed. He and his assistant, Mr. Campioli, who, unlike Mr. Stewart, is a trained architect, also assert that a new exterior could not be constructed a few feet out from the present wall without seriously disturbing the proportions of the building as a whole.

The AIA by way of rebuttal flatly declares that the brick arches could be sufficiently bolstered and reconstructed to avoid any such calamity. The president of the AIA, Morris Ketchum, points to the successful renovation and reconstruction of a number of Wren churches, including St. Paul's in London, which featured the same system of arches and unjointed walls used on the west front. He says with an almost wooden emphasis: "If you are going to extend the front, then Stewart's plans are architecturally sound. But the decision to expand is wholly unjustified."

Unfortunately the AIA, which is a private organization of nearly 22,000 members and the universally recognized voice for the architectural community of America, has no official role in Washington. Consequently, its opinion is not always highly regarded in Congress. The executive director, William Scheick, calls the AIA "just another citizens group, a fraternity of architects, by no means an organized lobby."

In the past the AIA has taken considerable pride in its outspoken involvement in the architectural controversies of the day. The struggle over the west front has both strained and tested this tradition of public service and crusading zeal. As it happens, every one of Mr. Stewart's advisory architects for the west front project is a member of the AIA, and several are even fellows of the organization. As a result, though the twenty-two-member board of directors has unanimously voted to "fight" the extension "to the last ditch," spokesmen for the AIA are perpetually engaged in a nervous redefinition and clarification of their position. And though Ketchum couches his arguments in the most careful and thoughtful language, he has been criticized for his candor and threatened with libel action.

"Architect" Stewart's ultimate case for the west

front extension rests on his assertion that there is a pressing need for more space in the Capitol. His assistant, Mr. Campioli, describes the need as "desperate and likely to grow worse."

But according to present plans, such patently nonessential facilities as restaurants, tourist orientation centers, "hideaway" congressional offices, and archival storage areas will occupy virtually all of the four-and-a-half-acre proposed expansion. As the AIA has stated in its most recent position paper: "Functionally nothing could be gained by creating additional space inside the west front. Without a complete reorganization of the interior, which is not proposed, this additional space would only add to the confusion that was compounded by the recent extension of the east front. If additional space is needed, it can be provided nearby with less cost and greater efficiency."

CONGRESSMAN SAMUEL STRATTON of New York claims that Mr. Stewart's inability to document the need for further space first prompted him to inquire into the overall merits of the "Architect's" plans. Since then, he has formed his National Committee of One Million to Save the United States Capitol. So far, the congressman sadly relates, money and letters have not been pouring in, but most of the mail has at least been favorable. Congressman Stratton carries a list of the honorary co-chairmen of his committee on his person at all times and believes that many an unfavorable critic has been converted by the parade of respectable congressional names: Eugene McCarthy, Joseph Clark, Robert Kennedy, Wayne Morse, Daniel Brewster, and a host of others.

Sam Stratton is a small handsome man with a somewhat waspish outlook on the traditional usages of Washington politics. He likes to point to the fact that Stewart has hired the same architects for seven recent construction projects on the Hill, including the extensions of the east and west fronts, and the still projected Madison Memorial Library. He says, "My mind misses the element of competitive bidding which is an integral part of all federal construction outside the jurisdiction of the Architect of the Capitol." Stratton also agrees with Senator Monroney's opinion that the only architects who have determined that the restoration of the west front cannot be done other than by the four-and-a-half-acre extension of the front are architects that are employed to do the four-and-a-half-acre extension.

The group of architects who so conspicuously command Mr. Stewart's admiration were first brought together as consultants for the east front extension plan. They are John Harbeson of Phila-

delphia, Gilmore Clarke, Alfred Easton Poor, and Albert Homer Swanke of New York, Jesse Shelton of Atlanta, Roscoe de Witt of Dallas, and Paul Thiry of Seattle. Over the course of the past decade these individuals have found themselves so frequently employed together on the Hill that they have formed a firm in Washington to act as a clearinghouse for their various federal projects.

Assessment of the abilities of the seven architects varies somewhat in professional circles, but the view is widespread that they are talented individuals whose powers of imaginative design were exhausted some ten or fifteen years ago. The AIA naturally does not wish to defame its own members: its president merely calls Mr. Stewart's coterie "competent." Ada Louise Huxtable of the *Times* also finds the seven "capable," but on the whole, "un-inspired and mundane." Certainly the seven have not monopolized construction on the Hill on the basis of talent alone, nor have they won so many contracts through the apathy or disinterest of other qualified architects. Mr. Stewart received scores of brochures from interested firms before the construction of the Rayburn Building, the New Senate Office Building, and the proposed Madison Memorial Library. Whether these brochures were seriously studied will never be known; the Office of the Architect has simply refused to divulge the names of the firms involved.

Mr. Stewart justifies his reliance on a limited number of familiar aging architects by petulantly insisting that "architectural schools no longer teach the kind of classic federal design which is called for on the Hill. There are very few men with the training and experience for our kind of work." Spokesmen for the Harvard School of Design emphatically deny this claim; the AIA labels it "absolutely and completely fallacious." Nevertheless, Mr. Stewart's confidence in the seven architects appears unshakable; he has even appointed a member of the firm of Poor & Swanke as the Assistant Architect of the Capitol.

Over the course of the past few years, George Stewart and his consultants have been so frequently criticized for the depressing array of new construction on the Hill that many people overlook the role of the Commission for the Extension of the United States Capitol. The commission, composed of Speaker McCormack, Vice President Humphrey, Senator Dirksen, Congressman Gerald Ford, and George Stewart, supervises the work of the Architect of the Capitol and periodically presents recommendations for the necessary legislative appropriations. This body, both in its role as an official commission and as the collective bipartisan leadership of Congress, is ultimately responsible for Stewart's work; the authority of the Fine Arts Commission and the National Capital Planning

Commission ceases altogether at the base of Capitol Hill. Not surprisingly, none of the powerful members of the commission are versed in matters of architectural design. What is worse, the members are so preoccupied with their pressing governmental duties that they tend to rubber-stamp Mr. Stewart's suggestions. At the meeting which initially approved the extension of the west front, both Vice President Humphrey and Gerald Ford were absent. Both later voted without the benefit of a full briefing.

Nevertheless, these four men, and particularly Speaker McCormack, lie behind Mr. Stewart's remarkable ability to prevail as well as survive in the United States Congress. All four wield an extraordinary amount of power in Washington, and all four for their individual reasons are determined to enforce Architect Stewart's will on Capitol Hill.

OF THE four, by far the most determined and influential is John McCormack of Massachusetts. The Speaker has singled out the Architect of the Capitol as his personal protégé; he regards George Stewart's success as an important barometer of his own standing in Washington. The roots of this attitude lie in the Speaker's past. George Stewart was appointed Architect of the Capitol by President Eisenhower in October, 1954. At the time, Stewart seemed an acceptable political choice. A one-term Republican congressman from Delaware in the thirties, he had served in a variety of jobs, including Clerk of the Senate District of Columbia Committee and engineer consultant for the Justice Department. Stewart was a rarity: a Republican on the fringes of government who got along well with Democrats, understood the mechanics of Congress, and knew his way around Washington. Even more important, he was an acquaintance of Joe Martin's, whose term as Speaker of the House was about to end after the fall elections, and a friend of Sam Rayburn's, who would shortly reoccupy the Speaker's chair. Weighed against these considerations, Stewart's lack of training as an architect counted for little.

Almost from the first, Stewart acted entirely on the instructions of Sam Rayburn. As John Holton, Mr. Sam's administrative assistant at the time, explains it: "In those days you didn't move a peg unless the Speaker said so. And Sam had his own ideas about the Capitol." As Stewart himself has said: "Rayburn was a man who was strong in his likes and dislikes. Sometimes he showed it. Other times not. He always showed it to me."

Rayburn held his characteristically strong opinions in matters of architecture as well as politics;

when he was dying in 1961, he reportedly told his closest friends that he viewed the extension of the east front of the Capitol as a kind of personal memorial. Understandably, in Rayburn's time the Office of the Architect of the Capitol became an adjunct of the grander quarters of the Speaker. The magic protection of Mr. Sam even prevented President Kennedy from carrying out his threat to fire George Stewart "the day after" his inauguration.

Today John McCormack by his own admission does not overly concern himself with the architectural details of Mr. Stewart's various projects. But he is determined to wield no less power than his almost legendary predecessor. Just as the east front extension remains a tribute in stone to Mr. Rayburn's influence, McCormack regards the successful completion of the west front project as his monument, and hence, a matter of personal prestige.

McCormack's attitude, which may be puzzling at first glance, reflects his firm conviction that construction on the Hill is the special responsibility of the Speaker. As Rayburn's successor, he means to do no less than control the Office of the Architect. And consequently, he views opposition to the present west front plans in intensely personal terms.

The Speaker is more than willing to provide his views on the subject of the west front extension. He launches into a good-natured barrage of statistics, snatches of editorials, engineers' reports, and other, mostly unrelated items. The treatment, which is as winning as it is confused, ends on a note of quiet conviction: "These plans will not only preserve the beauty of the Capitol; they will enhance it. In any case, construction on the Hill is the business of the Congress. Of course there are a few in the House who haven't learned this lesson. But they will."

Gerald Ford merely repeats and softens the asperities of Speaker McCormack's arguments. Characteristically, Congressman Ford believes that Mr. Stewart's difficulty is one of image. He feels that the commission might consider meeting more frequently to underline congressional supervision of the "Architect's" work. But for the moment Ford is unwilling to arouse the displeasure of the Speaker by raising an independent voice over what he regards as a less than crucial issue.

"Anyway," he says, "I don't think much damage has been done architecturally in Washington in the past. And the plan for extension has its good points: a passageway for congressmen to the floor which will bypass the tourists in the halls, a couple of theaters for the tourists modeled after the one at Williamsburg. . . . You can't argue against that, can you?"

Everett Dirksen, for all his inimitable dramatic flair, is as practical and philistine as Gerald Ford.

The senator is appalled at the thought of evicting a score of congressional potentates, including himself, from the fine old offices on the west simply to make room for the restoration of the present facade. "This is a working shop," he emphasizes as his enormous hands chop through the air. "This is a legislative shop. We think we need room and facilities; so we build them here. And one more government commission, even if it happens to arrogate to itself the title of Fine Arts Commission, will not tell the Congress what is to be done."

Vice President Humphrey, by contrast, just wants to be left alone and allowed to forget that the Capitol extension controversy ever existed. He has long since ceased speaking to reporters on the subject. His staff has been instructed to explain with discretion and a shrug of the shoulders that his hands simply are tied. "You know the Vice President opposed the extension of the east front six years ago. But a lot has changed since then," Humphrey's executive assistant explained. "You must understand." One does, of course, all too well understand the several factors involved. First, the Vice President jealously clings to his warm relations with the Speaker. And second, the word has filtered from on high that the President regards the extension of the west front as part of the original conception of his dear friend and political mentor, the late Mr. Rayburn.

STEWART'S invulnerability to criticism essentially stems from the powerful protection of the five-member commission. Nevertheless, the Architect of the Capitol is such a consummate master of the political art that he manages to enhance his own personal influence by a number of tricks and stratagems.

His methods of dredging money from Congress are as notable for their obliqueness as for their success. Usually the "Architect" requests a small sum for preliminary studies of one project or another. A little later he demands several hundred thousand dollars for preliminary drawings, while carefully nurturing the impression that nothing final has even been considered. A few months after the preliminary drawings are completed, there follows a request for funds for working drawings. In the end Congress discovers that a sizable amount of the taxpayers' money will be wasted if Mr. Stewart is not permitted to proceed with the actual work of construction. "He tries to sneak up on you," explained a freshman Democratic congressman who preferred to remain nameless to escape the Speaker's wrath.

Stewart manages to increase his personal esteem in Congress through a number of minor but essen-

tial services. As Architect of the Capitol, Stewart oversees renovation, repairs, and office upkeep on the Hill. This means that a congressman who expresses faith in the competence of the "Architect" may receive a variety of lesser favors — from the best office furniture at hand to a new coat of paint on the wall. He may also discover that a significant amount of construction materials, from wood planking to marble, has been ordered from his district or state. For the uninitiated it is sometimes difficult to appreciate the cumulative impact of ten years of attention to the smallest detail of patronage. But the large numbers of congressmen are in Mr. Stewart's debt in some small particular.

Mr. Stewart's manner of operation is perhaps best illustrated by the events surrounding the impending construction of the Madison Memorial Library, adjacent to the Capitol.

In late 1965, Congress authorized the development of plans for a new branch of the Library of Congress, "To be named the James Madison Memorial"; \$500,000 was initially appropriated to cover the expense of preliminary drawings and cost estimates. Early in 1966, a special commission of twenty-two members of Congress was formed to approve Mr. Stewart's choice of architects and generally oversee the progress of the project.

As a direct result of the scandal of the Rayburn House Office Building and the New Senate Office Building, raised under Mr. Stewart's aegis, an important clause was inserted in the initial authorization for the Madison Library which stated that plans were to be drawn up "after consultation with the committees designated by the American Institute of Architects." This provision was intended to prevent more architectural blundering in the Office of the Architect of the Capitol.

To the surprise of almost everyone, Mr. Stewart simply chose to disregard the wording of the authorization. Initial drawings were completed at Mr. Stewart's bidding by the same group of architects responsible for the New Senate Office Building, the extension of the east front, and the plans for the extension of the west front. The designated committee of the American Institute of Architects was never even notified.

Subsequently Mr. Stewart called a meeting of the congressional supervisory commission and persuaded the few members who appeared to approve the selection of the same coterie of Stewart's friends as the official architects for the Madison Memorial Library. The applications of twenty-two interested firms were never even considered. Only after the choice of plans and architects was firmly established did the AIA receive any word from Mr. Stewart.

At a hearing of the Senate Appropriations Committee in June of 1966, these events were finally aired in a revealing fashion.

SENATOR MONRONEY: How many members of the Congressional Commission were at the meeting in which the architects were selected?

MR. ROOF [assistant to Mr. Stewart]: There were twenty-two in the Commission. One group approved unanimously —

SENATOR PROXMIRE: That is not the question. How many were actually present?

MR. CAMPIOLI: Senator Mundt was there. Senator Jordan was there. A representative for Senator Scott was there.

SENATOR PROXMIRE: There were then two senators and one representative.

After the hearing Senator Monroney submitted a report to Congress which criticized Mr. Stewart for failing to consult with the American Institute of Architects. The report concluded that "the Architect of the Capitol is instructed by the committee to follow the authorization law precisely in the future."

No further action has been taken. The Madison Memorial Library is now well along in its initial stages. And spokesmen for the AIA who have carefully perused the plans predict that one more "Rayburn Building" is about to rise on the Hill.

Fortunately, the publicity surrounding the Madison Memorial Library has strengthened the determination of a few key senators to resist Mr. Stewart's political art. In early summer of 1966 the "Architect" announced that he would include his financial requests for the west front extension in the fall supplemental appropriations bill. This move was primarily designed to bypass the committee's hostile to the extension plan; in addition, it assured that the few congressmen still in Washington only a month before the elections would vote for the necessary funds without the benefit of a full debate. Senator Monroney finally defeated this legislative sleight of hand with the only means at his disposal: he threatened to cut off the everyday operating funds of the Office of the Architect. Now Mr. Stewart will be compelled to present his demands under the full glare of congressional scrutiny in the first months of 1967.

George Stewart, despite his smooth command of the workaday world of Washington politics, is a strangely brooding figure. The central paradox of his character is his agonized vulnerability to personal criticism. "I have been called devious," he told me, "but I've always done what I thought good and right. I'm just here to take the snowballs. But let me tell you one thing: my critics are peevish, jealous men. I had to become an old man before I began to understand how much peevishness there is in the world."

The seventy-six-year-old Stewart appears very tired, very fatalistic; yet a current of self-protection runs through most of his comments. "So I'm not an architect," he once said. "Neither was Michelangelo. Sam [Rayburn] told me when I took this job to do my work and keep my mouth shut. And that's what I'm doing. They're out for themselves" — Stewart grimaced at the mention of the AIA — "and I have done everything possible to be fair to them." "I just do my job," Stewart repeated over and over.

In the long run, there will have to be important institutional changes. Some critics propose the division of Mr. Stewart's office into two sections: one for everyday maintenance, another for construction around the Capitol. Additionally the office of the Architect might be brought within the jurisdiction of the Fine Arts Commission or the National Planning Commission. Or possibly a standing advisory panel charged with the supervision of the "Architect's" work could be chosen with the advice of the American Institute of Architects.

In any case, for the present there is little prospect of reform. The chiefs of Congress, for their varying reasons, are unwilling to discard the system which, in the hands of the architect who is not an architect, has contributed so signally to the defacing of the Capitol. And in the absence of congressional outrage, the recent errors of official Washington architecture seem not only destined to be repeated, but repeated again and again with an oppressive predictability.

AFTER THE GRAND UNION

by Stephen Sandy

You do not find much on a walk
in Saratoga now. The old
main drag lies low, like a tidal
flat or dry bed of a stream won
to deeper channels. The elms froze,
stripped bare by Dutch disease. Faces
on election posters moon down,
fat and forgotten.

And the white
forest of columns, the long grove
of the hotel porches has gone
in steady, glacial withdrawals,
with pier-glass mirrors and beveled
crystal chandeliers, like Christmas
trees, coiffing ormolu salons
of wrought rosewood and gold epergnes.

Empty for years, the Grand Union
where Victor Herbert played. Eaves where
twenty valets of Diamond Jim
were bedded down.

The air where he
bet thousands on the final length
of a cigar ash
hangs still and
smokeless, now Broadway is logged clear.
Pickers came and went. (Slater Brown
even secured the gilded trim
of Lillian Russell's bathroom.)

Yet time remains for horses, when
August and the rich arrive. They
treat their favorites to cool nights,
Canadian hay, the waters. . . .

One sleek girl, a won wife, from black
goggles high in her box stared down
the track, unflinching, observing
his family's entries, exertions
an aspect of her condition.
Star-nailed fingers touched a face stilled
like the face of Nefretete.

When the mansions turned cold the tall
light-limbed Negroes of the village
lidded the long Victorian
windows with patches of plywood.
Cross lawns of Skiddy von Stade's
immaculate, bandaged cottage
the wind released the gathered leaves.

One night, two thoroughbreds, pardoned
from their stalls, timidly ventured
in Union Avenue's headlights.
I watched them where they swam, dazzled
down that crystal rapids, away
to the dangerous dark; whinnying
for surer feet, for cooler nerves,
— sunlight perhaps, and simple fields;
brittle and frail, yet

surviving
in the cold of a mortal season.

LLOYD GEORGE *Britain's Great Radical*

I MET Lloyd George by sheer accident, and the actual manner of it sounds more improbable than anyone would be prepared to invent. I had gone to Antibes for the Christmas of 1937 and was staying at the Hôtel du Cap waiting for a friend to join me. There, in the same hotel, was Lloyd George, in the middle of a family party. I used to watch him taking a morning stroll through the grounds to Eden Roc; his hair streamed in the breeze, his cloak swung with his lively step, he walked like a strong and active man in middle age (he was seventy-three). I watched him also in the dining room. His party had a table, the star table, in the window corner. The room was large and lofty, and Lloyd George's laughter filled it. From an obscure place beside the opposite wall, I watched him curiously, thinking of all I had heard and read about him.

On the afternoon of Christmas Day I went for a walk. I was lonely: it was a time in my life when most things were going wrong. As the sun went down, I remember that it was a bright, cold Mediterranean winter evening, with frost glinting blue under the corniche lights.

When I got back to the hotel, the porter called me: there was a message from Major Gwilym Lloyd George. Would I ring him up? As soon as possible?

From the porter's desk I did so. Major Gwilym was saying amiably that his father had noticed I was alone. Would I care to join their party that night? I was delighted. I was also, as I got ready for dinner, distinctly perplexed. Why ever should this happen? I was a completely unknown young man. Had they mistaken me for someone else?

No, when I arrived down for dinner, Lloyd George greeted me by name, welcoming me as though he had wanted to meet me for years. I said (and meant it) that I was honored. He asked me questions, and I asked some back. It was all easy. He was not a self-conscious man, nor was I.

But none of that explained why I had been invited. When I knew him a little better, I asked him

directly why he had picked me out: it was great good luck for me, but why had he done it? He was too good-mannered not to look slightly sheepish. But we were close enough now, and I prodded him. "Well, as a matter of fact," he said, "I thought you had an interesting head."

He had, I found, a passion for phrenology. His intuitive judgment of men was of the highest class, and like others of his kind, like one or two great industrialists that I met later, he wanted a pseudo-scientific framework for his skill. I had been selected as a subject for cranial investigation.

That did not matter. As we ate our Christmas dinner, he went out of his way to make me happy, and the rest of the party, and incidentally himself. I had been prepared for his charm, but I ought to have known that charm of his quality (which is often the cause of moral reprobation in those who do not possess it) is not simply a trick that one switches on for a purpose. Naturally he often used it for a purpose: he was a professional politician, selfish and ruthless, in love with power. But he was also engaged by human beings: he was capable of detached and humorous interest; he might be selfish, but he wanted to please; he was not self-involved — at times, in a way quite impossible for more sanctimonious men, he could forget himself. As a result he set one talking, and listened, not as a political trick (though it had become first nature to use it as a political trick) but because he liked doing so.

This was one of the roots of his charm. Lord Hankey, who had been Secretary of his Cabinet and who loved and admired him — this was stranger than it seems, since Hankey, beneath a mild and simple facade, was not overgiven either to love or admiration — once told me during the Second War: "The difference between L.G. and Winston is this. Imagine the subject of balloons crops up. Winston, without a blink, will give you a brilliant hour-long lecture on balloons. L.G., even if he has never seen you before, will spend an hour finding out anything you know or think about them."

Copyright © 1967, by C. P. Snow.

by C. P. Snow

Long before he began to walk "the corridors of power" in Great Britain, the eminent scientist-novelist Lord Snow came to know many influential Britons. Lloyd George picked him out of a dining room crowd at Antibes because "I thought you had an interesting head." It was the beginning of a long intimacy, here recounted in one of nine sketches and profiles to be published in the spring by Scribner's under the title VARIETY OF MEN. Next month the ATLANTIC will print Lord Snow's recollections of the great mathematician G. H. Hardy.



I had several surprises at that first meeting. I had somehow expected him to be a teetotaler. I was relieved to find that this was not so. In fact, he took a manifest pleasure in choosing the wine. I had not imagined that he was an excellent mimic, or that he was ready to use this talent in recalling historical scenes in which he had taken part. It struck me as odd, though gratifying, to hear the proceedings of the Big Four at Versailles mimicked, in extreme high spirits, by one of them. He was the least pompous of men. He gave me that turn before I had known him a couple of hours.

I was also surprised, though in a different fashion, by his taste in reading. History? Yes, of all kinds. Fiction? No, not much. Why not? It made him too sad. This seemed to me so bizarre that I probed a little further. After all, no one had ever accused L.G. of a lack of realism in action, or of not taking a robustly practical view of life and his fellowmen. Most serious novels had sad endings, he explained. He did not like being depressed. So before he read a novel, he inquired about its ending. If it was unhappy, he could not bear to read it.

That was that. It made me feel unlucky in my vocation. Particularly as L.G. blithely assured me that he took a wild West story to bed with him every night of his life.

He did so that Christmas night. Also the remainder of a bottle of champagne. He sang a song in Welsh, and then went upstairs two at a time. It was well before ten, but later than his usual hour for bed. He liked, so he told me, to be in bed by half past nine, read his wild West story for twenty minutes, turn off the lights, and sleep at once and without a break till six. That was his habit. He had been kept awake by a public care only once in his career. I wish I had asked him when it was, but at a first meeting I had not quite the nerve. The U-boats in 1917? The March offensive in 1918? I had a suspicion that it might have been the political coup in 1916.

Anyway, phrenologically or otherwise, I was in

favor. I was to join his table so long as I was there, he said. So I had days of his company, and at Easter went back to Antibes, where he was still staying, and talked to him night after night.

I MUST not pretend to an intimacy greater than I possessed. Like many men of immediate spontaneity, he was also deeply cagey. Some things, like politics, he would talk to me nakedly about, some things not at all. On my side, I hadn't much to give him. Novels he didn't care much for, and science less. As for dons (I was one at the time), his approval of them was distinctly lukewarm. Who have you got at Cambridge? he once asked me. Crassly, I mentioned the name of Keynes, noticed an unusually flashing eye, and went on in a hurry to pick up the brick. Keynes had once told me, I said, that L.G. was one of the only two politicians he had known who was clever enough to be a first-class academician. This story was entirely true: Keynes was as unfair to politicians as L.G. was to dons.

L.G. was slightly mollified. But then, old wounds gave twinges: the economic consequences of the Peace, donnish gibes, may have come back to memory (he didn't like criticism any more than any other man). "Keynes," he cried. "Keynes used to put his head around the door of my room during the war and say our finances wouldn't last another fortnight." Keynes was accordingly, so L.G. said, ordered out of the room, not once, but often. I have no idea what substance there was in this anecdote, but at least it indicated that Cambridge dons were not, by virtue of their office, popular. Still, he did not hold my job against me.

Much of the talk was somber. World politics were dark, war was coming; more than once he said: "I have no comfort to give you." Yet his spirits were so high, his absence of self-pity so complete, that it was great fun — even though there was a generation and a half between us (by a comic fluke, in years to come my son sat in the same form in the same school as his *great-grandson*), even though our codes of manners belonged to different epochs. I never once heard anyone call him by his Christian name; I believe that only Winston Churchill did so: L.G. strongly objected, with a stiffness odd, one would have thought, for his temperament, and a little old-fashioned even in Edwardian England, to others doing so. So far as he needed a form of address in conversation, which wasn't often, he used my surname; so far as I needed a form of address, which also wasn't often, I called him Sir.

A contrast struck me a quarter of a century later, when someone else I knew became Prime Minister

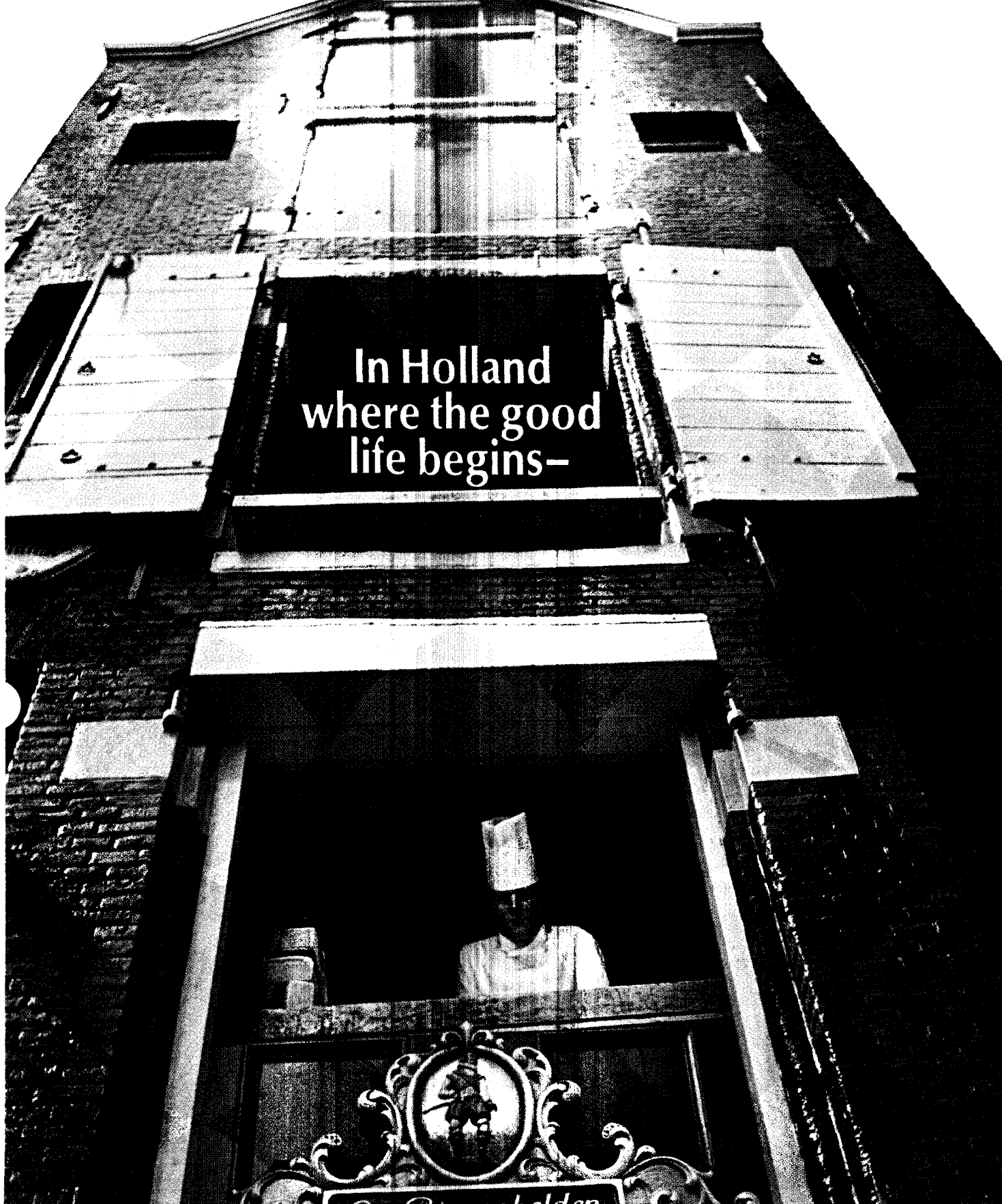
— Harold Wilson, who reminded me more of L.G. than any other politician I had met. Forty-eight hours after the election in October, 1964, I was summoned to Number 10. Harold Wilson was sitting alone in the Cabinet Room, in the place in the middle of the long table where his predecessors had sat. I said: "Good evening, Prime Minister." A slow, steady, unpretending pumalike grin faced me. "It used to be Harold," he said.

As I say, the resemblance between the two men had often struck me, and was to do so more and more, but L.G. could never have behaved like that.

Yet L.G. was a radical to his bones, and in a profound sense his radicalism never left him. It is now common form to say that L.G. was the better politician, Churchill the greater statesman. There, I confess, my own predilections make me have my doubts. It would be perverse not to agree that Churchill had the more rigid and upright character, but I should have thought that it was equally perverse not to agree that L.G. had by far the deeper social insight. A progressive-minded man will blind himself to some of L.G.'s faults; a romantic, magnanimous reactionary will do the same for Churchill. It is pleasant to think, though, that they were close friends through all the turbulence of their careers, right up to L.G.'s death. L.G. seems to have been (as Lady Asquith of Yarnbury fairly but disapprovingly reports) the only political figure in the country whom Churchill regarded with veneration. For years he was Churchill's teacher. In return, Churchill saved him in the Marconi scandal, which might have been political ruin. When L.G. became Prime Minister, he took a comparable risk and paid that debt in full.

Often they were allies, two of the toughest allies who can ever have worked together in politics; often they were closer than allies, in a game where friendship doesn't enter much. Toward the end, when Churchill came to power and L.G. was old, ill, and alienated from the war, Churchill still tried to bring him back to public life. It brought a gleam of pleasure into those pathetic last years: "The Prime Minister has made me honorable offers," L.G. liked to say.

When I was talking to him a little earlier, and he was still in full vigor, he often spoke of Churchill. He spoke always in the same tone. It was a tone curiously mixed, of affection, quasi-respect, and a kind of mockery. He admired Churchill's strength, his power, his inventiveness, his undefeatable intransigence — but, with a kind of Welsh malice (which often made me feel that he was looking at Englishmen through a foreigner's eyes), he thought him a bit of an ass. "The trouble with Winston" (I don't think that my memory is playing me tricks; I am almost sure that he usually referred to Churchill by his Christian name), he said, "is that he's



In Holland
where the good
life begins—

—there's a gourmet's hideaway around almost every corner,

where the delights of the table are matched only by the charm of the setting. For an advance glimpse of the good life, send for your free copy of "Welcome to Holland." It tells you how a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship can start you on a more enchanting vacation by starting you in Holland—where the good life begins.

Name _____

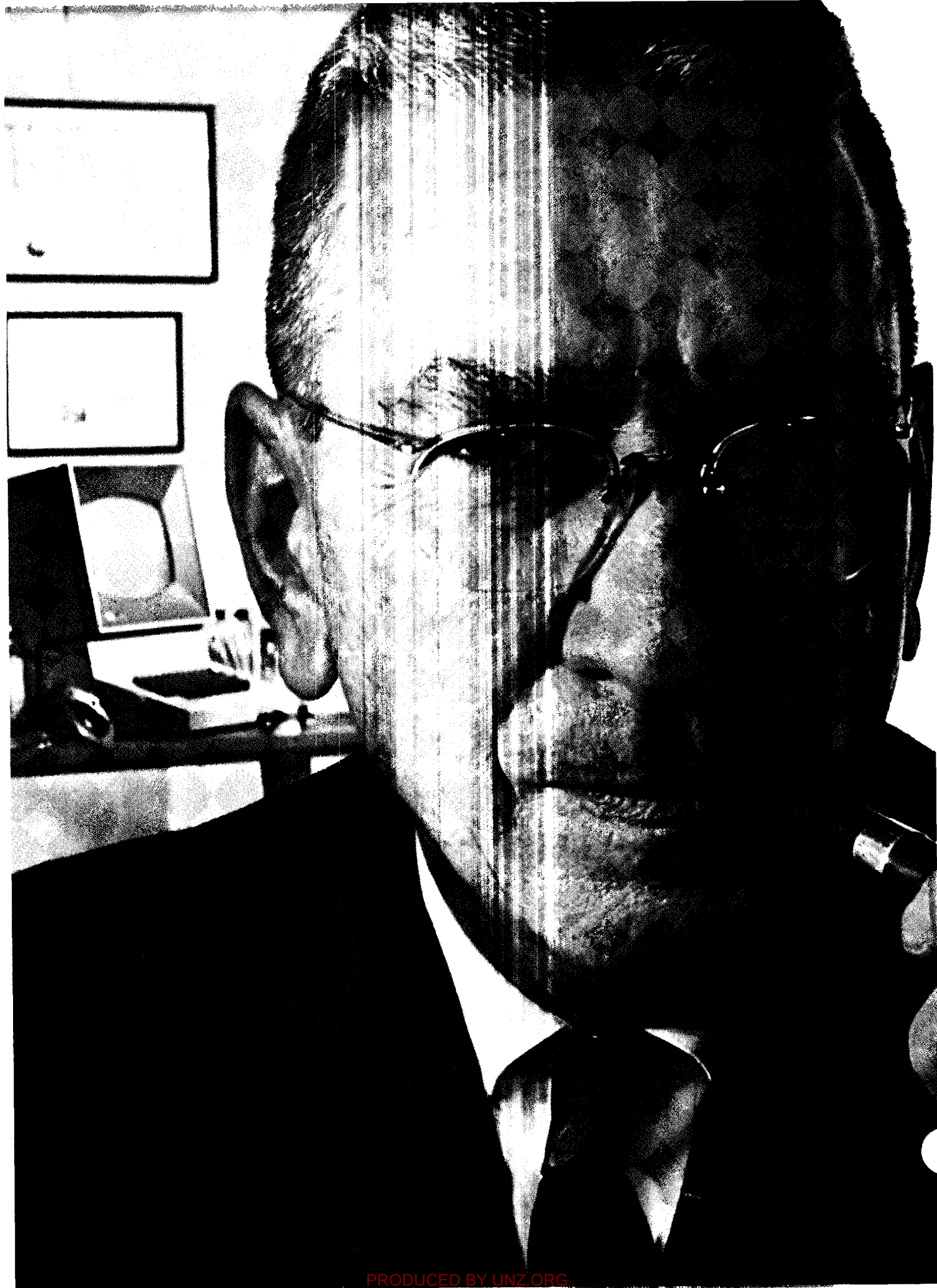
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NETHERLANDS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, ANVV
605 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This doctor wants to make
all the latest medical knowledge available
to every doctor everywhere.

What's he doing at IBM?

Doctors are swamped. There are more patients knocking on the door than ever before. On top of this, new advances in medicine continue to pile more homework on the already overworked M.D.

Keeping up is a serious problem.

It's a problem IBM's Dr. Frederick J. Moore is trying to help solve at a quiet laboratory in rural New York State. He is experimenting with an idea he calls a Clinical Decision Support System.

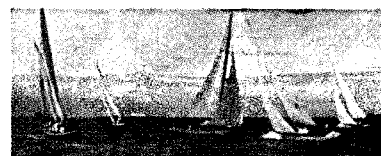
Roughly, here's how it would operate. The latest information about ailments and their remedies would be stored in a central computer. Your doctor's office, even hospital rooms, would be wired into the computer. Using a portable terminal no bigger than a briefcase with a keyboard and display screen, the doctor could get the information he wanted by simply plugging into the circuit.

With the latest in medicine at the doctor's fingertips, combined with his judgment and experience, he could make his diagnosis in the shortest possible time.

Doctors have a difficult time keeping in mind everything they must consider. There's so much to know today. And it's true in every field. IBM's business is to help solve this problem — give you the facts you need in time for decision.



IBM®



Because we're Canadians... and 1967 marks the one hundredth birthday of *Canada's* Confederation. On July 1, 1867, our forefathers joined hands across a conference table. The pattern for progress was set. And Canada flourished. Today we stand on the threshold of our second century. We are proud of our nation's wealth — yet we believe in sharing it with other peoples.

Now do you understand our exuberance?

Then why not experience it? You'll find a warm welcome and a special place reserved for you. Join us in '67.

For more information on Canada and our Centennial Year, write: Centennial Commission, P. O. Box 1967, Ottawa, Canada.



Just why are we doing all this celebrating?

Like the 3,500-mile, 100-day canoe race that

always taking action. He will insist on getting out his map of the Dardanelles, and think where that landed us. And after the war I had to think what to do with him. I wanted him in my Cabinet, of course; but what's the safest place after a war for a man who will get out his maps? Minister of War, of course, I thought. He'll be safe there. But was he? Before I could look round, he's got out his maps of Russia and we were making fools of ourselves in the Civil War." (He was not given to regrets about the actions of his governments, but this was one that he came back to.) "When that was over, he got out his maps again. This time he got out his maps of Greece and Turkey, and that brought my tottering administration to a close."

IT WAS partly an accident of birth that gave a singular quality to L.G.'s radicalism. He was born Welsh, and he spoke Welsh: as I have indicated, he saw England and the English class structure as a foreigner sees it. He never liked it, any more than his friend Beaverbrook, another foreigner, liked it. He chose never to be inside. He became one of the kings of this world, but there lurked within him the resentment of his upbringing, of a poor people outside the fringe, of a despised culture, of the Chapel against the Established Church.

That may have been a political advantage: it was easier for him, all through his life, to identify himself with the poor and put-upon than it has usually been for Englishmen, even those born as humbly as he was. But he also had what may have been a disadvantage: he was brought up in agricultural Wales, in as near an approach to a peasant society as Britain had preserved. This reinforced a strain of his radicalism; he knew in his flesh and bone what an agricultural laborer feels toward a landowner. But it also set him at an angle from the emerging new radicalism of his time — which otherwise he was superabundantly equipped to understand, mold, and use. For years, right up to 1914, he was the only powerful politician with a voice that went deep into the population; but after 1918, with the rise of the Labor Party, such a voice could only have full resonance if it spoke to and for the industrial working class. That L.G.'s could not do.

Still, from the time he entered Parliament in 1890 as an obscure Welsh attorney up to the beginning of the war, he was the effective spokesman of the country's left. Both in opposition and in government he used this position with consummate political skill. He fought his contemporary battles — against the Boer War, against the Conservative Education Bill of 1902 — just as in 1966 he would have been fighting against the Vietnamese war

and educational segregation. And he performed more powerfully than any of his latter-day successors. He was, it is clear, a supreme orator, better on the platform than in the Commons.

As soon as he got into the Cabinet, in the Liberal government of 1906, he showed the full range of his gifts. He had been a great tribune, but he was also a great minister. He had the extreme advantage of believing in what he was doing: that is, he believed — with all the rancor of past poverty, with the fellow feeling for the unprivileged that he never quite forgot — in what we should now call the welfare state. Rather strangely, he had picked up his first administrative ideas in Prussia; as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he forced them through. To the end of his life, this was the achievement he liked to talk of.

Further, he was after power, the real power, the top place. He wouldn't have been in politics if he hadn't wanted the power, nor would anyone else of his quality. He knew that he was in a tricky, but ultimately strong, tactical position. The government — incidentally a very gifted one, though still oligarchic — was mildly, very mildly, reformist. He stood on its extreme left. To the left in England, just beginning to murmur, he was the one guarantee of hope. A powerful politician in such a government, on the left of his Cabinet colleagues known to be on the left, is going to attract maximum hatred. But he also has two sources of strength. L.G. knew this, both by instinct and calculation. He told me so thirty years later. He may have been rationalizing a little, but I think it was not all hindsight.

The first advantage is obvious enough: unlike his colleagues, he had an extra source of support — he could strike responses outside Parliament, outside conventional politics, in what L.G. himself would have called "the country." The second advantage is more subtle. In any reformist government a certain number of its members would half like to be more on the left than they actually are. That appears to have been true of some of L.G.'s colleagues. He stood for causes which made them feel guilty. He acquired the moral initiative. It is significant, though L.G. did not say this, that Churchill, not an impressionable character, in no conceivable sense a man of the left, became full of respect for L.G.'s social insights, and for years followed his lead.

In this position, as I have just said, he was bound to attract maximum hatred. Conservative society is quick to spot its most dangerous enemy and on the whole fairly shrewd about identifying him. For many years in conservative circles L.G. was the most hated man in England, much as in similar American circles Franklin Roosevelt was the most hated man in the United States.

The hatred had been accumulating since L.G. entered the Commons, long before he was in office, although it was most intense between 1906 and 1914. It was, in its root, political hatred, but he gave his enemies some extrapolitical excuses to hang on to. The most genuine of the excuses was the Marconi scandal in 1912, where he behaved with a folly which even now is hard to understand. The story is well known. The Cabinet had knowledge that a government contract was to be placed with the English Marconi Company; the managing director of this company was Godfrey Isaacs, the brother of Sir Rufus Isaacs (later Lord Reading), the Attorney General. Rumors went around that Rufus Isaacs, Lloyd George, and the Chief Whip of the government party had, on the strength of this inside knowledge, been speculating in the company's shares. The rumors were formally denied in the House of Commons by Sir Rufus Isaacs. This denial was factually accurate. But no one thought it worthwhile saying that Rufus Isaacs had bought 10,000 shares of the new issue of the firm's American subsidiary, and had sold 1000 each to the other two.

These transactions were made openly, without any attempt at concealment. It was such an imbecile thing to do that all concerned must have been innocent. But it nearly ejected L.G. out of politics for good. For, as anyone but a future Lord Chief Justice might have divined, the story duly came out. Partisan feeling was acute, and the Conservatives handled their attack clumsily, on plain party lines; if they had been more judicious, it would have been harder for L.G. to survive. As it was, he had to rely on the absolute fighting loyalty of Winston Churchill, one of the better allies in this kind of corner, and on the calm Olympian support of Asquith, who might, if he had been a less magnanimous man, have disinterested himself and so, passively and without effort, have got rid of his most dangerous rival.

It is a not displeasing coda to the story that when the accounts for the whole transaction were totted up, all three men turned out to have lost money.

The Marconi affair was one gibe against L.G. The other, less dangerous but longer lasting, was women. Early in his career he had been mentioned in a divorce case: a woman signed a confession that on February 4, 1896, at her home in Montgomeryshire, she committed adultery with Lloyd George. L.G. produced to Counsel the parliamentary division lists which showed that on February 4 he had been voting in the Commons lobby until the early morning. Well, that was that. But, through much of his career, similar charges kept recurring. Baldwin and other Tories called him the Goat. Since his death there have been accounts of a life of extravagant womanizing.

There is no need to regard those accounts as the concrete truth. Nevertheless, L.G. was fond of women. Many eminent politicians, of whom Churchill was one, have no use even for women's company; with L.G. the opposite was true. For me, at least, this softened him, made him more complicated and more likable. And it was easy to imagine that to many women, particularly to intelligent women, he had been one of the most attractive of men. For weeks I saw Frances Stevenson near to him. In 1911, when he was Chancellor, she became his secretary at the age of twenty-three.

"I recall the sensitive face, with deep furrows between the eyes, the eyes themselves, in which was all knowledge of human nature, grave and gay almost simultaneously: eyes which, when they scrutinised you, convinced you that they understood all the workings of your heart and mind, sympathised with your difficulties, set you in a place apart. The broad brow; the beautiful profile — straight nose, neat resolute chin. And a complexion as young and fresh as a child's. But there was something more even than this which distinguished him from all other men I had ever met — from all men whom I ever did meet thereafter — a magnetism which made my heart leap and swept aside my judgment."

A man would be hard to please if he wanted more than that — from an exceptionally clever and charming young woman. From that day she devoted her life to him. After his first wife died, when he was near his own death, he married her.

POLITICIANS can get divorced without ruin nowadays, but they have become more disciplined in their financial behavior. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, anyone behaving as Rufus Isaacs, L.G., and the Chief Whip behaved over the Marconi shares would be out of politics now without a question asked. No modern minister would dare to have dealings in any business where government was remotely concerned, or, if he is prudent, any other speculative dealings at all. He would not even let his wife go shopping in an official car. In all these ways we have become financially puritanical to the limit. It may seem finicky, but I am sure that it is an unmitigated gain.

The group of military leaders whom L.G. had to use when he seized the power in 1916 were remarkably, and almost disastrously, less disciplined than Churchill's a quarter of a century later. It is easy to say, from the viewpoint of our different society, that L.G. ought to have avoided Passchendaele, and if necessary, sacked Haig; if L.G. had done so, he would have been got rid of himself. As he used to

say, they all made every imaginable error, and finally won the war. And he had seized the power both for its own sake and — politicians have to be given credit for what they aim at — to do just that.

The details of the intrigue which ousted Asquith are now well known: Beaverbrook's is the most vivid account of any coup in high-level politics, written by the supreme middleman, the secret operator, and in the end, the fall guy. Once he had served his purpose, he too was thrown out — and his rueful, sardonic observations of his own fate are the best part of the story. For a more objective version one has to read Roy Jenkins' biography of Asquith. It is not desirable to be over-subtle about L.G.'s part in arriving in the top place. One night, Hankey, who saw it all happening, was asked why L.G. found it necessary to become Prime Minister. Hankey had two voices: one was that of the trained and superdiscreet Cabinet Secretary, muted, Polonius-like. In that he answered, "Because of the consciousness of his great powers." Hankey's second voice, which he kept for privileged occasions, was simple and down to earth; in that voice he answered, "Because he wanted the job." Both comments were true.

Hankey said something more. He was the last man to indulge in hero worship; he was the one person in high places throughout 1914 to 1918 who had a professional knowledge of war; about war and the influence of personalities upon it, he took a severely Tolstoyan attitude. Yet he said that if L.G. had not become Prime Minister, he did not believe that the war could have been won.

No one doubts that L.G. and Churchill are the greatest War Ministers Britain has produced. I have heard arguments as to which was the greater, but those arguments don't seem to me to have much meaning. The circumstances of the two wars, the part that Britain played in them, were radically different. In the First War Britain was the senior partner. In fact, one can draw a not too farfetched comparison between the roles of L.G. and Clemenceau in that war, and those of Roosevelt and Churchill in the Second. L.G. and Roosevelt are in many respects comparable figures: irregular, radical reformers in peacetime, hated by the right wing, made to transform themselves into war leaders. Neither had any detailed military knowledge, both had excellent strategic judgment. On the other side, Churchill and Clemenceau, the junior partners, were the incarnation of conservative nationalist patriotic will. Between L.G. and Roosevelt, at any rate, some of the political and psychological resemblances seem to go deeper.

I am going to allow myself a chauvinistic aside. In the First War, as I say, Britain was the senior partner. We were much richer than the French. We produced most of the munitions, and by the

end, the larger number of fighting troops. The French took, both absolutely and in proportion to the population, the heavier casualties. Therefore, it would have been intolerable for the French not to have a Frenchman as supreme commander. In the Second War, the United States was the senior partner. They were much richer than the British. They produced most of the munitions, and by the end, the larger number of fighting troops. The British took, both absolutely and in proportion to the population, the heavier casualties. Therefore it would have been intolerable for the Americans not to have an American as supreme commander. In precisely what circumstances would an Englishman have got the job?

Neither L.G. nor Roosevelt had any detailed military knowledge. Churchill had a great deal. It is arguable which is the better equipment for the supreme political leader in times of war. Of the political leaders in the 1939–1945 war, only Churchill, Hitler, and perhaps Stalin (who seems to have had first-class military judgment) took a detailed interest, not only in strategy, but in tactics and weapons. In Hitler's case, he was often wiser than his soldiers; but when he went wrong, he went catastrophically wrong. As for the Anglo-American side, the thorough critical examination has yet to be made. At this distance it looks as though the curious equipoise between Roosevelt listening to his military and Churchill talking actively to his worked, within the human limits, very well — better than the ramshackle arrangements of 1914–1918, which happened, we must remember, when only a few oddities like Hankey had the faintest conception of the meaning of total war.

L.G. had none of Churchill's passion for the military art; but his mind — despite, or perhaps because of, his leaps of imagination — was level, critical, quantitative. When I was talking to him, he was engaged heart and soul in the Spanish Civil War; this was the last radical cause of his life; nevertheless, on the military events his judgment stayed detached. I was involved myself, at least as much as he was. Morning after morning we studied the news. Even after Teruel, he would not let me have false hopes. He could not see how the Russian aid to the government could balance the German aid to Franco; the puzzle was, what the Germans and Russians were playing for.

Sometimes, from a private intelligence service which he maintained, he received his own information. By the spring of 1938 it was uncomfortable to hear. Yet, still buoyant, he would cheer me up with gibes about military communiqués. The main principle in reading them, so L.G. said, was to remember that it is difficult to lie when one knows *for certain* the unpleasant truth. That is, a military

headquarters will not normally claim a town it is nowhere near; nor thousands of prisoners if it has captured none. But when it has nothing to go on, as in "losses inflicted on the enemy," or "aircraft brought down in the sea," or "damage inflicted by bombing," it will lie with the utmost enthusiasm. "Look for the prisoners." "Look for the places!" "Pay no attention to the rest!" L.G. exhorted me. I found this instruction valuable, though at times discouraging, between 1939 and 1945.

Soon after I met him he told me that he had received an invitation from the Spanish government: would he take up office in Barcelona and become a kind of Superminister of Supply? He told us this as though he had still not made up his mind; we even discussed whom we might recruit if he said yes. But reluctantly, I knew it was a daydream. Perhaps he was older than he seemed; certainly he was too realistic to fling himself into something like chaos, from which there was no chance of emerging on the winning side. He did not want a messy failure. I did not know then, and have not discovered since, the details of the invitation. It is not mentioned in anything written about him. But my memory is clear. He may have been embroidering somewhat, but with me he discussed the proposition as I have recorded.

Of course, he could not have gone. The whole habit and passion of a lifetime prevented it. He was totally involved, while with masterly military detachment he instructed me about the Spanish war, with the chessboard of English politics. Even then, in his seventies, when there was no realistic chance of his ever ruling again, he could not repress the springs of hope. I remember the result of a by-election coming through, and L.G. was overjoyed. "I hear the government are taking it very seriously," he said. He was radiant with malicious pleasure at Chamberlain's expense: L.G. despised him more than any other man alive ("A narrow thin mean skull! A narrow thin mean man!").

He was radiant not only with malicious pleasure, for there were calculations running through his mind. There might still be a swing. There could be sudden changes even in parliamentary democracies: a move here, a move there; it was a long chance, but it might still come off. There was still the faintest flicker of a hope. For days the result of that by-election was more vivid to him than anything in the world. I thought that the pursuit of power could be a passion more preoccupying and more irresistible than passions of the flesh. But at that time intellectual persons, having ceased to be prudish about sex, had become idiotically prudish about power. This passion, at its most grandiose, got linked more closely than the sexual passion to a kind of supreme vanity. That was true of L.G.

For he, the most subtle and proficient of flatterers, himself constantly required flattery. Like Rutherford, he was vain on the grand scale.

This specific flaw was partly responsible for the trouble which he had got into the year before I met him, and which hag-rode him for the rest of his life. In 1936 he went to Berchtesgaden to meet Hitler. We know more about Hitler now than we did then; in the circles in which I moved, we had judged his dangerousness accurately enough, but we did not realize that he was a man of evil genius. We were inclined to think that face-to-face he would be slightly comic. It is clear that he was not in the least comic; he could be terrifying even to very tough men (Molotov, the toughest of the tough, seems to have been one of the few who were quite unmoved). He could also, when he cared, exercise great charm. At this Berchtesgaden meeting, he both outcharmed and outflattered L.G. There is no doubt that L.G. came away admiring and bemused.

It was, however, not only Hitler's flattery which made him willing to admire. He was, as I have said, an irregular radical all through his life, but had never found an intellectual form for his politics. Churchill, for instance, had a rigid and pious reverence for the parliamentary process. This might be old-fashioned, but it gave him an honorable base. L.G. had no such reverence; and he had escaped the influences that trade unionists or ordinary left-wingers were brought up under, which, whatever their faults, gave them a steady insight into what National Socialism really meant. L.G. in his anarchic, rebellious way searched for those parts of it which had a radical tinge, and he could find some.

The saddening result was that he felt ambivalent about Germany until the war began, and for some time afterward. He was firm, and more than firm, over Spain; he was firm about Italian fascism, which he detested; he was firm about getting rid of Chamberlain in 1940, when he made the last of his great Commons speeches. But though sometimes he made it seem otherwise, he would not take an official part in the war. True he was old, but Churchill and Beaverbrook, loyal as ever, went right beyond the edge of duty to bring him in. Partly, perhaps, to recall the glory of the First War, but much more because Churchill wanted his gifts, calculating that doubts would disappear, fire would burn up again, because he was in action. That might have turned out true, but L.G. would not come in. He liked being asked; he gave various excuses for saying no, among them the valid one that he would face, in Chamberlain, implacable hostility in the War Cabinet. In secret, he never meant to join.

As he grew older, he was the victim of his own realism. In 1940 he could see no prospect of win-

ning the war. He had affection for Churchill, but not the respect that Churchill had for him. He believed that the government would be discredited. It is possible he still thought that when the government was discredited, he would be called back to power at last.

In 1941, before Russia was brought into the war, he said in Parliament that he could see no end to the war and no hope. At that time there was no realistic hope. But, if it had been the First War, he would have subdued his realism. In the spring of 1941 one did not need realism. It would have been the worst of guides: that is why the country was lucky to have Churchill.

Then, at last, when Russia and the United States were fighting, L.G. had become too old to care much. Soon afterward he was diagnosed as having cancer, though he was not told. Just once, on the day of the invasion of France, his old spirit flared up, and he went to the House of Commons, happy about the war after all his doubts, to congratulate his old and stubborn friend.

Those last years were sad. Yet he could forget — as I often heard him forget — the chessboard of power and his own contrivances past and present. He could talk about the world history of his own time and about the future with a beautiful detach-

ment. I have always remembered one night in the great drawing room of the Antibes hotel; down below, beyond the grounds, beyond Eden Roc, we could hear the sea, thudding, sucking.

We were alone. L.G. was talking of his place in history, of how he would be regarded mainly as one of those who tried to soften the class struggle. And people who wanted the class struggle naked would come down against him, and others would be for. He would get some attention for his part in the Great War — the 1914–1918 war (this conversation took place in 1938). But nothing of that counted much, L.G. was saying, against the great movements in history. None of our struggles mattered much, wars or revolutions or what you will, as compared with the sheer biological and geographical facts. Whatever happened, in two hundred years, perhaps sooner, the balance of the world would have changed. The industrialization of Russia was taking place; India would follow, perhaps China, within a hundred years. (Note the time scale, and the precedence of India over China. He would certainly, if speaking now, shorten the first and change the second.) Whatever governments presided over the operations, these changes would make our local concerns look no more significant than the Wars of the Roses.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF A FORGOTTEN POET

(For Chidiock Tichborne, executed on September 20, 1585, for his attempt to kill Queen Elizabeth)

BY MENKE KATZ

You are known to the unknown hermit — the stone,
the mouth of the dumb, the lonely and the cursed.
The stone crowned you as the poet laureate.
O your truest admirer is the stone,
human as the shade of the wise apple tree.

All winds celebrate your four-hundredth birthday,
O cherub-eyed Satan hating only hate.
You are read by the trapped mouse, praised by the doomed
on their way to meet the law-loving hangman.
You will be ever known to every lover

of kind death, the hell-bound will ever see you
handsome as darkness before there were gallows.
God, weary of his own everlasting life,
comes to rest in your wondrous solitude,
in the true eternity untouched by man.

THE ELECTION FIESTA IN ULTRA

A Story by Thomas Griffith

This is the first published fiction of Mr. Griffith, a Tacoma-born journalist who is now senior staff editor of TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, and the other Luce publications. He is author of THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE.

ONLY because my wife can resist no side road, and the more unpromising a road the better, did we find ourselves that morning in Ultra. It is a place that hides itself in most civilized disdain from the rest of the world. We happened upon the road outside Geneva, rutted and unimproved, and bearing no indication of where it led. As we inched over one hill and down another, with tree branches brushing against our windshield, it became apparent that no one else had been over this road, not in weeks, not in months.

We had jounced perhaps three quarters of an hour — I would have turned back long ago had a turnabout presented itself — when as we crested a small rise we saw in front of us a stern young man, waving us to slow down, motioning our car over to a shed covered with straw and foliage. We parked beside a pre-war Plymouth and a beat-up Citroën that looked like the wheelhouse of a Civil War gunboat. As we got out of the car, we were subjected to a barrage of hostile comment from the young man, speaking a patois of French and German hopelessly scrambled together. He persisted, though he could see that we were uncomprehending; it suddenly occurred to me that we were the first people in his life to whom his own language carried no meaning. At last, the idea frightened him: he scampered off up the hillside.



Ten minutes passed, ten minutes in which we sat docilely on a rock, and then down the hillside came the young man again, and beside him a quite beautiful young woman, not buxom, as young mountain-village girls so often are, nor coarse-handed from chores (a fatal handicap to me in peasant beauty). It was her fine-boned face you noticed first, and then, after her surprising costume, the chic white lipstick.

She looked at us with a curiosity that was not entirely hostile, but there was a firmness to her features that indicated accustomed authority, and I felt that it was I, not she, who owed an explanation of our presence. We were just tourists out wandering, I said, and now might I ask where we were and why we had been stopped.

"You are in Ultra," she said. The name meant nothing to me. "You do not belong here," she went on, "but since you are here, there is no help for it, and you must come along." She spoke in unaccented but precise English, the kind one might learn from phonograph records. Neither she nor the young man was armed; we were not physically menaced or taken captive. We were not wanted here, that was plain to see, but we seemed to be more an inconvenience than an enemy.

As we climbed over a knoll, and then along a path, she turned to us once more and said: "I am

from the Culture Contamination Council.” I got the impression that this was intended to explain not her rank, but her knowledge of English. Contamination from what? So this is going to be one of those places, I said to myself — a Shangri-la, a Brigadoon, a monastery — where all the world is shut out and people try to live out a yesterday. Not for me those broody inhospitable places where you bake your own bread, live in stone cells, and mumble together. Maybe there is more goodness there, but I suspect that human cussedness will out another way. I was just adding philosophical contrariness to my fatigue and resentment when up ahead the path widened into a roadway and there before us stood an object quite unfamiliar to any yesterday. It was a motorized golf cart.

She expected our surprise, and took pleasure in it. “You see, we are modern after all,” she said, as if having read my thoughts. “In Ultra we do not reject the world. But we do not merely accept it, like you. We take from it only the good.” She motioned us to our places in the golf cart; she revved up the motor, and we moved off ever so slowly. “To travel by machine is good, isn’t it?” she asked, enjoying in moderation one of our inventive triumphs. “But not automobiles. They are so brutal-looking.”

That explained, then, the camouflage on the garage down below, and explained as well the serious set on this young and beautiful girl’s face. She must be in charge of screening her fellow citizens from the world outside. I thought of her strange role. To live in ignorance is no difficulty; millions of people in remote villages do. But to know, and to do without; to be aware for oneself yet to deny that knowledge to others; to take all this responsibility — I could see that to be a member of the Culture Contamination Council in Ultra was an exacting duty.

At the crest of the next hill the ill-defined mountain scrub ended. Below us lay a rich valley — grape arbors, fruit trees, rows of crops. And set on the brow of the hill beyond, serene and magical, lay Ultra itself. We drove into the city. Except for the absence of cars and the presence of golf carts, it might have been any European hill town of a certain age; not one of the dead and poor ones, but a prosperous town, with neon signs and modern buildings amidst the old. And then, as my eyes became accustomed to it, I grew aware of what was so strange about Ultra: it was that the modern buildings looked a little ancient, and some of the ancient ones looked most new. I knew I was in a place where chronology was out of joint when I saw a gas station, pumps and all, built in Romanesque.

The girl’s name was Fleurie. We sat in a modern, clean, and fluorescent-lit bar that might have been

in Copenhagen, as its original probably is. She ordered Scotch for us, and for herself had half a bottle of Château Haut-Brion with a wedge of Brie.

“How did we come to be as we are?” The question seemed a natural one to her. “First the world left us, and then we left the world. There was an avalanche. Our valley was thought to be buried, and it was forgotten about. You will find the name of our town still on maps, but on Swiss maps we are in France, and on French maps we are in Switzerland. Nobody came to see us. We lived by our own wits, and felt a little neglected. . .

“How long ago? Perhaps three generations, I cannot be sure. You see, we regard writing as the cause of most of the world’s troubles. We do not keep records: the past must not accumulate and predominate. When we had regained our feet, there were people among us who wanted to go down the hill; we would have slipped right back into the world that hadn’t missed us. We were saved by the wisdom of a shoemaker we call Jude the Shrewd. He argued that we should continue to learn about the world’s improvements and its new medicines, but be intelligent about it. We live in peace, and the world is always making war; we are happy, and most people are not. So let us live our own lives. And once a year, let us choose among our wisest and most incorruptible men. Let them appear in the world and decide what to bring back, telling no one where or who we are. That way we shall have the best of both worlds.”

I laughed at the banality of this familiar desire, but stopped when I saw that to Fleurie it was received wisdom. “Oh, it wasn’t as easy as Jude the Shrewd expected, of course. People down below took advantage of our ignorance. And that is why we formed the Culture Contamination Council.

“It is such a burden, the secrecy,” she sighed. “We who are councillors live among our friends, but cannot tell them what we learn. Luckily they are happy and are not curious; that is how we know we are succeeding.”

“It must be a great honor to be chosen.”

I regretted, as soon as I had spoken, the implied doubt in my voice that one so young should be a culture commissar. She smiled to see me embarrassed, for she was not.

“I have read about your chairmen of the board, your experienced graybeards, your hierarchies. But here we choose the young fresh minds for the council. Only they could enthusiastically respond to the new of your world despite all the rest — your bombs and hatreds and hypocrisies.”

She had a way of saying these dogmatic things in a manner that did not offend. Still, my wife was a little piqued: “You are willing to take from us, then, but not to contribute.”

“Jude the Shrewd counseled us that we could not

help the world as easily as the world could destroy us. And look around you: doesn't it matter that there is one place in the world where people are contented?"

The café had been filling up; our fellow customers were animated without being boisterous — I thought of the Dutch or Danes. Fleurie was right: there seemed to be a special contentment in the air; people drank for pleasure, not from weariness or wariness or strain.

The evidence before us was reassuring, but still we had doubts.

"If you arrange everything for them, and shut out the world, how do the people escape boredom?" I asked.

"Ah, because we do not make the mistake that gloomy pious communities do. They think tranquillity and contentment are the same thing. We accept change. We have taken a very important philosophical concept from you — the idea of Fashion — only we have shaken away its bad side." She cut herself another wedge of Brie. "We think that novelty is good, but not all the bustle you go through, all the competition, the creativity, the trouble and expense to be first, the urging of the ladies' magazines and the advertising to make everyone want the unfamiliar. That makes restlessness."

I conceded that our merchandisers overdo things but that creativity needs restlessness and tension.

To my surprise, she answered firmly: "Creativity — that is one of the bads we most want to avoid. It is a selfish desire to excel. When we decided that music is good, we imported phonographs, but not pianos or flutes, for if our people played instruments, we would be faced with all their artistic temperaments. We have heard about that!"

She said it so solemnly that we all laughed.

THANK heavens the Ultraneese do not consider alcohol a contaminant. Darkness was coming on when we left the bar and strolled the streets, Fleurie, my wife, and I. I was still full of suspicious questions. Fleurie had no doubts or seeming reservations, and answered easily: an assured believer makes the best propagandist.

We again passed by the filling station.

"A 1954 model," Fleurie explained. "That was our Romanesque year."

"Romanesque year?"

"Yes. We learned, like you, that the new does not provide enough novelty. I read of your antiques and stamp collections, but we stripped away the selfish advantage you find in these, and took the lesson that Fashion can come from the old too,

for change and novelty are what matter. But in Ultra, when we change we must all change, so everyone votes for the architectural style of the year. And whatever style is chosen, everything must be built in it that year — houses, park benches, office buildings. Everyone must then master all the crafts — the woodworking, the masonry, the plumbing — appropriate to that style. That's the beauty of Fashion — it gives everyone so much to do. Like when you change your skirt lengths!"

She was babbling along. We were by now quite friendly.

"One year every building was modern. It was so easy to do that the craftsmen complained that they had too little chance to use all their skills. This year our building style is baroque. It's very popular — it takes so much effort! But it's hard to foretell at this point what style will be chosen at the next Election Fiesta."

"The election what?"

"Oh, I assumed you knew all about that, but how could you? It's the big event of the year in Ultra, the religious holiday of our democracy. In a few days, they will begin stringing up the colored streetlights for it. You must stay."

Again that funny sensation: were we guests here or prisoners? I looked at my wife, and recognized that slight shoulder signal of hers, born of years of discreet transmission of married decisions in the presence of strangers. "Why not? Vacations are for new experiences, aren't they?" her signal conveyed. I nodded assent to Fleurie's invitation.

"Tell us about the Election Fiesta," I said.

"Everything comes together then. It's a celebration, a fair, an election, a time to adopt new moral ideas, a choosing of the style of the year. It's the event our culture council prepares for all year, gathering up all the new ideas and gadgets from the outside world, screening out anything that might cause social harm. And then the people choose among them, for after all it would be morally bad to have everything. Besides, although we have learned, like your farmers in America, how to grow surpluses every year, we are not endlessly rich."

"And what about the adoption of new moral ideas?" I asked, not willing to let that one go by. As Fleurie explained it, anybody can propose anything for the good of all, and if half the people vote yes, it is adopted.

"Of course, we don't want to hurt the losers, and so we have Sensors, to divine what the people are thinking. They are very necessary, for we don't have newspapers — we found them too depressing — and besides, we rather discourage reading. It's too private an activity, and encourages superiority. But if the Sensors become convinced that half the people will *not* support a Moral Idea, then it is

not put to a vote. That way the Election Fiesta is always a happy occasion for everyone."

"But don't they ever misinterpret the people's judgment?"

For the first time, Fleurie looked discomfited. I thought she even blushed. "Yes, I think they did this year, on the women's-clothes question," she finally said, looking down at herself.

I had been wondering about her costume, ever since she first came into sight down the hillside, and I had been staring all the while, not unappreciatively, whenever I dared. For Fleurie, with her dark hair, her candid eyes, her white lipstick, her slim figure and leather sandals, was wearing a topless dirndl, with what looked like some hurried modifications. After the first shock, and confronted by all the other surprises in Ultra, I had grown used to her costume, as one does on a beach when everyone is in bikinis. I believe voluptuousness to be a state of mind in the wearer, not the observer. Fleurie's beauty was more like an airline stewardess's: wholesome, efficient, and always in self-control.

"I think the Sensors got confused, as they often do when the subject is women," she said. "They discerned a majority by combining the nature vote, the beauty vote, and the peasant vote, and came out wrong. It has made everyone restless. In the winter, the farm women complained it was too cold in these costumes to do the outdoor chores. At first the young men all liked the style, but now the mature wisdom of all the men is that any style in which some women have more advantage than others is undemocratic."

WE HAD a fine dinner, well served, and then Fleurie parted from us at the statue of Jude the Shrewd in the main square. Our hotel, the Ultra National, was just opposite, a massive affair built in 1959 in Flamboyant Gothic. It was one of my first disappointments. For one thing, the span of each Gothic arch in our bedroom was about the size of a telephone booth, and I thought the architect might have been more imaginative than to put a shower head in one, and an open WC in the other. The hotel had not been much used; we may have been the first foreign guests. The service was the kind of indifferent minimum one finds only in the wealthiest of democracies.

Things brightened considerably next morning when Fleurie arrived at ten, bringing with her a handsome young man dressed, as were all the Ultraneese males, in slightly sharp Italian suits. She introduced him to us as Strude, the grandson of Jude. He was also a member of the Culture Contamination Council. She did not add, though

it was plain to see, that in whatever form courtship takes in Ultra, they were glowingly in love.

We set out for a walk through the streets of the town, admiring this building and that, and talking all the while. Overnight I had filled my head with many questions. Strude did his best to give helpful answers, though to him things were the way they were, and I could get little philosophical interpretation from him. Yes, there were rich Ultraneese, but no poor. No, the rich were not the most respected: one could only have *more* of the same possessions as the others, so what was intelligent about that? It suggested a lack of faith in the community's ability to provide. Who are the most honored here, then? The useful, answered Strude: the electrician, the teacher, the plumber. Still, there must be some prestigious position in the community. "Certainly," said Strude proudly. "The Cultural Contamination Council." It was a job only for the young.

Were there, then, I wanted to know, no honored posts for the elders of Ultra?

Oh, yes, Strude answered offhandedly — as trainers in techniques of masonry and engine repair, and all jobs requiring settled thinking, such as banking, window-washing, clerking. The old, he said, feel more comfortable when their jobs are routine. A touch of youthful arrogance in his answer made me reflect, though I did not say, that more mature wisdom might have avoided Ultra's senseless alteration each year from one building style to another.

"You are so young," I finally said. "Is there no further honor awaiting you or Fleurie?"

"Yes, only one," Strude answered. "The rarest: the Purchase Commission. Each year from our council one person is chosen to become one of its three members. It is the highest honor in the community because it is the highest duty. The Purchasers must go down into the world, and while withstanding its corruptions, make our necessary purchases. Such a person must be as wily as the sellers, yet pure in heart. He must be trained, as are your astronauts, to cope with an alien environment. And therefore, like your astronauts, he must be young."

To myself, I was comparing the Purchase Commission as he described it, not with astronauts, but with those Chinese delegations one sees gathered solemnly around isolated dining tables in Moscow, Prague, or Havana — men who must deal with a corrupted outside world and huddle together because none of them can be trusted out alone in such attractive iniquity. Why, though, was I constantly making a Communist comparison in this pleasant community? After all, Ultra had no armies, menaced no neighbors, preached no antagonisms. Perhaps it was the militancy of Strude's

self-satisfaction that disturbed me, or the fact that Fleurie so admired his strong convictions.

Strude and I seemed destined for debate, while the two women looked on. The core of our disagreement was over the subject of creativity and originality. I'm afraid that I even heatedly taxed Ultra with being a derivative culture, a community of smug copycats. He was unnerved, as if I had merely described the truth.

"You have left out the importance of choice," Strude replied. "Anyone can think up extremes; wisdom lies in the proportion and selection. Your society talks so much of creativity that we thought we must be missing something; we made a study of its qualities in our cultural laboratories, and concluded that its merits were a myth — a necessary myth for you, but not for us. You like to romanticize over someone who made art and died poor, but it is the later discovery of his talent that really matters to you, for then it is to someone's profit, or vanity, and the essential factor of Fashion is present. You sentimentalize creativity, and therefore must put up with dirty hair and bad manners.

"We Ultranees decided that it was more intelligent to wait until a style crystallizes into a Fashion. And we concluded that this is really what your civilization also does. You respect creativity but reward Fashion. The proof is in your own index of value (which is not ours): namely, money. Who gets your biggest awards? — the men who write your most banal tunes, not your difficult symphonists, and the designers who adapt someone else's originality to make dresses or wallpaper or musicals."

He was just getting worked up when Fleurie tugged at his arm. We had stopped in front of a most charming new hamburger joint, done in baroque. We went in for lunch. I admired Fleurie's new apricot-colored, almost flesh-colored, topless dirndl, and she accepted my praise as one does who finds a compliment unperceptive. They had brought us there to see another surprise: a television set. "That was our most audacious decision," said Fleurie.

"Our people like the Westerns for the horses and the scenery, but not those silly helpless women. We also show your football, but never explain the rules, so that the people can enjoy it as a beautiful brutal male ballet. But what they like best are those commercial short stories — the lady with the frowning forehead, those drawings of hammers and lightning, and then the little magic pill and the lady happy again. We show it over and over."

Having heard so much about our intellectuals' discontent with television, they had taken elaborate steps to screen what came off Telstar, but found that in another language, the advertiser's harsh insistence is only an untranslated noise. "Commercials

are your supreme American aesthetic achievement," Fleurie said enthusiastically. "What care goes into them, unlike the programs themselves!"

I wondered whether television would make the outside world so attractive that the sealed-off Ultranees would be restless. "We never show your travel propaganda," answered Strude. "We insist on showing the outside world as you say it really is — in your newsreels. We run the best ones repeatedly, because all pictures showing soldiers creeping through a jungle, or space vehicles blasting off, are fundamentally the same: we don't feel the need that you do to keep changing the examples.

"Our Sensors find that less than 2 percent of the Ultranees show any curiosity to see your America. To them it is a place where rivers are always flooding, blacks on the streets are being pushed back by the police, and the young people dance with morose agitation standing apart from each other."

Strude, I thought to myself, would have the right kind of implacable militancy to serve on the Purchase Commission.

"On television, it makes such a difference not to understand the speeches," Strude continued. "It frees the mind to study the faces. The faces our people trust most are Barry Goldwater's and Chou En-lai's. Naturally, this method is a little unfair to General de Gaulle. Those gestures, those expressions! Our people consider him the drollest comedian on TV."

After lunch, we parted, agreeing to meet that evening to view the night paintings. The first was only a few blocks from the hotel, elaborately set on a flower-banked podium in the center of the square. I recognized it at once as an exact copy of the big Coca-Cola weather sign that used to flash over Columbus Circle in New York City. The advertising message meant nothing to the Ultranees; its cycle of weather forecasts had been speeded up so that it went through its entire repertory every five minutes, with sun rays flashing BRIGHT, followed by jagged neon darts signaling RAIN. As an art form it made most action paintings look pallid. It was the favorite night painting of the year, though the one we went to next, called the Camel, still had its partisans. They liked the man with the O-shaped mouth, blowing smoke rings every few seconds. Since tobacco was as unfamiliar as Coca-Cola in Ultra, I watched the people's laughing puzzlement.

The four of us, in our knowing superiority, were giggling at the innocent watchers when a young man who had been edging through the crowd at last spotted Fleurie and Strude. He approached them solemnly: "I bring you word of the commission's decision. You two will be the candidates for the Purchase Commission." He drew himself

up, and almost clicked his heels together as he added: "May the more deserving win the Election Fiesta!"

I saw Fleurie and Strude look at one another, not in joy.

RESTLESSNESS, we had come to see, was the emotional condition our young monitors most feared in Ultra, for it indicated community (or consumer) boredom and dissatisfaction. And yet restlessness, we now felt, hung in the air, along with the lights of the forthcoming Fiesta, dipping in swags between the lampposts. Perhaps the restlessness was less apparent in the townspeople than in our young friends who were showing it all to us. By now I had come to regard them as the two sacrificial servants of their prosaic people. In a community so dedicated to banishing competition and envy, it was they who were driven to guilty knowledge of the rush of external things, and compelled to rivalry.

One day Fleurie and Strude came by to take us to the open court, for I had asked to see how justice operated in Ultra. It was their first public appearance together since being chosen to run against one another; the townspeople eyed them as if they were celebrities, and I thought Fleurie and Strude were a little oversolicitous of each other.

The court they took us to was in an open square that looked a little like an up-to-date repertory company's sparsely simple set for a Shakespearean play. The judges sat on a box set high on stilts that might have served as Juliet's balcony. Below were two officials called Presenters, and the disputants, and a gossip group of perhaps two dozen women. These women, and anyone else who might show up, would form the jury.

Law had ceased to matter much, Strude explained, ever since the adoption in 1945 of the Moral Idea that "contracts encourage retribution," and the corollary of the following year that "lawyers increase trouble." Such notions ran parallel to the general antiliteracy movement in Ultra, part of the widespread feeling that anything written down destroys spontaneity. From these two propositions had come the monumental decision of 1953 that the most familiar contract of all, that of marriage, should be abolished. At once, said Strude, all the unrest about marital friction had ended; where there was no marriage, there could be no divorce.

"But I see everyone together in couples, out with their children," said my wife. "How can that be?"

"It merely proves that people are naturally monogamous," said Fleurie.

"Once you've started falling into pairs it's too

wearing to change," added Strude. "Oh, there may be a little restlessness at first, for a few days in the spring. And again, when couples reach their forties, they take a last look around. But that is all. A convenient familiarity with one another is what keeps couples together, not laws." I could see that my wife wanted to ask, as did I, at what stage of this process Fleurie and Strude found themselves, but knew no way of putting the question. Perhaps they wouldn't have been at all embarrassed to explain their arrangement.

A court case was in progress, and we watched. Two Presenters, both agents of the state, stated the positions on either side: a merchant was being sued by a woman who claimed that the merchandise was not as represented.

"The merchant is bound to lose," said Strude, having sized up bull and matador. "Law is not very important anymore, and the only jury it attracts are the kind of women who watch TV all day. Naturally they will side with the woman!"

Ever since written contracts were abolished in Ultra and lawyers put out of business, Strude went on, it was no longer necessary to be precise about the wording of agreements; in fact, any person trying to lean too hard on the exact terms was assumed to be intentionally deceitful.

After very little discussion, the women in the square shouted against the merchant.

"These women are convinced from watching TV that they are expert at reading character in faces, so the facts don't influence them much, except as a statement of the drama. It is that way in your courts too," added Strude, in that smug way of his, "but we have the honesty to proclaim it."

That night my wife and I had dinner alone in our Gothic hotel, a setting that never did much for our spirits.

"It's not that I am hipped on clothes," my wife began, "but they've got us wrong on Fashion."

I knew that clothes wasn't what was bothering her; it was being surrounded by the complacent superiority of a contented society. "It's as if everything has to be arranged so that everyone can live in warm water," I said. "But only by knowing the cold can one appreciate the warm."

I heard myself saying this, then added: "My God, I'm getting as sententious as Strude!"

In my own life back home, I am not one of those joy-in-competition boys one finds in every business. But after two weeks in Ultra — well — "You know what I miss here most?" I asked my wife. "The savor of good healthy malice."

Next day we told Fleurie of our decision to leave the day after the Election Fiesta. She was disappointed but not surprised: in her sympathetic reaction I could read that too much had been

asked of our generation to be able to appreciate Ultra on such short exposure; we had lived too long in corrupt and unworthy pleasures.

"It will be all right," she said a little stiffly. "There will be only one formality required of you."

IT WAS the night before the Election Fiesta, and still no decision on who would be chosen for the Purchase Commission. Why the delay, why the indecision? Fleurie and Strude, now ill at ease with one another, had come to take us to the ball that traditionally opened the Fiesta season. I suppose the carnival was fashioned after Rio's, but in Ultra the abandon seemed insufficiently wanton.

Close to eleven o'clock there came a sudden silence punctuated by a battery of bongo drums and a rattling of maracas. Up to the microphone stepped a middle-aged Sensor, looking just a little absurd in the sharp Italian clothes that did not properly set off his dignity.

"We have finally sensed an opinion," he announced, speaking louder than the microphone required. "There need be no election."

A cheer of relief went up.

"Your choice for the Purchasing Commission would be — and therefore is — Fleurie!"

Another cheer, bigger than the first, was confirmation that the Sensors had correctly sensed the prevalent opinion. What had decided the majority, I wondered. My wife was convinced that the topless dirndl fiasco worked in Fleurie's favor, generating a common wish for a woman's practical voice in purchasing. I was just as eager to believe that, as in my own country, some earthy democratic instinct spots sanctimonious falsity in clean-living types like Strude.

My wife and I rushed to congratulate Fleurie; she smiled her gratitude, but out of the corner of her eye I could see her watching Strude, whose smiling expression was correct and unfathomable. Poor Fleurie had not wanted to lose, but how little had she wanted to win!

All program committees underestimate the cumulative fatigue of ceremony and noise: extravaganzas always go on too long. The rest of the Election Fiesta is a blur to me. Maybe this is also because the day after the fiesta, my wife and I were told to report to Jude the Shrewd hospital. The hospital people — doctors and attendants — seemed nervous. Fleurie was there too. Already the discipline of her new responsibility had begun — learning the world's trading practices, acquiring a "trousseau," as they called it, for the outer world. But she had wanted to see us through the final step.

"You know us to be a people who mean harm to no one," she said. "But we are determined not to be invaded. We do not fear armies. What we fear most is television's well-intentioned rude curiosity. That would be the end of us."

"Our doctors have developed a new anesthetic called Nepenthe. You will forget only these weeks in Ultra, nothing else." She hesitated a moment, then added: "It's perfectly safe. Your own American researchers have also been fascinated by the role of scent in memory, and have come close to what we are doing. You need only think of a favorite scent, and we shall then do our best to re-create it. You see, in Ultra we want your substitute memory to be always pleasant."

We thought awhile of favorite scents: my wife settled on the windblown fragrance of rosemary and thyme on a Mediterranean hillside. I wanted the cedar smell of a Western campfire. Our requests stumped them, and it took a while for them to prepare their compounds. When we emerged from our euphoric anesthesia, my wife and I were being led from the golf cart down to the camouflaged garage where sat our car.

That was six months ago. Though we have told no one of Ultra, I have often thought of it. The drug worked imperfectly, which is why I have grown heartily sick of the scent of cedar; it rises up whenever I try to push my recall too far.

Memory, as it forms the past into retrievable bundles, also hardens it. I remember now a fleeting impression I had at the time, that when Fleurie mentioned the American researches into scent and memory, she was trying to reassure herself and the Ultrane doctors rather than me. Then it came over me, what my reservations had been about — the argument I could never articulate to Strude about originality and creativity, my misgivings about loserless elections and pre-tested contentment. For my final memory of Ultra is of the doctors who had created something all their own, but stood in fear of their own audacity.

I'm back now in the land of choice, or so they tell me. All kinds of cigarettes and gasoline to choose from — or is it just the advertising campaigns we choose among? Those fellows who make their cars or their television comedies as alike as possible and then shout their narrow differences; I just wish we had more real choices to make. For that's what the modern game is about. Threading our way among importuners, nibbling at the new, rejecting the blatant, seeking out the distinctive. I've become a skillful urban mouse, adept at sneaking in for the cheese without having the trap snap down on me. Maybe it's not the most important game in the world, but if you live in the city, it's about the best exercise you get.

THE FIGHT FOR AMERICA'S ALPS

by Paul Brooks

What future do we want for what remains of wild America, and to whom shall it be entrusted? This question boils at the heart of conservation politics, and nowhere more hotly than in the growing controversy over the magnificent North Cascades in Washington. The author of this report on the tangled struggle over the Cascades' future is editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin Company, a director of the Sierra Club, and the author of ROADLESS AREA.

IMAGINE, if you can, Hector and Achilles agreeing on a bipartisan committee to decide the future status of the plains of windy Troy. This will give you some idea of the historic precedent that was set when the Secretaries of Agriculture and Interior appointed in 1963 a five-man study team to produce a plan for the state of Washington's North Cascades. Often referred to as the American Alps, the Cascades are the wildest, most rugged, and probably most beautiful mountains in the United States south of Alaska. They are also the least known. Until recently, their inaccessibility has been their salvation. That time is past.

Though the study team has reported, the decisive battle over the North Cascades has barely begun. At first glance, the principals appear to be the U.S. Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, which presently controls them — supported by the lumber, mining, and local hunting interests — and the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, whose bid for a new park in this area has the backing of most national conservation organizations. Actually the struggle is both deeper and broader than the conventional conflict between these two bureaucracies. It is part of a much larger conservation battle which is being waged, with various degrees of intensity, from Alaska to the Rio Grande, from California's Point Reyes to Massachusetts' Cape Cod. Among the giant redwoods, in the depths of the Grand Canyon, on the far reaches of the Yukon, organized nature lovers are testing their political strength. The bird watchers, the photographers, the campers and the climbers are making themselves heard above the chain saws and the bulldozers. They are no longer to be shrugged off by the corporate executive and the political "realist" as a lunatic fringe. They have

become organized, sophisticated, articulate. The intangible values they stand for have caught the attention of the giant foundations which are concerned with the future pattern of the good society. They have even (in the case of the Consolidated Edison–Storm King controversy on the Hudson) been given legal standing by the courts. Congressmen who want to be re-elected are forced to listen. Indeed, Congress itself has officially recognized the existence of wilderness, and the White House has gone down the line for "natural beauty." Everywhere the conservation issue is politically hot. Nowhere, in all probability, will it be hotter during the coming months than in the North Cascades. The chairman of the study team, Edward C. Crafts, director of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation, is quite explicit: "I know of nothing that I have been involved in in my 32 years experience that has been more controversial up to this point and I think the controversy is probably only beginning."

Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman has called the North Cascades "one of the most magnificent areas in the world." Two visits to these mountains, including a fortnight's family pack trip last summer, have convinced me that he is right, and that there is an opportunity here for the most beautiful wilderness park in our entire national park system. Yet the eventual fate of the North Cascades concerns more than this area alone. In a stage setting worthy of the issues at stake, we are watching the confrontation of rock-bottom conservation philosophies, involving basic principles as well as power politics. Here in the last unopened corner of our country we face the ultimate questions: What future do we want for the remnant of wild America, and to whom shall we entrust it?

The Cascade range, which runs from northern



California north across Oregon and Washington to southern Canada, is actually two mountain systems: the famous volcanic cones like Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, Mount Rainier, Mount Baker; and the far less familiar mass of granite and metamorphic rock peaks between Seattle and the Canadian border. The name "Cascades" derives from the Great Falls of the Columbia, the supreme challenge faced by Lewis and Clark on their historic journey to the Pacific. "This Chanel [they wrote in their journal for October 25, 1805] is through a hard rough black rock, from 50 to 100 yards wide, swelling and boiling in a most tremendous maner." The Columbia's cascades have now been drowned by Bonneville Dam, but the name is still appropriate to these glacier-clad mountains, where the sound of roaring streams is a constant companion on the forest trails and where innumerable ribbons of bright water lace the steep valley walls.

The Cascades are "new" mountains, not yet worn down by erosion; their pinnacles and knife-sharp ridges are still being chiseled by the ice. Of moderate height, from eight to ten thousand feet,

they seem much higher as they rise sheer from deep valleys near sea level. The classic eastern approach is by boat up fjordlike Lake Chelan. This spectacular body of water, fifteen hundred feet deep (the bottom is below sea level), was formed during the Ice Age by the glacial gouging of a valley subsequently dammed by a moraine. For fifty-five miles it cuts its way into the heart of the North Cascades. Little wonder that as early as 1906 (ten years before the founding of the National Park Service) a mountaineering group urged that Lake Chelan and the surrounding mountains be made a national park. Thirty years later, a committee of the Park Service itself reported that "the area is unquestionably of national park caliber, is more valuable used as such than for any other use now ascertainable." Why, then, wasn't a North Cascades National Park created years ago? The answer lies in the tangled history of our public domain.

Without some knowledge of what has gone before, the struggle for the American wilderness, including the Park Service-Forest Service feud, is as incomprehensible to the average sane Ameri-

Photograph by Bob and Ira Spring from THE WILD CASCADES. Courtesy of Sierra Club.

can as *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* would be to the average sane Eskimo. A hundred years ago the American Forest was being plundered on a scale we now find inconceivable. Millions of acres were acquired by the railroads and timber interests through political chicanery and outright fraud. The slogan was "cut and get out." The first effective opposition to this looting arose in the eighteen sixties and seventies, when the park idea took hold under the leadership of men like John Muir and Frederick Law Olmsted. In the late eighties the federal government established a Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture. Shortly afterward, the Forest Reserves (later called National Forests) were set up under the Department of Interior. This was the situation when Theodore Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency. One of his first acts was to urge Congress to transfer the Forest Reserves to the Bureau of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, "to which they properly belong. The present diffusion of responsibility is bad from every standpoint." Roosevelt was further influenced by the fact that his trusted friend Gifford Pinchot, a man of integrity, with courage to fight the lumber barons, was head of the Bureau of Forestry (later to be renamed the U.S. Forest Service). The Transfer Act was quickly passed. T.R. and Pinchot went on to set aside 132 million acres of Forest Reserves—land to be used, but only under government supervision. Large-scale conservation had been born.

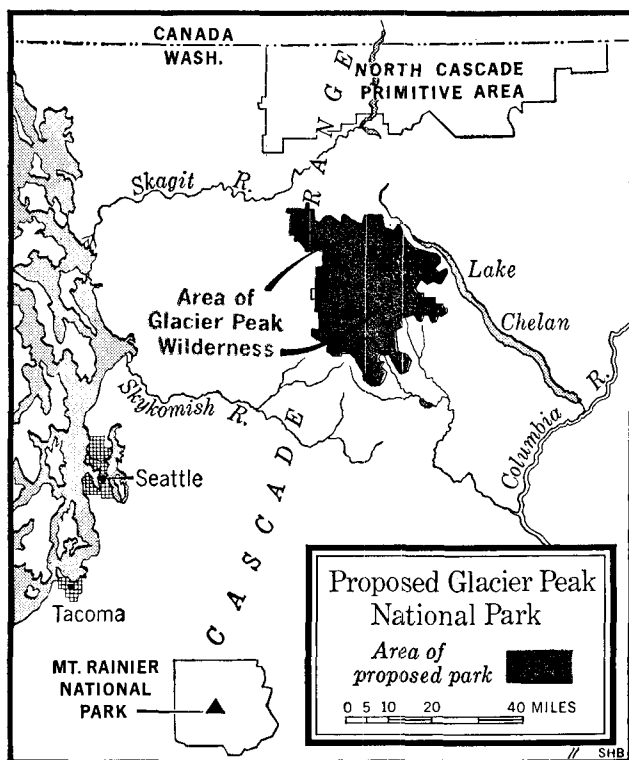
Thus matters stood in 1916 when, despite opposition by the Forest Service, the National Park Service was established in the Department of the Interior. Its purpose was to administer the national parks, monuments, and Indian reservations already in existence (beginning with Yellowstone in 1872), to keep them "unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations," and inevitably to recommend additions to the park system as need arose. Since most of the available areas of national park caliber were (and are) in the national forests, new parks must be carved out of the Forest Service empire, and thus transferred from Agriculture to Interior. Each such attempt has been a *casus belli*. But never has the "territorial imperative," as the old instinct is now fashionably called, been more nakedly displayed than in the Forest Service's opposition to a national park in the North Cascades. In the case of the baboon, ethologists tell us, the mere baring of the huge canine teeth is generally enough to make the invader retreat. The situation here is perhaps more subtle, and the conditions of the jungle make behavioral studies much more difficult.

The Cascades fight, however, clarifies one essential point: the character of the contest (aside from mere possession of territory) has changed in the

last fifty years, as America has changed. Great conservationist though he was, Gifford Pinchot was curiously blind to any "use" of our forests beyond the purely utilitarian; the preservation of wilderness for its aesthetic or spiritual qualities was not his concern. Since his time, the Service that he founded to control the lumber interests has become more and more their spokesman. Yet today, the Forest Service is forced to recognize that recreation is a valid forest product which is, moreover, getting the political support that government empires live and grow on. Meanwhile, the Park Service has seized for its own the popular slogan of recreation. Under that banner it has been carrying out "improvements" elsewhere in its domain that make its most loyal supporters uneasy about its plans for the North Cascades.

THESE are some of the questions and confusions that I carried with me when my family and I set out last August for our two-week camping trip, by horse and pack mule, into the "American Alps." This time we entered not by way of Lake Chelan, as we had four years earlier, but by Washington Pass at the northeastern edge of the range. It is a sudden, dramatic entry compared with the leisurely journey up the lake; in a matter of minutes one is surrounded by sharp rock peaks, with glimpses of high snowfields beyond. To the wilderness lover it is also jarring. Here is the beginning of a cross-mountain road, the first to be cut through this hitherto roadless area. There is something almost obscene in the power of modern technology to subdue the landscape; no slope is so steep, no rock is so hard, but it yields at last. Not till we had turned off the main trail, with its ominous surveyors' ribbons, and climbed up to a high mountain tarn did we sense that lifting of the spirit that comes on entering the true wilderness.

A lake in such a setting almost compels the term "American Alps." It lies, green-blue and crystal clear, at the bottom of a cup in the mountains. Steep talus slopes, mottled with dark clumps of Alpine fir and bright patches of snow, rise straight from the water's edge, evidence that the lake is deep as well as cold. A slightly gentler incline, leading to a pass between the peaks, has built up enough soil over the centuries to be covered now by grass, low shrubs, and a variety of wild flowers that make a mass of color visible even at a distance. Only the meadow near the outlet is level enough for a tent. Here a tiny stream winds along the valley floor. Fallen trees and debris have dammed it every few hundred yards along its course, creating a chain of shallow grass-margined ponds, at first glance almost like the work of beavers. The turf is



moist and heavy, bright with red splashes of monkey flower, thick clumps of blue Northern gentian, and the delicate white Western anemone. The only trails are deer trails, the hoof marks deeply imprinted in the occasional spots of bare mud. Far up the mountain a marmot whistles, and another answers (reminding us of the story of the city girls who were swimming skinny in the presumed privacy of a remote mountain lake and panicked at these sudden wolf whistles from the shore). From the foot of a rockslide comes the strange little squeak of a "rock rabbit." The pika, as he is properly called, is shy but curious. Wait but a moment in silence, and he will emerge into clear view to look you over.

The full beauty of a mountain lake, however, can be realized only from above. Next morning when the early fog had blown out of the valley, we set out on foot up the trail to the pass. Beginning in a jumble of giant rocks, it rose in a series of switchbacks through fir groves and brushy clearings to emerge finally into the full sun. Wild flowers were everywhere — the cool blue of lupin, the flame of the Indian paintbrush, the purple mountain daisy, with its sunlike yellow center. As we ascended, the flowers became smaller and seemingly brighter; the more delicate white bell heather mingled with the red variety of the lower slopes. Hummingbirds darted among them. From the very tip of a solitary Alpine fir a Clark's nutcracker (a crowlike bird handsomely patterned in gray, jet black, and white) was cawing hoarsely. Peterson's *Field Guide* de-

Map by Samuel Bryant.

scribes his habitat as "high mountains; conifers near tree line." He is as much a part of the open country as the gray jay or whiskey jack is of the boreal forests.

At the top of the pass we were in fact at tree line. The few remaining white spruces hugged the ground like junipers. In the shadow of the rocks lay fields of "red snow": a mysterious alga that makes the white surface seem lightly brushed with blood-red. Through the pass on the far horizon appeared a vast panorama of snow-clad peaks, the highest sliced off below their summits by a blanket of cottony cloud. On the sheer face of the nearby range the broken thread of a bright cascade led the eye upward to its source in a tiny emerald lake. The forest below showed a curious pattern of dark- and light-green vertical stripes; through the binoculars one could see that these were not the result of lumbering — for this is still virgin land — but of old snow and rock slides, the bright green being a carpet of new growth where the big trees had been sheared away. From a narrow ridge above the pass our lake came back into view below us: a tiny deep blue disk, shadowed and remote, like the sky-reflecting mirror at the bottom of a well.

One charm of the North Cascades is their infinite variety. A national park would have something for everybody. Two days later we rejoined the main trail along the creek, which leads for mile after mile through a dense, dark forest of fir, spruce, cedar, and hemlock. Only the shade-tolerant flower can grow here, like the pipsissewa, with its delicate spike of pinkish blooms. Stream crossings were hazardous. Twice a laden pack mule fell flat in the mud, raising fears of broken legs. But the only result was condensation of our food supplies as raw eggs merged with the jam and the peanut butter. A deep forest is a silent place, but here — as in the Olympics, the Great Smokies of Tennessee, the Green Mountains of Vermont — a winter wren sang his canarylike song as we made our campfire. The evocative notes stretched across the miles and the years to link together those scattered moments of wilderness experience, so transient in time, so enduring in memory.

Each of our wilderness areas has its distinctive high country. In the southern Appalachians it is the mysterious openings in the climax spruce-fir forest, fringed with flame azalea, known as "balds." Alaska's Mount McKinley Park has its rolling tundra. In the North Cascades, as elsewhere among the Northwest ranges, the peculiar glory of the terrain at timberline is that sky-pasture known as a "park." No wilderness area is more welcoming to the camper, but none, alas, is more fragile, more vulnerable to overuse. When at last we left the river valley and turned on to a steep trail up the mountainside, we passed a sign: "NORTH CASCADE

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

Freeing spaghetti from the clock

Right now, all spaghetti manufacturers are aware of what we can do for them. That's the kind of specialized public recognition that does some good, instead of merely giving management a feeling of power by ubiquitousness.



In the matter of spaghetti, the time to crow is almost but not quite yet at hand. The spaghetti manufacturers know our story, but there are a lot more institutional distributors than there are spaghetti manufacturers, and a lot more food service managers at schools, hospitals, industrial plants, and other institutions than there are institutional distributors. In time we'll get the word up through the big end of the funnel. The word:

Everybody loves spaghetti cooked the right number of minutes and heaped onto the plate not too many seconds thereafter. With the family sitting around the kitchen table, forks at the ready, this is no problem. In large-scale cooking there is enough of a problem to limit enthusiasm for spaghetti to less frequent appearance on the menu than the national taste would suggest. Unserved spaghetti an hour past its prime represents not only embarrassment but shameful waste. We make a material from purified vegetable food fats called MYVAPLEX Glyceryl Monostearate that the spaghetti maker can add at a low proportion into his traditional recipe. Spaghetti that contains it tastes just the way spaghetti has always tasted, except that it is no longer tightly bound to the clock. Who loses?

New satisfaction for supersensitive photographers

KODACHROME Film has one shortcoming: the processing is too complicated to do yourself. It has to be done in elaborate plants, either operated by us who manufacture the film or by other well-equipped firms who have elected to compete with us for the processing business. Fortunately, the satisfaction yielded by the resulting color

slides in relation to the price of film and processing continues to make KODACHROME Film one of the more resounding successes of the past 30 years. Because, despite its one shortcoming, so many like our product, it becomes economically feasible to manufacture an alternative for the relative few who object to relinquishing, however briefly, possession of their exposed film and individual control of the effects of processing on esthetic quality.

The alternative is on sale at camera shops in 135-, 120-, and 126-size as KODAK EKTACHROME Film. It can be processed by the discriminating and painstaking photographer himself, or by other laboratories, or by us. One version of it, KODAK High Speed EKTACHROME Film, is fast enough so that when loaded into a camera of fast lens and shutter, you can shoot the action at a basketball game in color from your seat in the stands, where flash would be pointless.

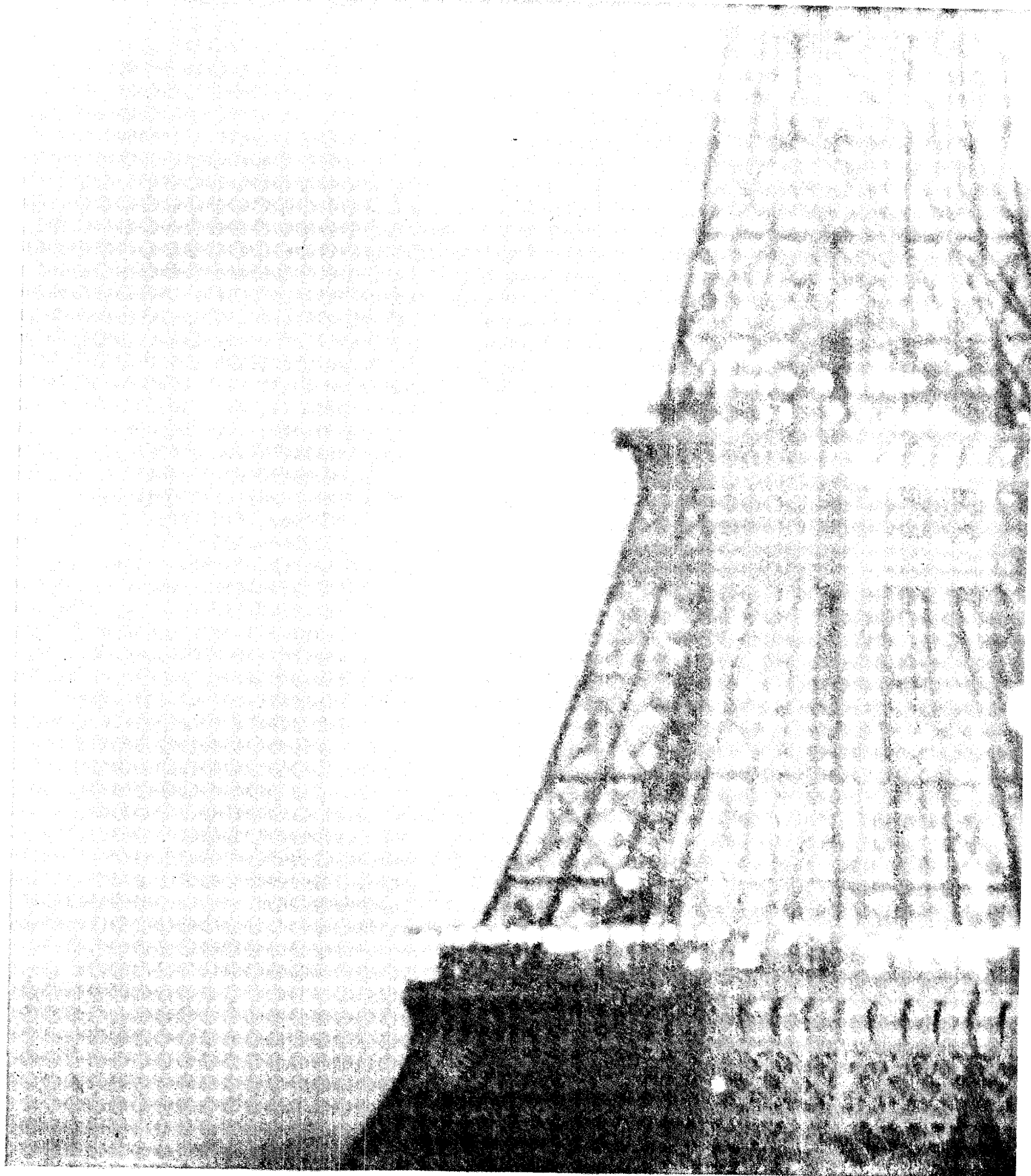
We have recently improved this particular film. Its speed can now be forced still higher by the user *after* exposure through adjustments of processing, with little or no sacrifice of the improved sharpness in our new emulsion formula. The new formula should also bring new satisfaction to the supersensitive photographer by reproducing colors—particularly reds, yellows, and flesh tones—with a better fit to more people's perceptions of reality. This is an incredibly complex matter, composed of psychology, chemistry, and physics. The pigment in a nasturtium is really not the same as the dyes which we must contrive to form inside a piece of film that has been pointed at a nasturtium. We have always faced up to that fact.



An invitation to formulate future policy

Our company policies seem terribly important to us. Some of them are probably wise, and some of them are probably foolish. The men who are making them today will be too old to be making them in 1992. The people who will be making them then are now on campus topping off their formal educations. They are bright ones, well regarded by the faculty and therefore under considerable persuasion to emulate the faculty's way of life, which isn't a bad one. A few of them, seeing these words or having been told thereof, will just for the heck of it get off a note about what they want to do for themselves, for science, or for society, addressing a personnel man named Glen C. Durkin, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. 14650. The future policies of an important organization should be formulated by worthy and honorable persons.

Kodak
TRADEMARK



Does this look like two weeks at the same old beach?

Paris doesn't look like *anyplace* you've ever seen before. And you can be there for just about what you'd spend for an ordinary vacation. In fact, for as little as \$528* you can have three weeks in Paris and nine fascinating countries in Europe.

Want to spend less? "Mr. Information", your travel agent, can show you even lower cost tours. He'll let you browse through TWA Worldwide Adventure folders

that cover all the popular cities and resorts abroad. When you've decided where, let him help you with the details. (Or mail the card, and decide right at home.) Then it's TWA to London, Paris, Rome, Frankfurt, Milan, Shannon, Zurich, Geneva, Lisbon, Madrid, or Athens, without changing airlines or terminals.

There'll be more than 140 TWA flights to Europe every week this summer. So no matter where you go —



Scandinavia, Eastern Europe, Africa, Asia — the best way to begin is TWA. Wide-screen color movies on most flights. Plus 8 channels of hi-fi and stereo. Even special language lessons. And you can charge the trip with your TWA Worldwide Jet Credit Card.


Welcome
to the world of
Trans World Airlines*



PRIMITIVE AREA Mechanized Equipment Prohibited." This was off bounds for scooters or "tote goats," those new destroyers of wilderness peace and forest trails. The narrow path now led us up the long slope to the tableland above in an apparently endless series of switchbacks, so steep that we seemed to be riding among the treetops.

A "park" implies human origin. In this wild high country, climate and altitude have achieved the same open, almost ordered landscape: specimen trees bordering a level expanse of lush grass, beds of wild flowers so dense one hesitates to walk among them, long vistas leading the eye to snow-capped peaks. Down the center of this boggy swale a small stream meanders between banks of shining moss in a succession of miniature oxbows, suggesting a great river as seen from the air. Compared with the secret world of the forest below, life here is everywhere on display. A spotted sandpiper teeters along the stream bed, a marsh hawk quarters the meadow in search of mice, spruce grouse burst like bullets from among the evergreens. Mule deer watch us in apparent concern, and at night we hear the thumping of their hooves beside our tent. At dawn we wake to the wail of coyotes.

When eventually we emerged on the western edge of the wilderness, we felt that we had only begun to know these mountains. Here are worlds within worlds. We soaked ourselves in the rain forests of the western slopes, fished clear rivers for rainbow trout, watched water ouzels in the milky glacial torrents, and made a day-long climb to a mountain lookout. And everywhere towering above us was still another world: the rock walls and Alpine peaks that make the North Cascades a paradise not only for the camper but for the true mountaineer.

PARADISE today; unless we act quickly, paradise lost tomorrow. Like the Hawaiian Islands before Captain Cook, the North Cascades have survived intact through an accident of geography. The tides of change have flowed around them. But with the coming of the highway, the bulldozers, the chain saws, the scooters, the "fatal impact" has already begun. There is no sense in pretending that they can remain frozen in time: "Forever wilt thou love,/ And she be fair!" The question is not how to stem the tide but how to control it. Whom can we trust?

The Forest Service, which now administers the entire area, has a ready answer: "Trust us." Propaganda and political pressure are being used to support their claim. How valid is it? The question is relevant not just to the Cascades but to our entire wilderness system.

Unlike the Park Service, the Forest Service has

from the outset been concerned with the *use* of our natural resources rather than simply with their preservation. In the early days of abundant land, however, its chief function was custodianship. Later, as resources dwindled, the Service became more and more engaged in management — that is, in manipulation of the environment. And its management policies have subtly changed, in fact if not on paper. The Service's much admired policy of decentralization gives maximum responsibility to the regional foresters. Ties between Service personnel and the local community are strong. Twenty-five percent of the money from timber sales is returned to the community for the support of schools and roads. On the face of it, all this sounds fine. But there is a built-in hazard. Working as he must with the leading citizens in his area, lunching with them at Rotary or the Kiwanis Club, the Forest Service official develops personal friendships and a common point of view — the view, in almost every case, of the local lumbering and mining interests. "No villain need be"; we are dealing here not with personal corruption but with the far more difficult problem of attrition through accommodation, the erosion of a theoretical ideal by the ceaseless pounding of practical politics.

"Trees must be cut down," say the lumbermen. The Forest Service has a somewhat subtler approach. Yet as Grant McConnell, professor of political science at the University of Chicago, pointed out recently in the *Nation*, the Service, generally recognized as one of the ablest and most independent government agencies, has gradually "had to accommodate itself to the interest groups whose activities it was supposed to regulate" — that is, the lumber industry. The cat has become custodian of the canary.

Countervailing forces are of course at work within this complex empire. The very concept of "primitive areas" and "wilderness areas" first developed within the Forest Service itself during the nineteen twenties and thirties. The greater part of Wild America is still administered by its highly professional personnel, whose morale and technical competence are probably as high as those of any branch of the federal government. For reasons such as these, the claim of the Service to the North Cascades has had the support not only of commercial interests but of many conservationists who fear the developments that a national park might bring. Until recently, these groups still hoped to reach their goals through working with the Forest Service administration.

They have been disappointed. In the Cascades, the Forest Service speaks too often with the voice of the lumber industry. Only such areas are recommended for preservation as are good for nothing else; wilderness, in other words, is synony-

mous with wasteland. When in doubt, keep it out of the wilderness system: "It may be useful someday." Those who use this argument ignore the fact that the trees in the high country are worth more as scenery than they are as board feet of lumber; otherwise they would have been grabbed years ago. Industrially speaking, these forests are marginal. Yet the cutting goes on. By the nineteen fifties, the chain saws were beginning to reach the narrow valleys and the higher slopes. Protests by conservationists were met, in the words of one patient worker in the field, with "intransigence and contempt."

As frequently happens with great organizations when they come under fire, the Forest Service has countered criticism with a public relations campaign to justify the status quo. Madison Avenue has entered the woods. The campaign is built around a time-honored and superficially plausible slogan, "multiple use." On some of the most scenic roads in the North Cascades, we found signs reading: "CASCADE RIVER WATERSHED MANAGED FOR MULTIPLE USE Recreation — Wildlife — Forage — Water — Timber." In one "timber sale area" the visitor is thus informed that the cutover land will provide forage for deer, and anyway, that \$37,500 from the sale was returned to the U.S. Treasury. My favorite sign, however, is the one which, after assuring the reader that the stumpland in the foreground is being replanted, draws his attention to "the snowy peaks in the background," which are "enjoyed by many wilderness travellers. This is another example of multiple use in your national forests."

There is no virtue in multiplicity unless the "uses" are mutually compatible. The *New York Times* is not promoted on the grounds that in addition to being read it can also be used for lighting fires and for wrapping fish. Logging and scenery do *not* go together, even when one is instructed to lift one's eyes from the desecration at hand to the snowy peaks on the horizon. The mere listing of words like "water," "wildlife," "timber" is a meaningless incantation. Dams (if that is what is meant by "water") may provide some types of recreation and may also destroy a wilderness. Wildlife (as contrasted with mere numbers of deer to be hunted) achieves its maximum variety and interest in those biotic associations which have been least altered by man's management. Management for multiple use tends to be management for the maximum dollar return, which is to say, for salable timber — this in a nation that no longer has a shortage of timber, but that will soon be facing a shortage of wilderness.

For all its propaganda, the Forest Service in the area has not proved itself worthy of this particular trust. Is the answer, then, a national park? If so,

how big and where? This time a solution is being sought through official collaboration rather than through trial by combat between the Forest and Park Services. On January 28, 1963, the Secretaries of Agriculture and Interior wrote a joint letter (familiarily known as the Treaty of the Potomac) to President Kennedy, initiating what they called "a new era of cooperation." Recognizing the urgent need for more recreation areas, it guaranteed that "neither Department will initiate unilaterally new proposals to change the status of lands under jurisdiction of the other Department." In short, no grabs. A joint study of the North Cascades was recommended as one of the first projects under the new treaty.

"The hard core of the issues before the study team," says the report, "was whether there should be a new national park established in the North Cascades. Almost equally difficult questions involve the conflicts between timber utilization and recreation, and between mass recreation and dedication to wilderness. . . . This report does not reflect unanimous views, because unanimity was not reached." The outcome was perhaps predictable. Two members were in favor of continued Forest Service administration, two recommended a substantial national park, and the chairman cast his vote for the compromise of a smaller park, together with establishment of new wilderness areas under continued jurisdiction of the Forest Service. Conservationists are not ecstatic over this compromise; but for the most part they are, with some trepidation, putting their weight behind the report.

The problem of exact boundary lines is far too complex to go into here, and anyway, maps mean little unless one has been on the spot. For example, the North Cascades Conservation Council points out the urgent necessity of "stopping the logging damage in the scenic heartland around the Glacier Peak Wilderness." These are just words until you see the desecration, as we did, in one of the most spectacular wild valleys in all North America. Logging or mining an area like this is like ripping the corner off a classic Chinese landscape painting. Again, when you take that unique boat trip up Lake Chelan, you realize that its shoreline is a national treasure. A park can preserve this country, but not if the projected developments go through: roads, chair lifts, helicopters — the works. "One of the key considerations," says the report, "was that the recommendation for a park be conditioned upon its being developed for mass recreation use." Well and good, within limits; conservationists have never assumed that the national domain was their private preserve. But where will it stop? Even more disturbing than specific development proposals is the philosophy that appears to lie behind them. Because "the volume of wilderness area use" (as

the study puts it) in the North Cascades has hitherto been comparatively small, we don't really need to save so much wilderness after all. This is a compound fallacy. The rate of use is going up so fast that the study team's figures are already obsolete. And in the nation as a whole, everyone knows that we are going to need more wilderness, not less. Such shortsighted reasoning ignores the whole concept of trusteeship. "Development" is a non-reversible process. Are we to leave our descendants no power of choice?

SO FAR, the vocal opposition to a park has been for the wrong reasons. Virtually every national park has been created in the face of militant local opposition. In almost every case the mood has changed to acceptance and even to enthusiasm within a few years. The basic graph is simple. Lumbermen, miners, cattlemen with grazing rights, hunters and trappers, real-estate speculators all protest that a park would be the ruination of the country. Once the park is established, money begins to flow in from out-of-state tourists, new businesses spring up in the neighborhood, land values rise, and large sums of federal money find their way into the local economy through the development and administration of the park itself. The tax rate goes down, and the park is now considered the salvation of the country. Government study indicates that this process of acceptance generally requires from five to fifteen years, depending on the time lag between establishment and expenditure of funds for development. One of the bitterest fights took place in the late forties over the acceptance of a Rockefeller grant for enlargement of Grand Teton National Park in Wyoming. Yet in Teton County, where the opposition centered, both property values and tax revenues approximately doubled in the eight years following enlargement of the park.

A North Cascades National Park would doubtless be an economic boon to the region. Conservationists are worried on quite other grounds. As it enters its second half century, the Park Service is being criticized as never before in its history. The sharpest criticism comes not from economic interests that want to exploit the land (though they may oppose some specific Park proposal) but from those who want to save it. "The amazing thing," comments a leading conservation writer, "is that the present administrators of the national parks are actually encouraging an overuse which, if continued, will see the destruction of the national parks in our time." Recreation in the root sense of the term — the re-creation of the human spirit — is, of course, a principal purpose of the parks. Confused with outdoor entertainment, on the

other hand, it can be fatal. The great building program "Mission '66" was superseded even before its target date with a term as ominous as it is contrived: "Parkscape." If this means anything, it means an official policy of altering the natural landscape. The other current slogan is "Parks Are for People." Again meaningless, unless it means that mass use is the ultimate objective, no matter how destructive to the environment. Politically this may be sound doctrine; you can't win support in Congress by saving wilderness for voters still unborn. Yet conservationists may be forgiven if they fear the Park Greeks bearing gifts. The Horse, they say, rings hollow. Are there bulldozers in its belly?

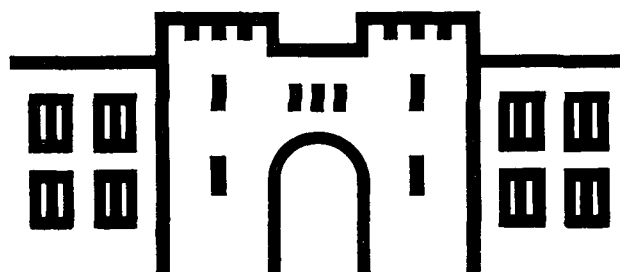
If these fears are unfounded, if this apparent shift of values is only a momentary lapse in a great tradition, the Park Service has a unique opportunity to correct the record. Not only is every existing park now being restudied under the Wilderness Act, but here in the Cascades a new park in matchless wilderness country may soon be born. There is yet time to revive the practical idealism that has made our park system a model for the world. By "zoning" within the parks, by establishing recreation areas *outside* the parks, we can still save unspoiled those areas where wilderness is the highest "use" of all. As Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall put it, "The status we give our wilderness and near-wilderness areas will also measure the degree of our reverence for the land."

No other spot in America better qualifies for such treatment than the North Cascades. Most conservationists are fighting for a North Cascades National Park because they know that the Park Service can save the heart of this country if it wants to. They distrust the Forest Service's Johnny-come-lately espousal of conservation when a park became a possible alternative. Those who love this country as it now is realize that the worst the Forest Service can do is incomparably worse than the worst the Park Service can do. Specifically, they foresee under continued Forest Service management a major copper-mining operation in the very heart of the matchless Glacier Peak wilderness, inadequate protection of the core area north of Lake Chelan, debasement of the scenic values at the north end of Lake Chelan itself. In backing the national park proposal, however, they like to think that they are not just choosing the lesser of two evils. Beneath the frequently forbidding exterior of an ambitious government bureau, they see the enduring principles that have made the National Park Service our greatest defender of natural beauty. They trust that the Service will have the courage and the foresight to produce a plan for a true wilderness park. If it does, there is still hope for the American Alps and for the other priceless remnants of wild America.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Kilmainham Gaol: Monument to the Rising

How nostalgia and the tourist trade have put a new sheen on the site of much history and human agony is detailed in this small confection from DUBLIN, a new book by the distinguished English critic and novelist, to be published in the fall by Harper & Row.



TO COMMEMORATE the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising, Kilmainham Gaol, which had been in a state of ruin for years, was put into order and was opened as a sort of national shrine. In November, 1965, I went to see how the work was getting on. Hundreds of tourists, mainly Irish-Americans, have visited the ruined gaol every year. They scribble their names on the walls of the cells of this prison where so many Irish patriots were incarcerated, hanged, or shot since the days of the United Irishmen. Here the leaders of the Rising were executed by the British. The gaols of Ireland and especially of Dublin are old and brutal monuments. Kilmainham, in its rough granite, is the most horrible of them.

The driver who takes American tourists to visit the gaol is eloquent about the brutality of British oppression; the British visitors are treated more guardedly. My driver, an old man who had fought against the British and who said his heart had been broken and his faith lost in the civil war, was disgusted by my visit. The place, he said, was a monument to all the lies and betrayals of Irish history. He wanted the gaol to be pulled down.

Inside, it was half-ruined. The roof had collapsed at one time, the grim little cells were rotted by damp, the floors had gone; one walked down

freezing, dark, wrecked corridors, groping from plank to plank. One of the workmen, an old man who was doing some repairs, took me around the cells of the leaders of the Rising. We saw the broken gibbet on which (I believe he said) the Invincibles were hanged. He told the details of what each man had done. I saw the large cell, which had two windows and which looked out on a stone wall, where Parnell had been briefly imprisoned. His bust was there, and there was an inscription cut into the sill. We went out into the exercise yard, which is enclosed between the main block of the prison and the enormously high outer granite wall, and then into the bleak yard where some of the men of the Rising were executed. In one corner was the spot where Connolly was shot. He had been badly wounded and carefully nursed in hospital — until he was well enough to sit up in a chair for execution! Nausea and hatred make the visitor wretched. The very fact that there are new granite chips in this death yard somehow appalls. It is good for those of us who have escaped political imprisonment, which since 1916 has become a commonplace in our world, to consider the scene. Pearse longed to shed his blood; the British foolishly gratified his desire. From Tone and Emmet onward, the Irish patriot has always

wanted to die. There is a most curious, obsessional desire in Ireland for "the last rites," life having only a doubtful meaning.

And then, at the most wretched moment of my visit, the absurd occurred, as it does again and again in Ireland. I was just about to leave when another visitor got into the prison. He had found the door open, and he wandered toward us, a well-dressed, cheerful, vigorous-looking man in, I suppose, his early sixties; he looked like a prosperous businessman. He was English.

"I hope you don't mind," he said. "I was passing by. I thought I'd like to drop in on the old place. God, they've let it go. What a mess! What a shame! It wasn't like this in my time; the British kept it up, spick and span and proper. It's terrible. Oh, yes, I was here. I was a naughty boy. They put me up there — in number three or four was it? — in the top gallery."

The old workman had been wary, but at this he woke up.

"What was it?" he said.

"Well," said the man, "I've led a bit of a roving life, all over the world you might say, back and forth. I was a deserter. I was stationed in Galway. I was only a kid, and I got into a spot of trouble down there — nothing really bad, well, we won't go into it now, it's a long time ago. Nowadays they'd let it pass, but those were hard times. That's where they put me, up there."

"Is that a fact?" The old man began to grin.

"Yes, that's it, number three or four, top gallery. The man next door went mad, and threw himself off and killed himself. There was no net in those days. What am I saying? I'm telling a lie. I was in here twice. That was when I was in Cork — more trouble, I deserted again. I deserted twice."

"Did you now?" said the old man, who had his hands in his pockets and was scratching his legs with delight.

"Let's see the exercise yard," the Englishman said. "It's through there if I remember right."

The old man said: "That's right. Through this door."

"Do you see that? He remembers it?" the old man whispered to me laughing. "Come on now, I'll show you."

"It's a shame the way they've let it go," said the Englishman.

"No one seemed to care about it at all," apologized the old man.

"Oh, here it is," said the Englishman, aglow to be in the yard.

"That's it. I reckon I know every stone in that wall. They made you run close to it. I have run round that wall hundreds of times."

"You're right there," said the elated old man.

"And the drummer — now where did he stand?

Over there by the window in the corner, I think," said the Englishman.

"In the corner it was. You see, he remembers everything," the old man said with admiration.

"Left, right, left, right, pick 'em up. The drum tap!" said the Englishman.

"Ah, the drum tap! The drum tap, it made you skip," cried the old man.

"The drum tap! They knew how to beat it out fast."

"Ah, they did that." And to me, with delight: "He remembers it. The drum tap."

Reluctantly the Englishman left his playground.

"Was it in the Devons or the Foresters you said you were?" asked the old man.

"The Foresters."

"I was in the Fusiliers," said the old man. "We were in the Curragh."

They were charmed and they chattered. The Englishman gazed up at the cell.

"I think it was the third cell, perhaps I'm mixing it up with the second time. Or Arbor Hill Barracks — they had me there too. That was the third time."

"Three times. Powerful," said the old man, giggling. And then, covering his mouth with his hand, he whispered to me: "I was in the bloody British Army too. I was a deserter myself. Ha! Ha!"

"Where were you then?" said the Englishman.

"I was in Solingen, never short of a razor blade there. And the girls cheering in the street when we got in," said the old man.

"You're bloody right. I was up there too!" said the Englishman.

The two friends gazed at each other.

"It's a pity, it's a great pity, it's been let go," the Englishman said. "It's a shame. It looked decent once. To be candid, I came here because I had a bit of trouble with my daughter. I'd forgotten all about — well, the years go, you forget. But she found out and, 'Oh, dear, our dad in prison!' — you know? She was so upset I had to get the priest to calm her down. It's all right now. So, I thought, next time I'm over I'll have a look at the old place. I didn't expect this mess."

"Oh, we're putting it right. We're getting in the showcases; there's been a delay in the cement," apologized the old man. "But we've got the toilets nearly finished. We're waiting for the pipes. It's in the commandant's office. I'll show you. We've done a nice job here."

We went into the toilets.

"That's it," said the Englishman. "They brought you in here."

"That's where he must have sat."

Toilets for tourists: is that how the history of a human agony ends?

BOOKS and MEN *Even for those born too late to experience the twenties in American history, those days have come to be associated with the "twenties" in our lives, says Mr. Wakefield in this study of the lives and times of the many writers who populate the pages of John Dos Passos' newly published memoir, THE BEST TIMES (New American Library).*

RETURN TO PARADISE

by DAN WAKEFIELD



JOHN DOS PASSOS

Now once more the belt is tight and we summon the proper expression of horror as we look back at our wasted youth . . . it all seems rosy and romantic to us who were young then, because we will never feel quite so intensely about our surroundings anymore.

— F. Scott Fitzgerald, *Tales of the Jazz Age*

Those lines about the nineteen twenties were written in November of 1931, and illustrate the fact that Scott Fitzgerald not only served as the literary laureate who best observed, described, and helped create the spirit of that decade, but that he was also the first to understand and explain the later emotion and attitude that would become the prevailing manner of looking back on that golden time. In an almost eerie and entirely appropriate way, that decade in the life of our country has come to stand for the "twenties" in each of our lives. Not only for those "who were young then" but also for those of us who were not even born then, the twenties in American history, like the twenties in our personal histories, have come to symbolize the time of first growing up, of escape and freedom, of first love and camaraderie and the sort of pain that is more sweet than bitter because there is so much time left to make up for it, to erase or overwhelm it with the finer and larger sort of experience that still looms ahead, beckoning like the green light on Daisy's dock. If those hopes turn out to

be as elusive as the green light was for Gatsby, symbolizing "the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us," then the passage is just as ironically appropriate to us as it was to Jay Gatsby and his creator.

Time has supported not only the substance of Fitzgerald's literary gift — a gift that was temporarily devalued by the swerve of fashion in the grim thirties — but also what might be called his historical instinct. His insights were certainly instinctual rather than intellectual, a fact which he recognized better than anyone else. (In a self-evaluation in *The Crack-Up*, written in 1936, he noted that he had done little "thinking" except about problems of his craft, and that "for twenty years a certain man had been my intellectual conscience. That was Edmund Wilson.") But his instinct served him well, and even when he was literally wrong he seems to have also been right in some instinctive, figurative way, as in the famous ending to *Gatsby* in which Nick Carraway, taking one last look at Daisy's dock,

became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes — a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory, enchanted moment man must have

Drawing by Hal McIntosh, after photograph by Eric Schaal. Courtesy of SATURDAY REVIEW.

held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

In a literal way we know in the sixties that is not true; there looms now the new and far more enormous frontier of something called “space,” with planets and stellar promises and perils, and yet in spite of all the strained rhetoric about it that is cranked out for each new mechanical “adventure,” the subject remains, at least for nonscientific types such as myself, an enormous bore, or, as C. Wright Mills once referred to it, “that atmospheric bunkum.” Perhaps the subject itself is somehow resistant to “aesthetic contemplation”; perhaps the very enormity of it only serves to dull rather than to stimulate our capacity for wonder.

But even aside from that particular subject, there seems to be in some general and vital sense a loss of the capacity for wonder, accompanied by a desperate yearning to recapture it that is represented in one way by the fad of pot and LSD, keys of any kind that promise, by instant chemical action, an entry into what Baudelaire called “the artificial paradise.” Fitzgerald indeed was describing the loss of something when he set Nick Carraway to musing that night across from Daisy’s dock. Yet it wasn’t the end of new frontiers and challenges large enough to stir man’s capacity for wonder; it was rather the very capacity itself that seems to have been lost back there on Gatsby’s blue lawn. Again with a kind of prophetic instinct, Fitzgerald later described the condition that followed that loss, analyzing in his own personal “crack-up” the postwonder spirit of succeeding generations in a sentence that could serve as the best summation of the mood of the current “free” youth of the LSD generation:

It was strange to have no self — to be like a little boy left alone in a big house, who knew that now he could do anything he wanted to do, but found there was nothing he wanted to do.

The literary giants who came of age in the twenties and survived the political, social, and personal bludgeonings of the succeeding decades — the pulverizing process of life itself — experienced each in his own way the “crack-up” and loss of wonder and innocence that Fitzgerald described. But for most of them the twenties remained a kind of touchstone, a mental magic lamp that could be used to summon up the old spirit and restore, long enough to transcribe it to paper, the sense of wonder that was otherwise lost and locked back within that era. Fitzgerald in the doldrums of 1937 could look back to the twenties and re-create that time “when the fulfilled future and the wistful past were mingled

in a single gorgeous moment — when life was literally a dream.” Nor was this romantic sort of re-creation limited to Fitzgerald, that major “romantic egoist.”

Even so hard-headed and intellectually rigorous a writer as Edmund Wilson has expressed the same sort of sentiment about the twenties. He put it most movingly in a poem that was written as a dedication to the posthumous book of Fitzgerald’s essays, letters, and notebooks that Wilson edited (published in 1945 as *The Crack-Up*). Wilson wrote the “Dedication” poem in 1942 at his home on Cape Cod:

Where now I seek to breathe again the fumes
Of iridescent drinking dens, retrace
The bright hotels, regain the eager pace
You tell of . . . Scott, the bright hotels turn bleak;
The pace limps or stamps; the wines are weak.

Another literary light of that generation, the immaculate stylist Glenway Wescott, remarked in writing on the occasion of Fitzgerald’s death in 1940 that “the twenties were heaven, so to speak, often enough; might not heaven be like the twenties?”

Hemingway, in his posthumously published memoir of the Paris of the twenties, *A Moveable Feast*, explains that the book is about “how Paris was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy.” He explains that in those days — the twenties — “when spring came, even the false spring, there were no problems except where to be happiest.”

THE most recent example of this power of the twenties to evoke, through memory, the old sense of wonder and youthful enchantment is a fragmentary but fascinating memoir by John Dos Passos entitled *The Best Times*. Rather than a full-scale autobiography, which is unlikely ever to be written by a man as shy and protective of his private life as Dos Passos, this is a series of loosely connected autobiographical narratives concerning “The Best Times” that the author has experienced. Not surprisingly, the book is mainly about the twenties.

In the literary pantheon of that decade, the names that most commonly come to mind are Fitzgerald and Hemingway, and behind them, like the bright but lesser stars of a brilliant constellation, are writers such as Wilson, Wescott, John Peale Bishop, Ring Lardner, Kay Boyle, Eugene O’Neill, Edna St. Vincent Millay, E. E. Cummings, Hart Crane. The list is not meant to be inclusive but associative, and the point is that in my own associations of the era — and I think this is true for most of us who came after it — the name Dos Passos doesn’t seem to belong to the twenties. Partly by the tricks and ironies of fate, he has, for better or worse — and

undoubtedly for worse — been assigned by the IBM machine of history to represent and to be associated with the sour decade that followed, the deadly decade of personal as well as economic depression, the “political” thirties.

In the later fuss over his political pilgrimage — a fairly standard one for American writers that leads from left to right, and in this case from the *New Masses* of the twenties to the *National Review* of the fifties and sixties — Dos Passos has come to be caricatured as a kind of stock thirties radical turned stock Goldwater conservative. In the caricaturization much perspective and rational judgment about his real work as a writer have been buried in controversies over his politics, and that is a fatal kind of burial for a man who is after all a writer and not a politician.

In the now accepted and comfortable caricature of his career, Dos Passos seems to have emerged on the literary scene in the thirties waving a red flag and bearing a massive trilogy called *USA*, which supposedly was all about “labor” and “the working man” and the “proletariat,” and he was, of course, what they called a “proletarian writer.” Among other distortions perpetrated by this caricature is the misrepresentation of *USA*, which in fact dealt with many strata of society, and in the year its last volume appeared (*The Big Money* in 1936), it annoyed many people who had hoped for a radical call to arms and were disturbed by what was described as the “plague on both your houses” attitude of the book. For Dos Passos had shown in this work, according to no less qualified an interpreter than Lionel Trilling, that “the creeds and idealisms of the left may bring corruption quite as well as the creeds and cynicisms of the established order.”

In making Dos Passos a stereotype figure of the thirties, the commonplace caricature of his career also neglects the fact that he was one of the important literary pioneers of the twenties, and his work was regarded as among the most exciting and original productions of that decade. When his novel *Three Soldiers* appeared in 1921, John Peale Bishop extolled him as a “genius,” and when his experimental *Manhattan Transfer* came out in 1925, Sinclair Lewis hailed it as

the vast and blazing dawn we have awaited. It may be the foundation of a whole new school of novel writing. Dos Passos may be, more than Dreiser, Cather, Hergesheimer, Cabell or Anderson, the father of humanized and living fiction . . . not merely for America but for the world!

CERTAINLY part of the reason, in addition to politics, that Dos Passos has been assigned to the thirties instead of the twenties is that his personality is more attuned to the image of that later era of

“seriousness” than to the frivolous flapper age. Fitzgerald and Hemingway fit the spirit of the twenties in their glamorous and much publicized lives as well as in the subject matter of their work; while Dos Passos, behind his thick glasses and his serious reserve, is simply not the kind of man who would ever be caught diving into the fountain of the Plaza or chasing the bulls in Pamplona.

In this new memoir, Dos Passos explains that Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald “were celebrities in the Sunday supplement sense of the word. . . . It wasn’t that I was not as ambitious as the next man, but the idea of being that kind of celebrity set my teeth on edge.” Nor was he the sort of man who felt that he had to prove his manliness by exposing himself to physical danger in the Hemingway style. At the Fiesta of Pamplona he had the nerve to express his disdain for the literary aficionados who were about to join in chasing the bulls through the streets, and frankly confesses, “The joke on me was that when I walked off after loudly repudiating the whole business, I found myself face to face with the bull. He looked me in the eyes and I looked him in the eyes. We called it quits.” Dos Passos climbed a wall, and casually explained to those who found him that he simply wanted a better vantage point for making some sketches.

His last memory of “Paris literary life” is also typical of his reticence about the more flamboyant aspects of the twenties spirit. He and the American writer Donald Ogden Stewart were dining with some French poets and artists and were swept along in an impromptu “happening” (or *manifestation artistique*, as it was called in that time and place) led by the Dada hero Tristan Tzara, a kind of Andy Warhol of the era, whom Dos Passos describes as “a sallow Rumanian who looked like a chartered accountant.” Tzara led his fellow artists out of a café (naturally Dos Passos got stuck with the check) and into the streets, where they marched along chanting “Dada, Dada,” and then solemnly proceeded through a Turkish bath, explaining to the astonished customers, “*C’est le Dada.*” Dos Passos recalls, “When we got back into the air again, Don and I slipped into a cab and made for our respective hotels. Dada left us feeling just a wee mite squeamish.”

But if some of these typically twentyish attitudes and pranks set his teeth on edge or left him feeling squeamish, still Dos Passos enjoyed the era, and looks back on it with as much — if not more — affection as any of the time’s more “typical” heroes. Outside of Fitzgerald’s recollective essays, it would be hard to find a more romantic or alluring hymn to that time than a passage in this memoir in which Dos Passos recalls “the speakeasy days”:

From the moment the door clicked to behind you, you had the feeling of being in the Fortunate Islands,

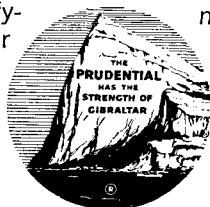


You say it's too soon to start planning for retirement. Keep thinking that way and know what you may have to retire on?

Maybe just a gold watch.

Prudential understands the way human nature works. You get so involved in the present that you don't want to think about the future. Especially when it's years away.

But consider this before you decide that your future can keep. The longer you put off planning your retirement, the tougher it will be to provide for it. So at retirement age you may end up with little more than Social Security. And a gold watch that's satisfying to look at but won't pay for a trip around the block—much less around the world.

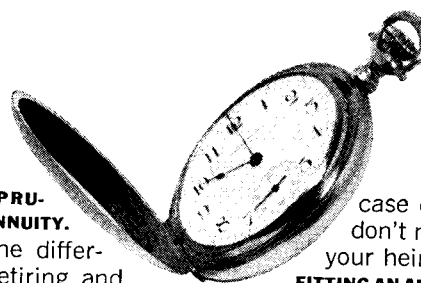


YOU CAN'T OUTLIVE A PRUDENTIAL RETIREMENT ANNUITY.

You can make up the difference between just retiring and happily retiring with a Prudential Annuity. A Prudential Retirement Annuity will guarantee you a check every month—even if science finds a way for you to live past 100 and still feel like 50.

100% WORRY-FREE. No need to worry about investing your money for retirement. Prudential does the investing for you.

As the fund grows, the money is there for you to draw on in



case of emergency. If you don't make it to retirement, your heirs get a cash benefit.

FITTING AN ANNUITY TO YOUR INCOME.

Prudential has a variety of plans. You and your wife decide how much you want your premiums to be.

Your Prudential man makes sure that you and your wife get the most retirement for your annuity dollars. You won't have to rob your todays to pay for your tomorrows.

Planning a happy retirement—that's something you know for sure Prudential understands.

Prudential understands

where there were no rules and regulations, no yesterday or tomorrow, no husbands to complain, no private entanglements with other women, only this moment. The memory lingers of certain female perfumes, of certain daiquiris, the meal slowly eaten, the ambrosial wine. The eyes kindling, the knees furtively touching. The hands creeping toward each other across the table. At length you would drift out into the street enclosed like Homeric gods in a private cloud. The French farce aspects of Mr. and Mrs. Smith registering in a hotel, or the tiptoe climbing of celestial stairs, the latchkey quietly turning in the lock. The lips meeting, arms twining, the delights and terrors that neither the greatest poets or the most meticulous pornographers have ever been able to describe . . . asterisks still do it better.

The romantic spirit of that nostalgic memory of the twenties becomes even more dramatic when contrasted with the closing passage of Dos Passos' last major novel, *Midcentury* (published in 1961), a fictional chronicle of the fifties that ends with the following bitter reflection on the current era:

Musing midnight and the / century's decline / man
walks with dog. . . . / The hate remains / to choke
out good, to strangle the / still small private voice that
is God's spark in man. Man drowns / in his own scum.
/ These nights are dark. . . ."

Yet out of such depths of what seems to be a personal as well as a historic sense of darkness, the twenties still have the power of evoking in the same writer a recollected brightness that is as intense and light as "these nights" are dark.

"Looking back on it," Dos Passos recalls, "lunching at the Plaza with Scott and Zelda in the fall of 1922 marks the beginning of an epoch." It was a day in October, and "the sky is very blue. The clouds are very white. Windows of tall buildings sparkle in the sun. Everything has the million dollar look."

There is, throughout this moving memoir, a lament for how it was then and is no more; for Dos Passos, like Wilson, the hotels have turned bleak and the wines gone weak since that time, and nothing is quite so good. This is a recurrent theme, woven through the narrative, the same feeling of loss expressed in so many different ways, both large and small: "In the twenties you could still sit out in the air on top of the Fifth Avenue buses . . . everything you ate at the Plaza was good in those days . . . friends were friends in those days. . . ."

If the buses lost their open tops and the food lost its savor in later years, so also, more distressingly, did the friendship of many of the old literary comrades lose the trust and warmth and understanding that so remarkably prevailed among the writers and artists during that time. It is hard to think of another era in which so many monstrous (or writer-sized) egos managed even for as long as

they did to co-exist in what seemed for the most part a pleasurable and mutually respectful society. Like so many other things, many of those friendships began to go stale in the thirties, with rancor sometimes replacing respect and antagonism overcoming affection. Like everyone else, Dos Passos became embittered by these breaks; but unlike many others, he is able to look back in this memoir with a basic fondness and respect even for former friends who drifted off or broke away in arguments and bitterness.

In this book there is none of the retrospective backbiting that mars, for instance, *A Moveable Feast*, in which Hemingway seems to write about many old friends, especially Fitzgerald and Gertrude Stein, simply to show his superiority to them, beating his own chest at the expense of others in the most disgusting display of the Hemingway bullyboy bravado. Dos Passos' memoir is free of any such vindictiveness or self-justification. In portraying his old friends with both their flaws and their virtues, regarding them not as heroes or villains or competitors but talented colleagues, he gives us the best "album" I know of the literary figures of the twenties. He does not attempt to do full-scale portraits of them, any more than he does of himself, but sharp, deft sketches that convey a real sense of the person.

THERE is an especially engaging sketch of Edmund Wilson, who was probably the keenest intellect of that literary generation. In *Exile's Return*, Malcolm Cowley lists the leading writers of the twenties, along with their date of birth and a description of their literary "category," such as "novelist," "poet," "critic," and so on. But Wilson is given a special category all his own: he is identified — and rightly so — as "man of letters." The awesome accomplishments of Wilson in an intellectual as well as a literary way have made him come to seem like the studious, inscrutable "Owl" of the generation, and so it is especially interesting to see "the elvish side of him" that Dos Passos presents. Recounting his first meeting with Wilson, in the office hallway of *Vanity Fair*, Dos Passos recalls:

There appeared a slight sandy-haired young man with a handsome clear profile. He wore a formal dark business suit. The moment we had been introduced, while we were waiting for the elevator, Bunny gave an accent to the occasion by turning, with a perfectly straight face, a neat somersault.

A complete "individual" in the old-fashioned, almost obsolete sense of the word, Wilson seems full of surprises both in his life and in his work. The rich and varied body of his work is perhaps more full of delightful surprises than that of any

"I won't buy a Renault no matter how good it is."

"...no matter how good it is." Isn't that just superb?

The reasoning behind that statement is sad enough. But what's really tragic about it is that we helped bring some of it on ourselves.

A few years ago, we admit, some Renault cars and dealers fell a trifle short of perfection. So we can appreciate why a few former owners swore they'd never buy another one ... a few years ago.

What we can't appreciate is why they're still talking like that.

You see, we did some swearing of our own.

We fixed everything that needed fixing and then some. When you're the seventh largest car-maker in the world, you don't just sit around wringing your hands.

In fact, if everything weren't absolutely A-1 now, do you think we'd be talking about it?

The February '67 issue of *Road 'est Magazine*, for instance, a kind of consumer guide for car buyers, rates the Renault 10 ahead of all other imports in its class.

Unfortunately, the problem doesn't end with former owners. Some people who know nothing about our troubles of a few years back have also sworn off Renault.

Oh it's nothing personal, mind you. They simply hate all little foreign cars.

Typically, they've ridden around in a friend's little car. (Those people know who they are and they know what little cars we're talking about.)

So they're absolutely certain that any car for \$1647* has to be a noisy, hard-riding little machine.

Anyway, with all the swearing going on for one reason or another, many people won't even test drive the Renault 10.

And that's a shame.

Because if ever there was a car to make all the swearing stop, it is the Renault 10.



The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. Whitewalls and AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION optional.
For nearest dealer or information on overseas delivery, write Renault, Inc., Box 10, 750 Third Ave., NYC 10017

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other American writer, and it seems that its real merit and interest has been distorted by another easy caricature, for just as Dos Passos has been typed as a "political novelist," so Wilson has been typed as simply a "critic." Indeed, he is one of the finest literary critics we have ever had, but that is too narrow a term to describe a career that has also produced some of our most distinguished journalism, scholarship, and even fiction (his *Memoirs of Ihecate County* is one of the finest fictional portrayals of the social, political, and sexual life of his own generation). Following his own instincts and interests, Wilson's preoccupations have ranged from the Iroquois to the Finland Station; from the Dead Sea Scrolls to the Civil War, the cold war, the income tax, the coal miners, the automobile industry, "the higher jazz," the modern state of Israel, the Marquis de Sade, to name only a few. It should not be surprising then that his life should be as full of seemingly contradictory interests and accomplishments. Dos Passos reports that Wilson could never learn to drive a car, but used to travel from New York City to his mother's house in Red Bank, New Jersey, riding a motorcycle "through the screaming traffic." Wilson was also an unusually strong swimmer, a fact convincingly documented by Dos Passos when he recalls going out with him into a heavy surf off Red Bank:

We had been talking about Henry James' novels as we trotted down the beach. The waves pounded us. Though I was coughing and sputtering and hard put to it to keep from drowning, Bunny kept unreeling one of his long involved sentences in a quiet conversational tone. Except when he was interrupted by a wave's breaking over his head, he didn't miss a single dependent clause. He completed the paragraph, without ever getting out of breath, when we landed back on the beach. He showed no sign of noticing that I was blowing like a grampus.

There are particularly affectionate portrayals of E. E. Cummings, who seems to have been Dos Passos' close friend longer than anyone else (from Harvard days till Cummings' death in the early nineteen sixties), and of Gerald and Sara Murphy, the gracious and attractive couple who "discovered" the Riviera and served as the favorite hosts of the leading artists and writers of the time. We also get brief but telling glimpses of Hart Crane, Ring Lardner, Donald Ogden Stewart, as well as some of the outstanding European artists of the time. He brings us Picasso in a single, revealing paragraph that ends with the judgment that

you couldn't approach him or his work — the man and the work were inseparable — without profound admiration for the sly elbow, the cunning fingers, the accurate eye; if he had had the gift of compassion he would have been as great as Michelangelo.

The most space is given-to Fitzgerald and Hem-

ingway, whose friendships with Dos Passos (as with everyone else) were especially complex and sometimes disturbing, yet he handles both of those delicate relationships with a dignity, a sense of respect and fairness, that does honor to himself as well as to them. Though often unsympathetic to some of Fitzgerald's social — or antisocial — antics, he never lost respect for his gift:

When he talked about writing, his mind, which seemed to me full of preposterous notions about most things, became hard as a diamond. He didn't look at landscape, he had no taste for food or wine or painting, little ear for music except for the most rudimentary popular songs, but about writing he was a born professional. Everything he said was worth listening to.

Dos Passos remembers advising Fitzgerald not to publish the essays that composed *The Crack-Up*, and with a self-critical candor that is all too rare among literary memoirists, he remarks: "How easy it is to give your friends bad advice; it turned out to be one of his best books." It is difficult not to make comparison with the wholly different attitude of the Hemingway memoirs, in which the hero-narrator was always giving good advice to his friends and the only problem was that sometimes, like willful children, they failed to take it and therefore inevitably went astray. Dos Passos, on the other hand, admits to a human fallibility that evokes both trust and relief.

The last description of Fitzgerald is in 1932, when he used to come to visit Dos Passos, who was confined at the time to a hospital bed with a temporary illness. Dos Passos describes the troubled Fitzgerald of the thirties with a generosity and warmth that are typical of the whole book:

Actually, Scott was meeting adversity with a consistency of purpose that I found admirable. He was trying to raise Scottie, to do the best thing possible for Zelda, to handle his drinking and to keep a flow of stories into the magazines to raise the enormous sums that Zelda's illness cost. At the same time he was determined to continue writing first-rate novels. With age and experience his literary standards were rising. I never admired a man more. He was so much worse off than I was that I felt I ought to be sitting at his bedside instead of his sitting at mine.

IN RETROSPECT, Dos Passos' temporary hospitalization, or at least the timing of it, seems painfully symbolic. He explains that "soon after Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated I came down with a fresh bout of rheumatic fever." Although he has elsewhere written that he voted for the Communist candidates for President in 1932 — not because he wanted them to win but as a means of protest — and though he voted for FDR in 1936, and (with quick regrets) in 1940, it is almost as if the rheu-

matic fever following the first inauguration foreshadowed his later disillusionment with Roosevelt and with liberalism altogether. His antipathy to FDR and all he stood for reached an angry climax with the novel *The Grand Design*, published in 1949 as the final book of Dos Passos' second trilogy, *District of Columbia*.

The retrospective association of his illness with FDR's inauguration is typical of the attitude toward politics that is so clearly and bitterly expressed in this memoir. He writes, for instance, that "in the spring of 1917 some people caught socialism the way others caught the flu." Politics is thought of as a kind of disease, and in fact, after one reads this book, there is the sense that politics has been for Dos Passos what booze was for Fitzgerald; something that he couldn't give up even though it often got him into trouble and left him feeling worse afterward and often caused the ruin of old friendships.

Again, like Fitzgerald with his alcohol, Dos Passos kept trying to give up politics, and assuring others that after just one more cause (like one more drink), he'd be done with the stuff for good. He says that in the early thirties "I kept writing to Hem and other skeptical friends that I was just about to renounce radical entanglements, but the temptation would arise to join in one more piece of do-goodery." And after ridding himself of the radical entanglements mentioned in this book, he was later to get involved in conservative entanglements. There is a feeling that despite the seemingly dramatic change of Dos Passos from left to right, basically it was not so different from an alcoholic switching from gin to bourbon; he could change drinks, but he couldn't give up "drinking." His condemnation of "politics" is not limited to any brand, but refers to the entire "disease," an attitude made clear when he writes that "politics, in our day, has become as destructive as religion was in the fifteenth century." Not left-wing politics or right-wing politics — just *politics*, denounced as sweepingly as the alcoholic would denounce not gin or bourbon but *booze*, whatever the label.

The irony of Dos Passos' being typed as a "political" writer is made especially clear when he recalls being asked in the thirties to address a conference composed of "writers of what was then called proletarian literature. Some of the professors had been putting that label on my stuff and I had been thinking how to take evasive action." With his usual reluctance about public appearances, he simply mailed in his "speech," and sums up its message by recalling that "Malcolm Cowley brought out what I meant when he quoted me as having exclaimed: 'Writers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your brains.' I hope I really said it."

Dos Passos has good reason for being bitter. The literary evaluation of his work has undoubtedly suffered because of political rather than artistic considerations. This unfortunate phenomenon can be no better illustrated than by quoting from Maxwell Geismar's self-righteous little sermon posing as an introduction to a paperback edition of *The Big Money*. Mr. Geismar, a critic who often judges literature in terms of his own outworn "proletarian" outlook, has attacked writers as various and as distinguished as Salinger and Henry James (in a book-length diatribe of hysteria and invective entitled *Henry James and the Jacobins*) for what seems to boil down to their failure to populate their novels with characters who belong to the United Automobile Workers or the I.L.G.W.U. He is particularly snide about Dos Passos, whom, of course, he considers to be a turncoat. In his introduction to Dos Passos' own novel, he graciously says that if its author would only return to his former political beliefs, he "would be welcome back to the roster" of leading American writers. "Meanwhile," Geismar advises the reader, "I think we should close our eyes to what Dos Passos has written since *USA*." That is certainly a more "liberal" suggestion than advocating that we burn all those later books by Dos Passos, but even closing our eyes to them involves a kind of blindness that is harmful to the reader as well as the writer.

What hurt as much as, or more than, this sort of nonliterary criticism born of political judgments was the breaking up of personal friendships because of political beliefs. "I could never quite get used to people I thought were friends getting sore at me personally instead of my reprehensible opinions," Dos Passos reflects. But it happened, as a result of radical as well as conservative opinions, in the thirties as well as the fifties. He writes, almost pleadingly in his own defense, and with a sense of guilt that is typical of his attitude toward politics, that in these personal conflicts over ideology "I kept remembering a motto letterhead over the entrance of the Carcel Modelo in Madrid: 'Abhor the crime but pity the criminal.'"

Although he doesn't speak of it in this book — it deals with only "The Best Times" — it was this sort of political controversy that caused a decisive break in his long friendship with Hemingway. José Robles, a Spaniard who was a longtime friend of Dos Passos', was shot by the Communists for political reasons, and this personal tragedy led Dos Passos to question the whole Communist role in the Spanish Civil War. He argued bitterly about it with Hemingway, who had become a staunch supporter of the Spanish Republican fight against Franco, and finally Dos Passos left Spain having broken with Hemingway as well as some of his old political persuasions. The diverse direction the two writers

took during the rending conflict in Spain was summed up by a headline in the *Partisan Review* in 1938 that read: "Substitute at Left Tackle: Hemingway for Dos Passos."

True to the title of the memoir, it stops just short of all this. The disillusionments of the Spanish Civil War, and its effect on the old friendship with Hemingway, are simply foreshadowed by referring to pleasant lunches in Madrid that took place evidently on the eve of the conflict: "These lunches were the last time Hem and I were able to speak of things Spanish without losing our tempers."

The friendship with Hemingway had become increasingly difficult even before politics put the last crack in it. Dos Passos had met his first wife, Katy (she was killed in a tragic auto accident in 1947 in which Dos Passos lost an eye), at Hemingway's house in Key West, and Katy had been a childhood friend of the Hemingway family's. Despite the later crack-up of the friendship, Dos Passos can still look back on Hemingway with affection and respect:

Hem had uncommonly good eyesight. The hunter's cold acuity. In those days [the twenties, of course] he seemed to me to see things and people uncolored by sentiment or theory. Everything was in a cool clear white light, the light which pervades his best short stories. "A Clean Well Lighted Place" for example.

Speaking in admiration of Hemingway's intense dedication to learning all about any subject he wanted to write on, Dos Passos says,

He stuck like a leech till he had every phase of the business in his blood. He worked himself into the confidence of the local professionals and saturated himself to the bursting point. . . . Some of Hemingway's best writing springs from this quality. When he described the matador's work in *Death in the Afternoon*, he knew what he was talking about.

Writing of the time when things began to go sour between them, Dos Passos can speak about the trouble by laying part of the blame on himself, and can describe Hemingway's own poses and peculiarities more with wryness than with bitterness. Writing of visits that he and his wife made to the Hemingway home in Key West in the early thirties, Dos Passos says,

things got rocky between Ernest and me more often than they used to. It may have been as much my fault as his. Katy and I laid it to the literary gaspers. . . . The famous author, the great sports fisherman, the mighty African hunter: we tried to keep him kidded down to size. We played up to him some at that, particularly nights when he had a sore throat and would retire to bed before supper and we'd all bring him drinks and eat our supper on trays around the bedroom. We called it the *lit royale*. I never knew an athletic and vigorous man who spent as much time in bed as Ernest did.

In the recollections of the early thirties the hints of the troubles and disillusionments to come are there, like storm warnings, but true to the promise of its title, the book stops short of the storm, which for Dos Passos as well as many others seemed to break conclusively with the Spanish Civil War. If most of the *Best Times* ended with the twenties, there were still a few good lunches and a few pleasant trips and visits in the first few years of the following decade. But there the book trails off, rather sadly and abruptly, without direct reference to the wars and troubles ahead; *The Best Times* is basically a book of nostalgia and love for the twenties.

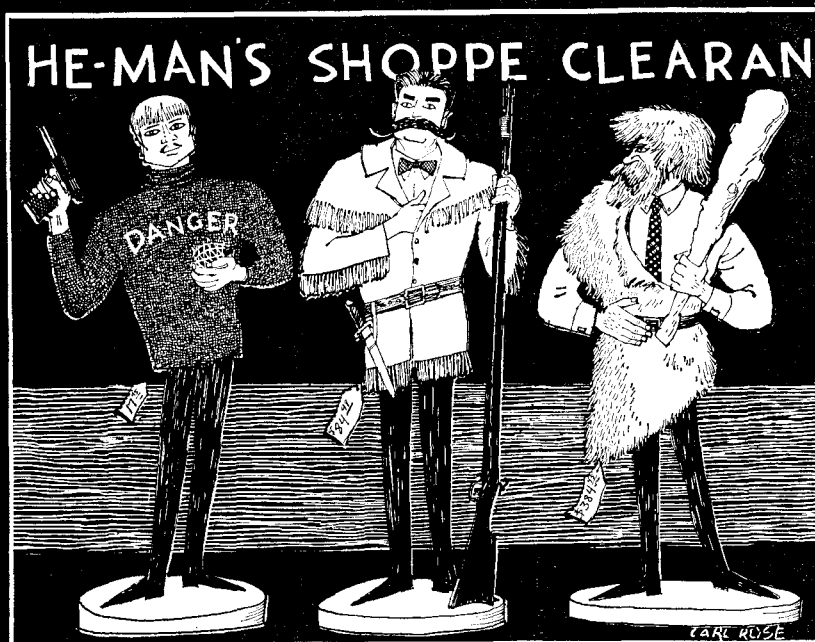
Dos Passos' own feelings about that era can best be summed up by quoting several lines from Fitzgerald's ode in essay form to "My Lost City," which is the New York of the twenties. In the romantic voice that sounds so unfamiliar now and seems to come from so terribly far away, Fitzgerald perhaps was speaking for all of that great literary generation when he looked back on the twenties and lamented:

. . . I can only cry out that I have lost my splendid mirage. Come back, come back, O glittering and white.

AMONG THE CYPRESSES AT THE END OF THE WAY OF THE CROSS

by KENNETH REXROTH

Will you eat watermelon
Or drink lemonade
Beside San Miniato
This hot twilight
Arno blurring in its white dry cobbled bed
Wine honey olive oil
Fill the air with their secret vapors
And a black potter
Treads treads treads
Her wheel shaping a pot
With a template cut from your flesh
Lovers whimper in the dusk
We are lost do you hear
We are all lost
As the hundred bells break
And the stars speak



Living

TWILIGHT OF THE HE-MAN

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Signs that the epidemic of he-manliness is nearing its peak are encouraging. The turn is probably still to come, but the cry of the male is carrying so far and his chest beatings are so loud that the whole cult of masculinity — if that's what we are expected to call it — may soon become only a memory. It was not so long ago, one recalls, that the irresistible riposte on a commuters' train of a morning was, "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" and there was a considerable period some years later when everyone was eating chlorophyll, and alert manufacturers were putting it into toothpaste and chewing gum. These preoccupations did not prove durable, and it may well be that the he-man of 1967 will have a place only in our photograph albums by the time summer is here. He-manliness is boiling so hard that it can't possibly last.

One symptom of acute virility was the New York newspaper advertisement by a midtown clothing store offering a turtleneck black sweater. The price was \$17, and quite a bit was made of the fact that the sweater was *imported* — from France, no less! The shop could fairly be described as attuned to the

well-dressed office boy or the hard-driving assistant branch manager, and one assumes that the importation of a sweater from France would not in itself dazzle the clientele. A more pertinent appeal was called for in the caption for the advertisement's text: the single word "Danger."

Hammering home the concept that the purchaser of the \$17 sweater can thereby pass for a really tough nut was a drawing — quite a good one — of a young man who is wearing it. He's not angry — yet — just grim, and in his right hand, pointing it upward at about forty-five degrees, he holds a large automatic pistol, a Luger I should judge.

The implications of the pistol are not clear. Without it the young man would not seem especially dangerous; disagreeable, yes, but nothing to frighten anyone. What, then, causes the danger? Only a general unfamiliarity with firearms, we are forced to conclude. Put a pistol in his hand, and it may go off any old time at almost anything, but the same could be said of a six-year-old. The logic of all this as a come-on for a \$17 sweater is hard to follow.

The he-man is putting up another

last stand with his automobiles. The ferocious names Detroit has devised for mass-production models are several years old by now, and we are all accustomed to the he-man as he plods through the traffic in a car named after some predatory animal or fish or poisonous snake. The names must have acquired a certain amount of goodwill, one supposes, and continue in use, although they lack novelty, so that the copywriter has to rummage around and talk it up on the side.

"Crouched low for action" was the copywriter's description of a perfectly normal Detroit hardtop, the sort of car that fills the parking lots of supermarkets, where the he-man owner, his automatic pistol laid aside for the moment, is often seen off-loading bags of purchases from his shopping cart into its ever so spacious trunk. (To reach the innermost recesses of the trunk and stow the Big Economy Size carton of detergent, the he-man must indeed be crouched low for action, just like his car, unless he is to fetch himself a nasty bump on the trunk lid.)

As symbols, these signs of he-manliness are harmless enough, but the times are against them. Not even the six-hundred-cubic-inch Viper can crouch low enough to hurry through a jam at a turnpike

tollgate. How much "danger" bespeaks the black turtleneck sweater if all Viper owners are wearing one, and why in that circumstance should anyone at all wear one? The he-man is fighting his last desperate rearguard action in a veritable uniform of the day: sweater, dungarees, loafers. Is this the garb of an individualist or of a conformist? What if everyone has muscles on Muscle Beach? Or, in town, what is so distinctive about a dirty neck if all are unwashed?

The Variable Look

BY R. G. G. PRICE

Critic and humorist for PUNCH magazine, R. G. G. PRICE appears frequently in Accent on Living.

Bantam Books have started something all right. When reviewers differed over John Hersey's new novel, *White Lotus*, some of them took it as a historical allegory; for others it was "a story of an exotic girl." So for the paperback, the ingenious publishers have provided a choice of covers, red for lovers of exotica and white for readers who like a serious message. I can see this thing growing till it's bigger than all of us.

In the theater, playgoers will get a choice of program. Say the play is *Hamlet*. Members of the audience who are hoping for a bloody revenge tragedy get a program decorated with hands dripping in gore, and misty, lowering battlements, while those who are looking forward to spending the evening on a philosophical inquiry into the Nature of Things can have an abstract design in shades of black and possibly some rather exhibitionist typography.

How dull the ordinary restaurant menu will seem when the Bantam Way gets going. Do you want Avocado Pear with Prawns or Prawns with Avocado Pear? Both will be listed so that fish lovers and fruit lovers can have the approach that appeals to them. For the bibulous, dishes will be listed under the wines they are cooked in.

I can see art galleries being influenced by this trend. Perhaps frames could be varied. Take an

Italian primitive of a saint in a landscape. On the odd days of the month the frame could be all gilt and ecclesiastical and do everything it could to direct attention to the saint. On the even days, art lovers would be directed to the setting, and the frame would suggest the blueness of distance or the grayness of city walls seen in the background. Nonrepresentational work would look quite different according to whether the frames were bright or drab.

The record-album industry, which sometimes seems more inventive than the music industry, could easily provide up to half a dozen packagings for a single disc. Sometimes the original, vestigial tune would be emphasized, sometimes attention would be drawn to what the group had done to it, and sometimes the container would concentrate on the biographies of the performers. Then there could be another about the attitude to life — sorry, Life — expressed by the lyric, and why not a version devoted to the performers' manager?

More and more sociologists are turning aside from intractable problems, like the images presented by political parties to minority groups, and compound for their pleasure in lowbrow entertainment by producing statistics about it; for these near-dedicated academics there could be a special thesis-oriented album.

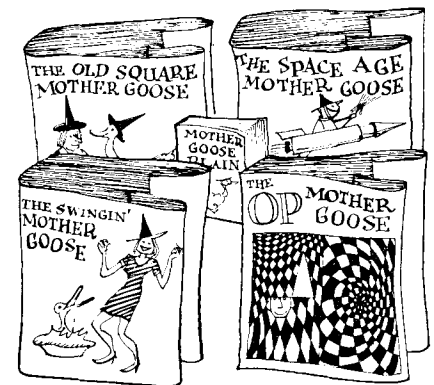
I can see a future for Bantam Books's happy thought in the furniture trade. With the help of histories of the subject, you could find quite a clutch of names for those pieces on which more than one person can sit — couch, sofa, davenport, and so forth. There can be an equal freedom of description for period. If the buyer prefers "mid-eighteenth century" to "Chippendale" or "Georgian," good luck to him. The man who is going to get ahead is the man who can devise seven completely different descriptions for one chest.

Naturally it will be in the book trade that this offbeat initiative bears the finest fruit. Take illustration. One illustrator, faced with the manuscript of a novel, will bring out the surface horror of the story, another will light up the humor, a third will help the reader to grasp the deep underlying symbolism. How different, after all, *Alice in Wonderland's* subliminal effect would

have been if it had been illustrated by Daumier instead of by Tenniel.

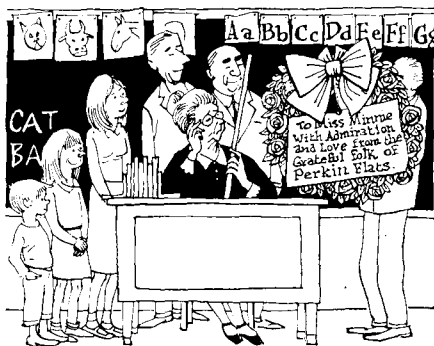
One surefire attraction for publishers is the past. The market for history books of one kind and another never seems to get saturated. I foresee a series that appears in at least three versions. One is full of old prints and charming little woodcuts of milkmaids and pictures of parish churches. One is packed with charts and tables. And the one that sells best is illustrated with pictures of scaffolds and torture chambers and the sack of towns and very *décolleté* mistresses of European kings.

Travel literature? Of course, why not? You will be able to buy your Guide to North Africa or the Caribbean in at least four separate versions. For the studious, geographically minded traveler who likes to know where he is, the book's cover will be a map. The kind of tourist who is more interested in a country's past than its present will be lured in by a montage of museum specimens. There are also, let's face it, earthy travelers who regard a trip as a change of restaurant rather than a change of cultural environment; they will be able to buy the book in a mouth-watering cover that highlights the food. Even earthier travelers will get nudes.



I wonder what Mr. Hersey's reaction was to this stroke of enterprise on the part of his publishers. Was he allowed to suggest that one cover rather than another fitted his inspiration? Did he get a chance to sketch his own ideal packaging, perhaps a design that drew attention to the prose in which *White Lotus* was written or even conveyed a strong impression that it was his best book to date?

I have a horrible feeling that the trend after this one will be for publishers to select covers and then hire novelists to write books to fit them.



No Greater Reward

BY PARKER H. KENDALL

PARKER H. KENDALL, who lives on Long Island, teaches in the New York schools, where the rewards are material as well as psychic.

Although teachers are not given generous financial rewards for their labors, they are compensated for their economic deprivation with psychic rewards. A psychic reward is that warm feeling of satisfaction a teacher experiences whenever she realizes that the chore she is performing for society is onerous yet noble. Of all Americans, only teachers are entitled to psychic rewards. Occasionally it is argued that all people who work with children are eligible for psychic rewards. But this is not so. Psychic rewards are not given to child psychiatrists or pediatricians. Nor to guards at reform schools. Not even to parents, for that matter.

The all-time record for psychic-reward reception is held by Minnie Bancroft from the Iowa town of Perkin Flats (pop. 1029). When Miss Minnie retired at eighty-seven after teaching sixty-seven years in the town's elementary school, the Perkin Flats *Gazette* ran two full pages of testimonials. At the retirement ceremony, she was showered with awards, both financial and psychic. More than five hundred Perkin Flats citizens who had Miss Minnie in the first grade presented her with a twenty-four-foot-long "Best Wishes Upon Your Retirement" scroll. Thomas Randolph, lawyer and town clerk, promised Miss Minnie he would prepare free of charge the necessary legal papers anytime she wanted to apply to the County Farm. A local fraternal or-

ganization gave her a \$5 gift certificate toward the purchase of new glasses — or, more correctly, a new glass, since one of Miss Minnie's eyes gave out some fifteen years ago. (Out of deference to the memory of Miss Minnie's good eye, electric lights were installed in the local schoolhouse four years ago.) The town's merchants told her they would grant her a 2 percent discount on any purchases over \$10 and a 5 percent discount on anything over \$100. The local Grange promised her a month's supply of fresh vegetables every summer. Dr. Blackwell said he would accept three jars of Miss Minnie's home-canned piccalilli in lieu of cash the next time he treated her for any illness classified by Blue Cross as "generally not incapacitating."

Howard Crosley, an insurance agent, presented Miss Minnie with a \$2000 life insurance policy, the beneficiary being listed as Mr. Crosley's favorite charity. (She was never married and had no known relatives.) Evelyn Wheeler, president of the Perkin Flats Teachers Association, came on stage and gave Miss Minnie an orchid corsage and two ball-point pens, plus a year's supply of refill cartridges, in honor of Miss Minnie's leadership in rallying opposition against a representative of a teachers' union which a few years ago tried to organize Perkin Flats teachers. Finally, Harold Adamson, president of the Perkin Flats Farmers' Savings and Loan and president of the Board of Education, announced that, with Miss Minnie's consent, he could now reveal that Miss Minnie would be no financial burden on the town after she retired, since she had, over the years, been setting aside every payday 10 percent of her salary. Miss Minnie's account at the Perkin Flats Farmers' Savings and Loan now totaled \$12,863.29, a sum, Mr. Adamson assured the assembled, that would easily see anyone who lived as frugally as Miss Minnie through another ten years.

Now these material rewards, though revealing the love one community had for its first-grade teacher, were nothing as compared with the psychic rewards that accompanied the giving of the gifts. Miss Minnie, it is said, went home that evening and cried three days straight, so great was her gratitude. And, some Perkin Flatsters say, it was out of

gratitude that she decided to die when she reached ninety-seven, exactly on the day her savings at the Perkin Flats Farmers' Savings and Loan ran out. Nobody had told Miss Minnie, but the "charity" beneficiary of her \$2000 insurance policy was the funeral parlor of Samuel Underwood, who, through an understanding with Mr. Crosley (who had bought the insurance with nickels and dimes collected from Perkin Flats Elementary School first-graders), buried Miss Minnie in a casket for which he charged only the wholesale price, turning over the remaining money to a civic committee, which arranged for the burial ceremony and purchased a headstone befitting a schoolteacher. The remaining \$1900 was donated to the elementary school for the installation of indoor plumbing. On the day of interment almost every citizen of Perkin Flats filed past Miss Minnie's grave. Posthumous psychic rewards were bestowed upon her for three solid hours.

American schoolteachers today, caught up in hollering and picketing for higher pay and improved working conditions, would do well to remember that their profession is the only one that entitles its practitioners to something that money cannot buy. Any American teacher who worked at it diligently might even end up being her community's Miss Minnie. Could there be any greater reward, psychic or otherwise?

SHE DOES

BY SAMUEL L. ALBERT

You wouldn't sit there but she does
Back and low behind the stall
Cold and huddled and after all
You wouldn't sit there but she does.

Not for all the nickels in odeon
Would you sit there but she does.
If offered even half the palladium
Would you sit there; but she does.

Money she makes a little bit
Selling papers for half of it,
The rest in magazines and such
Whatever she makes it isn't much.

You wouldn't sit there but she does.

Here We Go Gathering Nichols and May

BY RAY IRWIN

RAY IRWIN is a former Midwesterner and graduate of the University of Minnesota who is now teaching at Syracuse University.

I seem to have the peculiar talent of noticing things in Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* that escape everyone else. When I read the play more than three years ago, I saw that the characters used the word "hunh" a lot (fifty-five times in fact), and this was noteworthy because I had never seen the word in print before, and I couldn't find it in any dictionary, and I couldn't imagine how one was supposed to pronounce it.

I wrote a little study of the word



— which characters used it how many times, what its symbolism might be, and so on — and it was published in the April, 1964, *Atlantic*.

Not too long ago I saw the movie. I hadn't been around anywhere where the play was being performed in the ensuing years, so I was more than a little curious to hear what the actors did about "hunh." It turned out that they didn't do anything about it — which is to say, they didn't use it at all. Every single "hunh" had been deleted. And this is especially noteworthy when one considers that nearly everything else in the published play had been left in. But another thing caught my ear that caused all speculations about the missing "hunhs" to vanish. It was this: Both Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor sang "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" to the tune of "Now We Go Gathering Nuts in May"! I have read a good many reviews of both the play and the movie, and no one, to my knowl-

edge, has marked this oddity before.

Now, obviously, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" is some sort of esoteric parody on "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?", the song sung in the Walt Disney cartoon film *The Three Little Pigs*. Why, I asked myself, was an entirely different tune put into the mouths of the actors?

Not until I had engaged in several fruitless evenings of symbol hunting did I come up with the answer. What had held the answer back was my naïve assumption that "everybody" knew "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" What I should have realized from the start was that everybody *my age* knew the song, but not necessarily anybody who worked on the movie. A little digging supported this tardy insight. The year that *The Three Little Pigs* came out, 1933, Richard Burton was only eight, Mike Nichols, the director, was two, Elizabeth Taylor was one, and Sandy Dennis and George Segal hadn't even been born yet. So this song, as much a part of my musical repertory as "Three Blind Mice," might very well be one that none of them ever heard. You would think that Richard Burton's mother

might have sung it to him, but its great popularity was probably brief, and what with all the fine songs the Welsh have to sing to their children, she probably simply never got around to it.

And there the matter stands, for now. I say "for now" because I very much doubt that we have seen the last version of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* One of these years, someone is going to want to make a musical out of it, and when that time comes, the disparity between the tune and the lyrics will have to be straightened out. The obvious thing to do would be to use the Disney tune, which I submit should have been done in the first place. But copyright difficulties arise here. Maybe the Disney people will not want to release it, or maybe they will agree to do so only in exchange for an exorbitant hunk of the gross. An ingenious way out would be to keep the movie tune and change the parody to something like "Here We Go Gathering Nichols and May." It makes as much sense to me as "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" But then, of course, the whole last scene would have to be changed, because it would sound peculiar for George to sing "Here We Go Gathering Nichols and May" and for Martha to reply "I am."

Actually, there is no point in my worrying about what will be somebody else's headache — which is one of the great advantages of being a literary critic. You can bring up all sorts of worrisome problems, but you never feel any obligation to solve them.

INQUISITION OF AN APHORIST

BY RICHARD BOETH

"Where do you worship?" he said, said he,

"I like to sleep late," said I.

"You are slothful and sinful and probably damned,

And you'll go to hell when you die."

"Where do you worship?" she said, said she,

"At the shrine of my wife," said I.

"You've a lecherous, lewd, libidinous lust,

And brimstone will blind your eye."

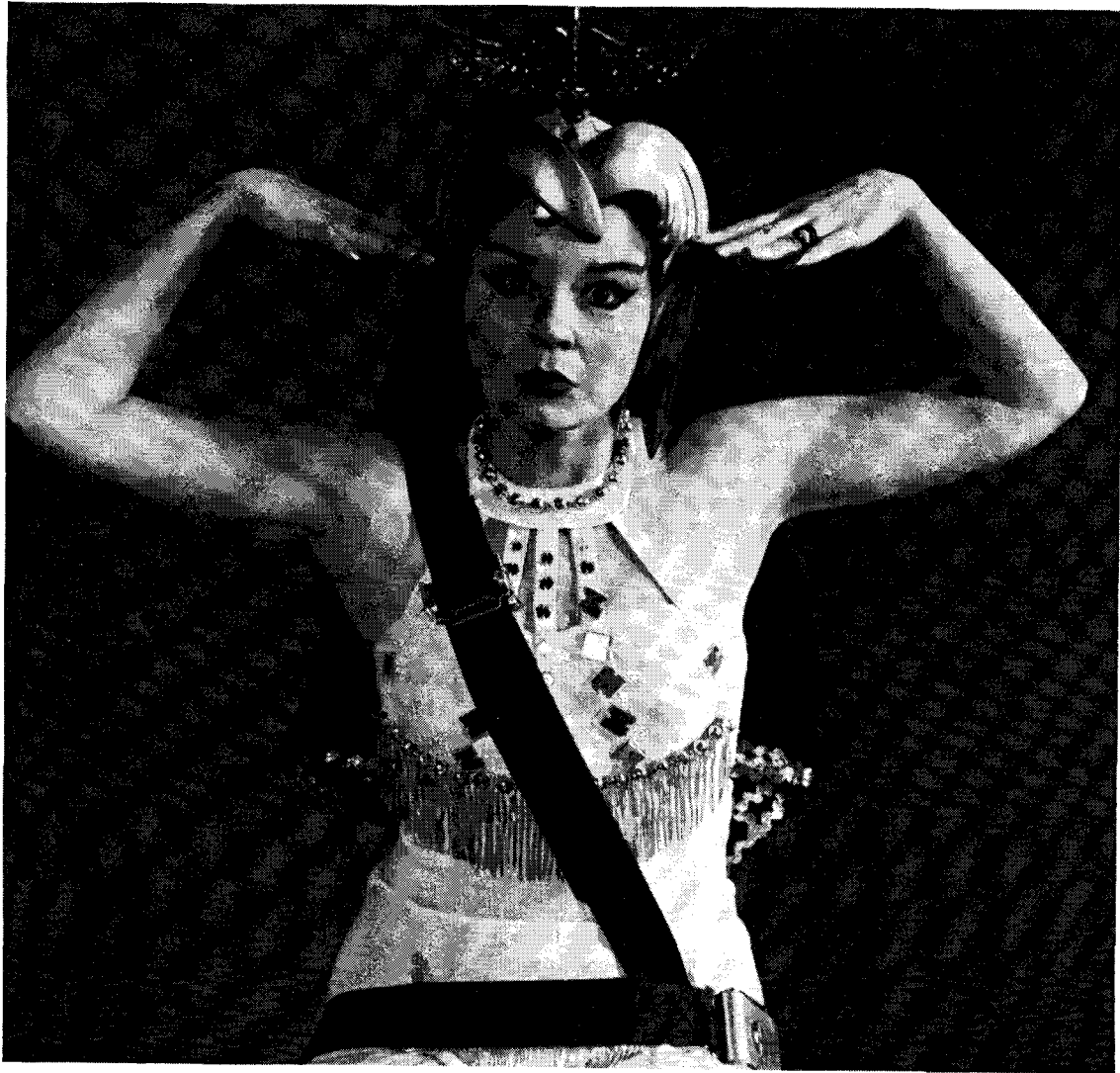
"What church do you go to?" they said, said they,

"Depends on who's died," said I.

They fled — as I'd thought — for the question was right

And I gave them the proper reply.

How to get your wife to fasten her Rover 2000 safety harness:



Tell her it drives men mad.

The Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd.: Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y. 10017; 231 Johnson Ave., Newark, N.J. 07108; 1040 Bayview Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304; 373 Shaw Rd., South San Francisco, Calif. 94080; 10889 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024; Mobile Drive, Toronto 16, Ont.; 156 W. Second Ave., Vancouver 10, B.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pleasures and places



STRATFORD-ON-AVON

BY NGAIO MARSH

I don't know whether there ever really was an establishment in Stratford-on-Avon that called itself Ye Old Shakespeare Radio Shoppe. I have heard it, as Macbeth says, by the way, and incline to hope that it is true. Provided they are kept within bounds, such antic dispositions on the part of local commerce have, for me, a certain awful charm. In a similar vein, I do not really mind the lorries that blatter over Clopton Bridge or the hordes of trippers blankly wandering from bun shop to Birthplace, from bus to Burial Place, and from Bancroft to memorial bust. I don't mind folk dancers sweating it out on the green and in the marketplace or those handwoven cloaks and scarves that might have been created for Miss Margaret Rutherford in one of her more rococo roles. All these elements, though they may distress the purist, don't bother me. They keep Stratford from displaying an excess of good taste, a fault that could never be ascribed to the dramatist himself.

Indeed, I believe that Shakespeare, if aware of them, would greatly relish these mild excesses. He adored solemn nonsense and all kinds of skulduggery. Were he here, he might well introduce us to a modern Morris side as rich in comedy as Costard's Worthies or Peter Quince's local

drama society. I am glad Stratford has not been preserved in aspic, that the plays are so successfully produced to such polyglot audiences in such a bustling, shrewdly run town. Their author was himself a shrewd man of business and surely a bit of a hustler. He was accustomed to mixed audiences, and he saw nothing wrong with success.

On the other hand, there is not too much nonsense at Stratford-on-Avon. The Shakespeare Trust and the dynasty of the brewing House of Flower, great benefactors to the theater and town, have kept a wise hand upon the preservation and upkeep of most of those places and objects that really matter. (Though what, oh, what, has become of that wonderful bookshop called the Shakespeare Press?) There is no nonsense about the house in Henley Street or the garden at New Place.

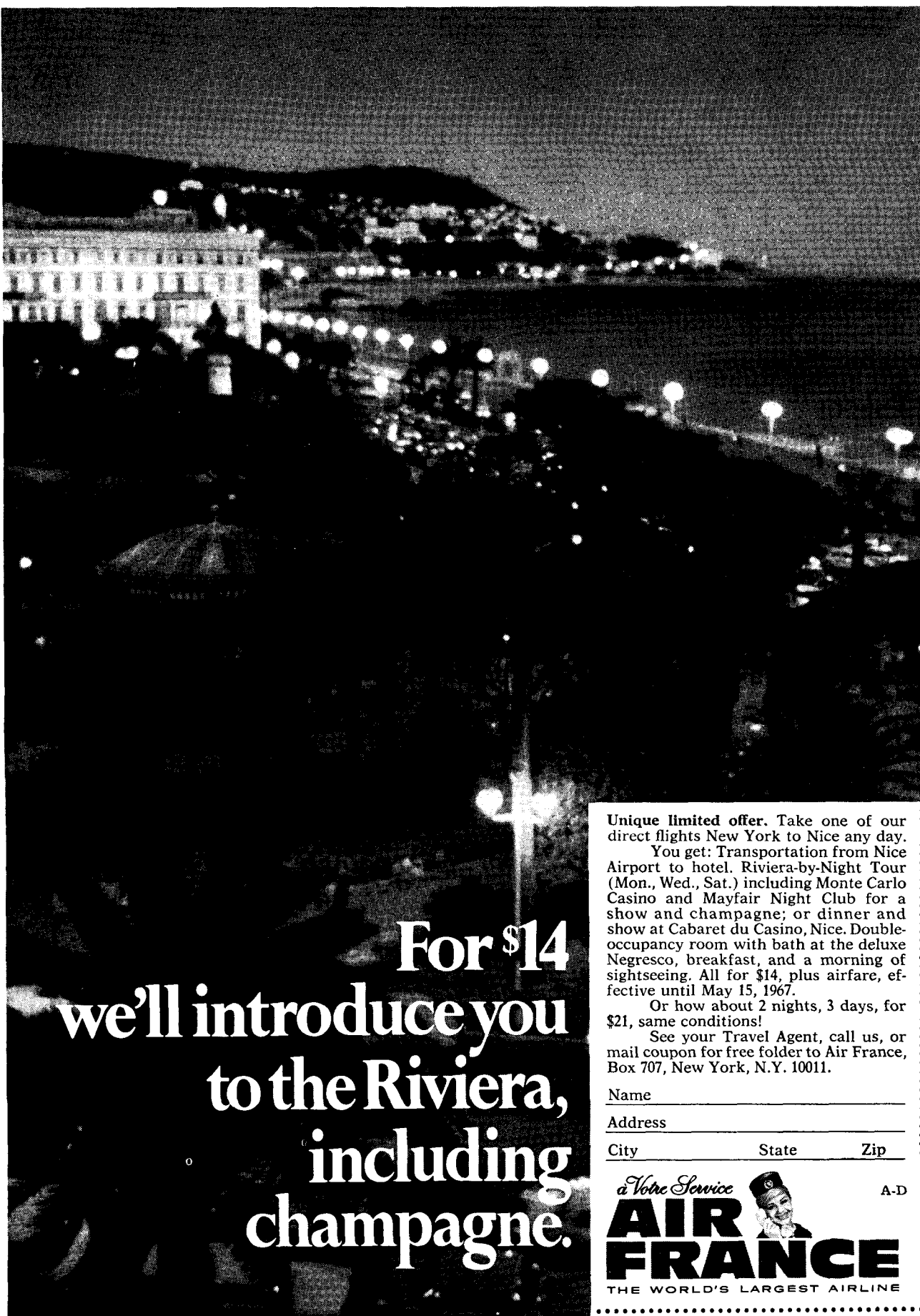
Stratford is not an outstandingly beautiful town. It has a thriving, down-to-earth air about it, a provincial air that it has worn since the days when its local boy made so very good. It has some nice old buildings, two fine churches, and a lovely bridge. There are at least three superb pubs and a theater that dates from the very worst period in modern British architecture, a building in which the func-

tional casts an uneasy backward glance over its own shoulder at art nouveau. The more excessive manifestations in the latter vein had been removed before their present comeback into aesthetic popularity, a circumstance over which the directors may or may not now whip the cat. In my opinion they have done well in all their alterations, and I find the interior of the Royal Memorial Theater much more welcoming than it used to be. In its exterior appearance, only an act of God could effect any improvement.

But whatever one may think of the playhouse itself, wonderful things are done within its walls, and that, of course, is why, after London, it is my favorite town in all England. Here the most heartwarming assemblages of words in dramatic literature crackle and blaze and sing, and here, sooner or later, all the best actors in England come to send them flying about the house. Here, every four years or so, if we are lucky in the cast, Feste may sing his last little song gaily enough to break your heart. The cold dawn air at Elsinore moves through this theater, and so do the bawdy winds of Egypt and the unruly gale that blows chimneys down in the country around Ferres. It's a great place for Tempests, Stratford. There one has seen history on the rampage and the destruction of bodies and souls and also the unsentimental splendors of true love. Theseus' palace has melted into a wood near Athens, and the moon, new bent in heaven, has been crossed by the Duke's oak, moving silently across the stage at the heart of a dream. But of course it's not a wood near Athens; it's a wood near Stratford that has come into the theater, and the Duke's oak grows less than a mile away on some hillside toward Charlecote.

It is, after all, for Shakespeare himself that one goes to Stratford.

The only thing that I really boggle at in the place is that atrocious effigy of William Shakespeare in the church. Whether it is a substitute for some original or not, whether it is the original repainted and changed, or whether it has simpered there in its present form for four centuries is a secondary consideration. The first thing that must be said about it is that it is the work of some wretched journeyman who was neat enough in the churning out of scrolls, buttons, and ornament



For \$14
we'll introduce you
to the Riviera,
including
champagne.

Unique limited offer. Take one of our direct flights New York to Nice any day.

You get: Transportation from Nice Airport to hotel. Riviera-by-Night Tour (Mon., Wed., Sat.) including Monte Carlo Casino and Mayfair Night Club for a show and champagne; or dinner and show at Cabaret du Casino, Nice. Double-occupancy room with bath at the deluxe Negresco, breakfast, and a morning of sightseeing. All for \$14, plus airfare, effective until May 15, 1967.

Or how about 2 nights, 3 days, for \$21, same conditions!

See your Travel Agent, call us, or mail coupon for free folder to Air France, Box 707, New York, N.Y. 10011.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

à Votre Service
AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



A-D

Festival in the sky stereo, and movies by In-Flight Motion Pictures, available at nominal cost.

but had no ability at all when it came to attempting the human head. The fact that in no human face are the proportions between right and left side exactly matched has not been observed by this duffer. There is no modeling and no bone. The thing might have been made from a potato. To say it is merely a mask is an insult to maskmakers. It is nothing. A thousand pities, I consider, that the Cromwellian army didn't mistake it for some incredibly complacent saint and make away with it, but I daresay they rather admired it. One can well imagine that such objects were the done thing among well-to-do burgesses in Cromwellian Warwickshire.

Apart from the effigy, all is quietly pleasing in the church at Stratford. It feels alive, unselfconscious, and peaceful. It was here on winter Sundays that coughing drowned the parson's saw while Jack the shepherd stamped down the lane outside and blew on his frozen nail. Strange indeed to walk up the aisle, stand at the sanctuary rails, and look down on the Shakespeare family burial place and at William's epitaph:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here!
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

I wish the family had thought of carving a couplet from "Fear no more the heat of the sun" instead of this little affair, which is less odd, really, than it seems, because there was a chancel house at Holy Trinity in Shakespeare's time, and the dead were shifted unmannerly and thrown into it to make room for their successors. For all we know to the contrary, the quatrain may have been one in general use, but I have never heard of its appearing in any other place. Perhaps his widow made it up.

Someone once wrote with great truth that for four centuries Shakespeare has attracted madmen like a magnet. Fortunately, perhaps, they tend to stay away from the church in Stratford since most of them deny his authorship of the plays. But there are some anti-Stratfordians who would disobey the epitaph and dig the enclosed dust. They have a theory, I am told, that a confession or some other damaging piece of evidence must have been entombed with the poet. There is no likelihood of their theory being investigated, and whatever fragile wraith of Wil-

liam Shakespeare lies, face upward, a very little way below those stones, it is not likely to revisit the glimpses of the moon or encounter the gaze of the twentieth century. There he lies almost in the middle of England. He was a most remarkable man.

If you walk from the Falcon Hotel to the parish church, you come at once upon the Guild Chapel, and hard by it, Stratford Grammar School. One of the favorite arguments of the anti-Shakespeare angries is based on a notion that because he was not a university man, Shakespeare was incapable of writing the plays. This ridiculous assumption takes no account of the fact that the school was undoubtedly a good one according to the practice of the times and that Shakespeare must have attended it. A fellow pupil has left us a letter in very good Latin which he addressed to his father at a tender age. There's no reason to suppose young Shakespeare was any less well versed than this lad. As the son of a leading citizen, he received the education befitting his station, and we know it was rigorous and terribly thorough. It is pleasant to think of him banging the door of the house in Henley Street behind him and stamping down High Street on a frosty dawn with his satchel on his back and his breath wreathing his head like smoke. Or dawdling, reluctant, through the languors of midsummer toward the awful boredom of long, droning lessons laced with the terrible "jerks" of his pedagogue's cane. The grammar school has no lists of that time, so we cannot tell what his place in class may have been, but everything he has written about schoolboys suggests that he did not enjoy his lessons. Well, there stands the old half-timbered school, lurching slightly with age but perfectly hale and hearty and still in action. If the present headmaster is a wise man, he will be at pains to make sure that his boys are not sickened by Shakespeare as Shakespeare himself seems to have been by the relentless cramming of the Elizabethan curriculum.

From the Falcon Hotel it is only three minutes on foot downhill to the theater, the Avon, the swans, the Bancroft archery lawn, and that piece of Victorian statuary that has Shakespeare sitting capably on a pedestal while a selection of his created personages take up appropriate attitudes around and beneath him.

The prospect here is bland, and it is upon this blameless green that folk and country dancers from all over England keep their own earnest midsummer revels. There is a market square and a cross, where delinquents were whipped in Shakespeare's time; there is a nice puppet shop, and opposite it, and next door to the birthplace, the very beautifully designed Shakespeare Center, where the modern consorts in perfect accord with the ancient, and where treasures are housed in safety. Here, as you enter, are superb glass panels, engraved by the New Zealander John Mutton, whose galaxy of saints and angels hovers about the entrance into Coventry Cathedral.

There are fine things in Stratford, and there are simple pleasures too. One can be ferried across the Avon for a penny, or hire a boat and potter up- and down-stream among inevitable swans. One can stand on Clopton Bridge and watch the returning eddy that Shakespeare remarked upon, and one can, of course, between plays, visit the memorial places.

Better than any of these demure excursions, I find, are the walks one can take around and about the town. One can walk, for instance, in the early morning or after sunset, over the fields to Shottery, up to one's knees in mist, with nothing awake but a few Warwickshire cows. In the course of many such walks I have never yet entered Anne Hathaway's cottage. It has always been full to the doors of sightseers or else shut. I don't mind very much. There it is, and it looks very nice. I like better to hear with my mind's ear the outdoor sounds that pleased Shakespeare: the musical confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction, the lark that at heaven's gate sings, and the cuckoo that mocks married men. And I like especially to look at the groups of trees and the grassy margin of a hill against the sky where my mind's eye can see Wat the hare, poor dew-bedabbled wretch, sitting up on his hinder parts and listening for the fell sounds of the pursuit.

Shakespeare never quite left Warwickshire behind him. The countryside and the little town accompanied him to London, and there are very, very few of his works in which they cannot be found. It is for this reason, as well as for what goes on in the theater, that I like to go to Stratford.

they shall have music



ONCE AROUND THE "RING"

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

"*Die Walküre*," once wrote Bernard Shaw, "is endured by the average man because it contains four scenes for which he would sit out a Scotch sermon or even a House of Commons debate." Shaw, who was visiting Bayreuth at the time (the summer of 1896) in his capacity of music critic for a London journal, then went on to enumerate the four high points: the Act I love duet, the *Todesverkündigung* or Announcement of Death in Act II, and the Ride of the Valkyries and Magic Fire Music in Act III.

He also acknowledged with cheerful candor that even for the initiated, in whose front ranks he counted himself prominently, a complete four-hour *Walküre* was something of a trial unless performed by exceptional artists, which apparently was not the case on that particular afternoon. In fact, Shaw reported that the first act had come close to being "*a succès de sommeil*," with some of the singers excelling "in the art of making five minutes seem like twenty."

Shaw, it should be noted, had gone to Bayreuth not merely to listen to *Walküre*, but to attend the four *Ring of the Nibelungs* operas, of which *Walküre* is only No. 2. To visit Bayreuth at that time was the only way an Englishman could hear the

complete *Ring*, and G.B.S. dilated in his reports not only upon the performances themselves but upon the seasickness of a Channel crossing, the weariness of the journey, and the general expensiveness of the whole project.

Actually, although Bayreuth long ago lost its Wagner monopoly, *Ring* cycles are by no means a commonplace even today. Few of the world's opera houses undertake them; in fact, they are less frequent at the Metropolitan nowadays than they were in the 1930s, when Kirsten Flagstad and Lauritz Melchior excelled in the art of making twenty Wagnerian minutes seem like five.

The last live *Ring* I heard was in 1962, when Erich Leinsdorf conducted it twice at the Met, as one of his last services to New York before removing his talents to Boston. Now I have just heard a *Ring* again, but this time on records, for with its new recording of *Die Walküre* conducted by Georg Solti, London has just achieved the first integral *Ring* cycle ever recorded (OSA-1509, stereo; A-4509, monaural: five records).

The first, but not the last. The men of Deutsche Grammophon are laboring assiduously, like Alberich's minions underground, to bring forth still another *Ring*, this to be conduct-

ed by Herbert von Karajan. It will be some time before the DGG project is completed; its progress will presumably be tied in with von Karajan's creation of a new *Ring*, both as director and designer, at the new Metropolitan Opera House over the next few years. But with one *Ring* finished and another starting, it is obvious that the *Nibelung* saga, every last note and every last minute of it, is more accessible today both to perfect and imperfect Wagnerites than at any other time since it was completed ninety years ago.

The old saw has it that Wagner has his wonderful moments — and the half hours between them. Of the sheer length of the *Ring* there is no doubt. Played end to end, the four operas take some sixteen hours — two and a half for *Rheingold*, four for *Walküre*, four and a half for *Siegfried*, and five for *Götterdämmerung*. Personages in the cycle have a depressing habit of saying, in effect, "a funny thing happened to me on the way to Valhalla." Perhaps the most crushing repetition of all is delivered by Siegfried when, just before the final scene of the last opera, he unaccountably remarks to Hagen and Gunther: "Say but the word and I will tell you stories of my youth" — meaning a not very brief synopsis of almost the entire saga to date. It is true that they both assent, but it is equally true that Hagen stabs Siegfried to death before he has finished. Wagner's psychological insight may have run even deeper than he himself suspected.

Wagner fortunately provided sufficient musical and literary challenges to occupy a listener's mind should the performance itself begin to slacken its grip. The leitmotifs continue to possess a fascination of their own; the thrill of recognition never fails to stimulate even a veteran Wagnerite as Renunciation, Ring, Curse, Sword, Valhalla, Arrogance of Power, Gold's Dominion, and the other basic themes weave their way in and out of the musical fabric in various combinations and intertwinings. Less serious students can, of course, play lighter games to while away the long hours, such as recalling the names of the three Misses Rheingold, which happen to be Woglinde, Wellgunde, and Flosshilde, or reciting to themselves quietly the names of all nine of the Valkyrie sisters, possibly arranging them in alphabetical order, thus:

Brünnhilde, Gerhilde, Grimgerde, Helmwig, Ortlinde, Rossweisse, Schwertleite, Siegrune, and Waltraute.

But London's new recording of *Die Walküre* is of such intensity as to leave little inclination for such past-times. London began its *Ring* in 1959, under the general supervision of producer John Culshaw, with the issuance of the opening *Das Rheingold*. Solti was the conductor, George London the Wotan, Kirsten Flagstad the Fricka. *Siegfried*, the third in the sequence, and *Götterdämmerung*, the fourth, followed, and now the appearance of *Walküre* completes the project.

Although Solti conducts the cycle, it has not proved possible to have the same character performed by the same singer in each of the operas. Consistent casting is also one of the problems that plague stage productions of the complete cycle, and it always is disturbing in a *Ring* stretched out over several weeks to see the various personages change not only in voice, but in size, shape, and general demeanor as the drama unfolds.

Actually, Mr. Culshaw has done fairly well in holding his casts together. George London gave way to Hans Hotter as Wotan after the first album, and the death of Flagstad necessitated a new Fricka in the person of Christa Ludwig, but others have remained constant throughout. The crowning glory of the cycle is the Brünnhilde of Birgit Nilsson; her ample, clear, and fresh-sounding voice resounds through all three of the operas in which she appears, and never to greater effect than in *Walküre*.

To quote Shaw once more, some of the singers in the early days of Bayreuth "were mere animated beer casks, too lazy and conceited to practice the self-control and physical training that is expected as a matter of course from an acrobat, a jockey or a pugilist." No visual estimates are possible, of course, but in this recording of *Die Walküre* it can be reported that nobody sounds like an animated beer cask. It is interesting to observe that only one of the four leading singers, Hotter, is German; Nilsson is Swedish, Régine Crespin (Sieglinde) French, James King (Siegfried) American, while Solti himself was born in Budapest.

Both Crespin and Ludwig are as admirable in their roles as Nilsson

is in hers. Crespin is a Sieglinde who for once seems thoroughly feminine and desirable, and Ludwig manages to turn that Wagnerian scold-and-nag Fricka into a woman who is at least endurable. Hans Hotter is a singer past his prime, with his baritone voice no longer under full command. Seasoned artist that he is, he makes a virtue of necessity by singing Wotan in a subdued rather than a stentorian manner, so that the god becomes strangely human and unforbidding. Solti's conducting, as it has been through the other *Ring* albums, is majestic and masterful, and the full presence of the Wagnerian orchestra, not excepting the Wagnerian brass, has been captured by the engineers. For all that, there are more exciting Rides of the Valkyries to be heard on records; the conductor seems almost too determined not to let the orchestral excitement get out of hand here, and the result is a tidy but rather tame Ride, almost as if the Valkyries had traded in their war steeds for Volkswagens.

The appearance of new releases of Wagner recordings has by no means impeded the reissuance of old ones. The imported Odeon label, distributed here by Angel, makes available two long-playing records devoted to the complete Act III of *Die Meistersinger* as recorded in Dresden in June, 1938. The performers include Margarete Teschemacher as Eva, Torsten Ralf as Walther, Hans Hermann Nissen as Hans Sachs, and Eugene Fuchs as Beckmesser, with Karl Böhm conducting (E-80983 and E-80984, monaural only).

This was considered a magnificent recording in its day, and it retains substantial impact nearly thirty years later. Nissen was an outstanding Hans Sachs, with a rich and intelligently used voice. (He is said to be still singing, in his seventies, in Germany, which seems to argue for a certain skill in utilizing his vocal resources.) Mostly, though, this old *Meistersinger* recording is notable for its excellence of ensemble, in which the Wagnerian proportions are maintained without submerging the individual protagonists.

Incidentally, the real Hans Sachs — the actual sixteenth-century shoemaker-composer upon whom Wagner's character was based — has made his first appearance on the record lists in the form of a Deutsche Grammophon release devoted to

early Renaissance music (ARC-73222, stereo; 3222, monaural). One side of the record contains fourteen selections from the *Locheimer Liederbuch* and the *Fundamentum Organisandi*, respectively a popular song book and an organ instruction manual dating from around 1455. The other side is given over to five songs by Sachs, who lived in Nuremberg from 1494 to 1576, doubtlessly without suspecting that a Richard Wagner would come along three hundred years later to immortalize him.

Actually, Hans Sachs's songs, which are sung here by the tenor Friedrich Brückner-Rüggeberg and the baritone Rudolf Aue, unaccompanied, are rather lengthy homilies, set in a droning medieval plainsong that grows monotonous and wearisome after a while. There is a certain academic interest in listening to this record, and some feeling of the thought and personality of the original Meistersinger. But how he did go on! If Wagner's Hans Sachs, for all of his kindness and understanding, seems a bit long-winded at times, he at least has history on his side.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Piano Sonata No. 26 in E-flat, Opus 81a, "Les Adieux"

Mozart: Piano Sonata No. 10 in C, K. 330

Van Cliburn, pianist; RCA Victor LSC-2931 (stereo) and LM-2931

It is somewhat startling to find Van Cliburn, the exponent of the romantic piano concerto, recording sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven that require quite a different kind of pianism. Moreover, he provides the necessary style of playing quite unstintingly, for these are performances of elegance, taste, and discipline. Cliburn has often been criticized for playing and replaying the same works; perhaps this record is an indication that he is now ready to undertake a different, and in its way more demanding, repertory.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Playing Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 5 in E Minor; Brahms's Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, and Academic Festival Overture; Rachmaninoff's Vocalise, Opus 34, No. 14; Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Battle of Kershenetz"; Hanson's Serenade for Flute, Harp, and String Orchestra;

Footé's Suite for Strings in E; and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9)

RCA Victor VCM-6174 (monaural only): three records

Koussevitzky's entry into Victor's Treasury series is long overdue, but at least it has been accomplished handsomely, with an excellent sound sheen to these reissues dating mainly from the mid-1940s. The records, which are available either in album form or individually, vividly illustrate two of "Koussy's" major attributes — his penchant for broadly romantic Russian music, and his interest in the music of his own time. Everything in the album bears the unmistakable stamp of the man and his great orchestra, but for me, at least, the summit of the set is reached in the surging, singing, yet cleanly detailed Tchaikovsky Fifth. Is it trite to say that they don't play it like that anymore?

Wanhal: Symphony in G Minor

Mozart: Symphony No. 25 in G Minor, K. 183

The Mozart Society Players; Baroque 2859 (stereo) and 1859

This record is instructive in comparing the achievements of talent and genius. Johann Baptist Wanhal was a friend and contemporary of Mozart's, who once played with him in a quartet (Haydn and Dittersdorf were the other members — it must have been quite an ensemble!). He also was an accomplished composer, and his G Minor symphony abounds in lovely melodies and skillful scoring. And then one listens, on the reverse, to Mozart's G Minor — and only the "little" G Minor, K. 183, at that — and is engrossed almost immediately not only by the distinctive themes but by the imaginative modulations and the rich development section. The contrast is striking, and totally convincing. The origin of the Mozart Society Players is not given; one would guess they are a Central European group, and certainly they play ably enough. The Baroque label is a subsidiary of Everest Records.

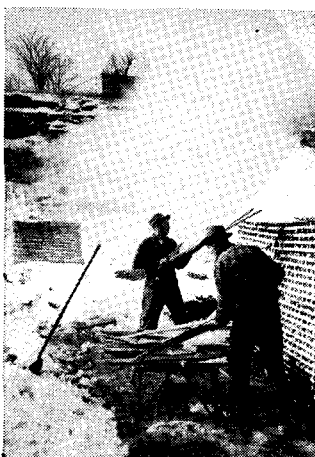
I Love My Love

Louis Halsey conducting the Elizabethan Singers, with Owen Brannigan, bass, and Wilfred Parry, pianist; Argo ZRG-5496 (stereo) and RG-496

This record bears the subtitle "A Recital of English Songs," and its contents range from simple country



SLAKING A TENNESSEE WHISKEY
TREE back to Jack Daniel's might seem like a lot of trouble, but not if you consider the results.



the open air, it produces the special charcoal needed for Charcoal Mellowing. That's the process that gives our whiskey its rare smoothness. So, if we tried to spare the mules, we'd also be slighting Jack Daniel's.

If we could use a maple from down below, our mules might have an easier time, but we'd end up with a different whiskey. We have to use *hard maple* from *high ground*, for when it's rick-burned in



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

⏴
DROP

⏵
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE

© 1966, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

Even better second time around!

Those great original-cast recordings are back . . . with all the stars and all the songs. And they're back in lavish new editions—with color photos, plus definitive notes by show-biz historians.

THE THREEPENNY OPERA

First time in stereo! Lotte Lenya stars in the famous Theatre DeLys production. *Mack the Knife*, all the other Brecht-Weill classics. E/SE 3121 OC

THE FANTASTICKS

The off-beat off-Broadway hit that became the world's longest-run show. *Try to Remember*, 13 more great songs. E/SE 3872 OC

Coming soon:

GONE WITH THE WIND
Score from the all-time film hit!



GIGI

The Oscar-winning score by the "My Fair Lady" songsmiths. *The Night They Invented Champagne*, other Lerner-Loewe hits. E/SE 3641 ST

THE WIZARD OF OZ

Judy Garland stars in the film that's now a Christmas tradition. Ray Bolger, Bert Lahr join Judy in the Harold Arlen score. E/SE 3996 ST

MGM Records is a division of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc.

ballads to compositions by Holst, Vaughan Williams, and Britten. But always the spirit is that of the English folk song, and there are many memorable ones to be heard — the beautiful "O Waly, Waly" in an arrangement by Britten; the traditional begging song "Soul Cake" ("If you haven't got a penny, a ha'penny will do; If you haven't got a ha'penny, it's God bless you"); a rousing wassail by Vaughan Williams; and many others. Owen Brannigan has a fine bass voice, and he finds himself in excellent musical company here. The words of the songs are provided in a leaflet, and very welcome they are.

The Royal Highland Fusiliers — Regimental Band, Pipes, Drums, and Bugles

London International SW-99425 (stereo) and TW-91425

The Royal Highland Fusiliers, the latest of the British regimental outfits to tour the United States, have left behind them a particularly stirring memento of their visit in this collection of Scottish marches, reels, and dances. Few recordings catch the skirl of the bagpipes so brilliantly, and the military band repertoire encompasses such homegrown melodies as "Flora MacDonald's Lament," "The Bonny Lass o' Ballochmoyle," and "The Bonny Brown Maid." The climactic number is "Scotland the Brave," performed by the combined forces — a resounding challenge to any sound system.

Thurber: The Thirteen Clocks

Lauren Bacall, reader; Pathways of Sound POS-1039/40 (monaural): two records

James Thurber's fable "The Thirteen Clocks" is a strange mixture of the bizarre and the comic, with its general tone established by the Duke of Coffin Castle when he remarks: "We all have flaws, and mine is being wicked." All sorts of odd characters people the story, which manages to have fun with fairy tales while being a perfectly good one itself. Lauren Bacall turns out to be an ideal choice to read the lengthy story, taking all the parts, pointing up the rhymes in the versified portions, and even singing a song or two. The household's two resident fairy-tale experts, torn from their homework for a consultation, sat engrossed in Miss Bacall's narration to the very end.

New! Magnificent Magnavox stereo system with solid-state reliability.

Enjoy the breath-taking realism of stereo FM (FM/AM, too) on this exciting new compact stereo system by Magnavox. Here is superb high fidelity with unequalled tonal dimension. Advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes, ends component-damaging heat. Micromatic record player eliminates pitch distortion, record wear. Sold *direct* through franchised dealers, listed in Yellow Pages, to save you middleman costs.

*The Ensemble, FM36.
Record player KO876.*

the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

FOR seventeen summers, until my departure for France in 1917, the Beach, the treeless barrier beach separating Barnegat Bay from the Atlantic Ocean, was my summer habitat. Here a thin scrawny boy with a peeling nose did his growing and learned to respect the sea. The first impression each June was of the salty air, the diamond points on the water, and the blazing brightness of the sun, a brightness which seemed to glance off the white sand with a force that made the eyes squint. There wasn't a tree on the windswept stretch from Bay Head to Seaside Park. The handkerchiefs of lawn had to be ceaselessly watered; only the morning glories, nasturtiums, and sweet peas flourished in that sun-baked spot.

My mother rationed me to two soakings a week; if I fell into the bay or the ocean with my clothes on oftener than that, I got no allowance. But in our bathing suits the two hours from eleven to one were a daily ritual we missed only during the Northeasters. At low tide the beach would stretch halfway to Spain; at mid-low it was ideal for our primitive surfboards; and at high tide, with an inshore wind, the breakers rearing up twelve feet or more would toss us head over teakettle, rolling us up the beach with the string that held our trunks together untied or broken. Bathing suits were very proper in those days, and to have one's trunks slide down was the depth of ignominy.

For most of us the beach was not for fishing. As I remember, Dr. Studdiford in his hip boots was our only surf caster. The beach was where you found moonstones at sunrise; where you collected driftwood for the cottage fireplace, and held your marshmallow roasts after dark. The beach was where the flights of snipe came arrowing in just above wave-top. The beach was the meeting place for our gang, romantically known as the Booze-beers, though at twelve none of us could stomach the darned stuff. The beach was our

window on seafaring: here at noon and again at six in the evening the steamers of the old Dominion Line passed as punctually as clockwork, and here once, standing in against a good Westerly, came the *Thomas W. Lawson*, the only seven-masted lumber schooner in the world. On Sundays the beach was our glass of fashion: here on the boardwalk after church the more elderly gallants like John Montgomery, immaculate in his blue coat, white flannels, Panama with club hatband, and bachelor's buttons, would tease and compliment the ladies.

The whole complexion of our world changed when the three-day Northeasters bore down on us in August or in early September. This was no temporary deluge: the east wind became a gale; the sky was leaden, the air heavy with moisture; and the power of the breakers as they pounded at our jetties and thundered on the sand was awesome. We measured the force of the storm by what it did to the boardwalk. The great ones would rip it apart and fling the spray against the porches of the seaside cottages; as the wind rose, we wondered if the sea would break a new inlet through our narrow sandy isthmus as it had on rare occasions.

It was thrilling to walk out in the Northeaster in oilskins, leaning against the wind, the rain and sting of the sand on one's cheeks. Our first port of call was the life-saving station with its heady aroma of tar. Here, one at a time, we would be permitted to climb up into the lookout tower where the Coast Guard on duty would be scanning the angry sea for signs of trouble. The lifeboat in which the crew had practiced capsizing on placid days now stood in its cradle ready to be wheeled to the beach, and the breeches buoy with the little brass cannon was ready to go. On one never-to-be-forgotten day an oil tanker had been driven aground and was being battered. She was out of range of the breeches buoy, and luckily no crew were aboard. But when after the storm

they jettisoned the oil to float her free, our beach became an oil-streaked shambles.

A real Northeaster seldom subsided before the third day; sailing, tennis were out of the question, and in this predicament we all took refuge in the Nimick's big cottage, where the Nimick girls were sure to cheer us up. We sat on the floor playing slapjack with the greasiest cards in the world, or we formed in lines and played round-the-table ping-pong; we made huge pans of fudge, with the Booze-beers struggling for the spoon, listened to the Victrola, or stretched out on the window seats with a book. None of us could have imagined that within our lifetime, in the great storm of March, 1962, the sea in three monstrous high tides would gobble up the jetties, dash away the boardwalk, destroy many of the beachfront cottages, and leave only a remnant of our broad and sunny strand.

THE MAN ON THE BEACH

THE WINTER BEACH by CHARLTON OGBURN, JR. (Morrow, \$6.95), is a rousing Thoreauvian book for winter weekends. The author, who served as an officer with Merrill's Marauders, is a self-reliant traveler, a geologist with a special fondness for birds and beaches. Having parked his family at East Hampton on Long Island, he set forth alone in his specially equipped bus, a small winter cabin on wheels, to explore the famous stretches of the Atlantic Coast at that season of the year when the face of the land is most deserted and most exposed. He drove north in the late autumn to the Acadia National Park on Mount Desert Island, and here his reading of the rocky cliffs, his interpretation of the gigantic spasms which transformed the earth during the Ice Ages, makes man seem very puny indeed. Having primed us to observe what the ice sheet did to Maine and the islands, and had his say about his favorite shore birds and the King's pine, the fir, and the spruce, he begins a long trek southward which carried him to the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

Other readers will pause as I have over those portions of the Atlantic Coast which are most familiar. I am particularly pleased with what he says about the Refuge on Plum Island; I am the wiser for what he tells me about Cape Cod; and I wholly approve of his account of Nantucket, which I, too, have visited only in the winter months. Mr. Ogburn is not as gregarious as Edwin Way Teale; he is more solitary, and we depend upon the various moods which seize him as he travels. He is rightly contemptuous of the beer-can rubbish with which vacationers foul up any site; he is scornful of the Natty Bumpos

in their fluorescent-red shirts who make his survey hazardous during the hunting season; he has a fine eye for birds in action — the loon, the scoter, the Canada goose — and angry words for the slaughter of the whales, which began 150 years ago and still goes on. His descriptions are exact and sometimes poetic, and his amusement in the history and idiosyncrasies of American society keeps the chronicle from ever becoming pedantic. The jacket is a beauty, and the drawings which enhance the text are by Marcia and Edward Norman.

SARAH BERNHARDT AND BOHEMIA

Otis Skinner, when asked by his daughter to compare the acting of Eleonora Duse with that of Sarah Bernhardt, replied, "Duse was all thought and poetry but Bernhardt was an *incandescent light*." I saw each of them on their farewell tours of America, and my heart went out to Duse; she was poetic and graceful, and her hands were lovely to watch; she played with an air of sadness, as if the breakup of her love affair with D'Annunzio had left her in the shadow. But the great Sarah was seventy-one. The loss of her leg had made her a captive of her chair, and her voice, in which Lytton Strachey said there was "thunder and lightning," had lost its timber. I remember her unearthly pallor, her red hair, and her imperiousness.

When Sarah Bernhardt was young and enjoying her first success, a fellow actress, Madeleine Brohan, sent her this wise advice: "If you want to remain the *You* you're creating, be prepared to rise on a pedestal constructed of calumnies, gossip, adulation, flattery, lies and truths. But once you're up on it, stay there and cement it with your work and your excellence." Sarah could control her temper when she had to, but the moods which inflamed her acting, the beauty which she could wear or shed like a costume, her intemperate rage and equally intemperate generosity were creating a legend which still survives. The task of separating the fact from the fiction about Bernhardt is a difficult one; to it CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER has brought her warm heart, her professional knowledge of the theater, and her love for Paris, where she, too, studied for the stage. In her biography **MADAME SARAH** (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.95) she makes believable the discipline, the extravagance, and the contradictions of the enchantress.

There is a rule of thumb about stage books that nothing palls so quickly as success, and that the life of a matinee idol, with its succession of rehearsals, first nights, and long runs, is a guaranteed bore. But Sarah's career was as unpredictable

The Man Who Grew Younger and Other Stories

By **JEROME CHARYN**. "All of the stories are totally expert and alive. All go beyond their incorrigibly loquacious New York backgrounds to posit and realize universal juxtapositions of cruelty and compassion . . . This volume marks Jerome Charyn as one of our best writers."

— ALBERT J. GUERARD. \$4.95

The Fortress

By **HENRY JAEGER**. Somewhere in Germany, an old fortress houses six hundred displaced persons, among them the Starosta family. Hugo Starosta, the family's titular head, has returned from a Russian prison camp unable to resume his former life. But Hugo's irreverent and stubborn individuality ensures his survival even in defeat. A jarring evocation of the post-war period, this highly praised novel is also a humorous and compassionate story.

\$5.95

The Road

By **JOHN EHLE**. "A towering novel, as rugged and solid — and as beautiful — as the North Carolina mountains where the story is laid. Ehle's characters breathe and walk, and even the mountain that stands in the way of the pioneer railroad builders takes on life and personality."

— ALLAN BOSWORTH. \$5.95

A brand-new,
full-scale INSIDE study

JOHN GUNTHER'S INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA

INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA is the result of John Gunther's long, comprehensive, recent journey through the ten republics of the vast continent next door.

Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela — these are the ten countries Mr. Gunther treats in full. His method has been to describe each, convey what it is really like through a series of national profiles, and outline the overall problems — the gap between rich and poor, land reform, population pressure, industrialization, U. S. policy, Communism, church and army — as they manifest themselves locally.

During more than a year of research and travel, Mr. Gunther, with characteristic élan, interviewed shopkeepers and intellectuals, peasants and landowners, agitators and office-holders . . . 732 people in all, including the Presidents of the ten nations he surveyed. His gift for the instant evocation of a personality or an atmosphere was never more effective. His objectivity carries a power of conviction no partisan polemics could achieve. And his ability to make complex political situations clear to the non-specialist underlies every chapter.

INSIDE SOUTH AMERICA is full of the juices and the zest of ebullient inquiry. And, as a masterpiece of analysis and organization, it offers a fascinating, intensive course in a vital subject.



AT ALL BOOKSTORES

With maps and a 4-page fact sheet • \$7.95

on stage as off. The illegitimate daughter of a courtesan, her formal education in a convent school was scant, and at fifteen she was shy, gawky, and threatened with tuberculosis. The steps by which she moved to her success, first in the Odéon, then in the Comédie Française, then in London, are a revelation of her will and of her genius in parts which fired her spirit. Meantime, her fabulous talk, her affection for tiger cubs as pets, the magnetism which drew to her such distinguished admirers, her feuds with managers and directors, from which she so often emerged triumphant, made her the most talked about and written about actress of her time. Her defeats, such as those she experienced at the hands of her leading man and short-time husband, Jacques Damala, seemed only to have scratched the surface; her loyalties, such as those to her illegitimate son, Maurice, or to Ellen Terry and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, were lifelong; and the itinerary of her grand world tour, which ran from February, 1891, to September, 1893, is a stunning record of an indomitable spirit. Sarcey, her greatest critic, wrote: "This is nature itself served by a marvellous intelligence, by a soul of fire, by the most melodious voice that ever enchanted human ears."

The Revolution of 1830, so **EMILY HAHN** tells us, left Paris full of impecunious artists and writers, and out of their dilemma came the term "Bohemian" for young hopefuls leading a gypsy existence. Balzac was the first to bestow the nickname, and Henri Murger the first to romanticize the calling in his popular short stories *La Vie de Bohème*. In her book **ROMANTIC REBELS** (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95), Miss Hahn, using a wide-meshed net, endeavors to sort out the true Bohemians from the false in America. She rightly rules out Poe, Walt Whitman, and Bret Harte for being too serious; our first Bohemians, she says, were Adah Menken, Ada Clare, and Joaquin Miller, and what seems surprising is the swiftness with which they orbited from their native ground to a credulous success abroad. She says that the original Bohemians in New York were those who congregated at Charlie Pfaff's basement bar under Broadway's sidewalk, and this may be so, though the leaders she mentions, Henry Clapp and William Winter, are pretty dim. She looks into the qualifications of Ambrose Bierce, Lafcadio Hearn, and Stephen Crane, and finally reaches the heartland in the Greenwich Village of Floyd Dell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Maxwell Bodenheim. This to me is the most sprightly section of a book which is by its nature disorganized and sketchy. Of the present-day Bohemians who are most at home in California, I am held by her account of Gregory Corso, Eric Nord, and Henry Miller.



Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

The avant-garde of our time has been a minority able to look critically at the society within which it lived but of which it was not wholly a part. The residents of bohemia were intimate outsiders, related to the dominant culture, yet guided by a value system of their own. It is much more difficult, however, to be a minority within the minority, to rebel not against the majority but against fellow rebels, and to do so without backsliding into the ranks of the dominant establishment. The price of extreme individualism is egocentricity and petulance; the reward is sometimes a heightened power of observation.

EPITAPHS OF OUR TIMES (Braziller, \$6.95) is a collection of the correspondence of **EDWARD DAHLBERG**. The letters, addressed to Theodore Dreiser, Herbert Read, Lewis Mumford, William Carlos Williams, and Allen Tate, among others, are eloquent in their protest — against the world, against society, against the practice of literature. They are, like their author, strident and unreasonable. But they constitute one of the significant cultural documents of our time.

Dahlberg was born in a charity hospital and spent much of his youth and adolescence in orphanages, first Catholic then Jewish. He was long a vagabond, then drifted into intermittent periods of study and teaching. His vocation was poetry, although he wrote one moving and passionate book about his youth, *Because I Was Flesh*.

The lines of his correspondence sound a desolate cry for love and appreciation. Neither his human need for affection nor his poet's need for an audience is gratified. The Communists on the literary magazines kill his books, and Guggenheim fellowships go only to the untalented. "How foolish and stupid must one be to attract lucre?"

In the fear of rebuff, he anticipates insults and hastens to be offensive. He resents the success of others. He can accept the popularity of the "booby writers" of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He cannot forgive the leap to fame of his fellows from among the avant-garde. Their success rebukes his own failure. Envy, even hatred, poison the words which describe them.

"Eliot is a wild son of Ham, and he will not last." Joyce "can do no more than thinly veil his banal writing by inverting his sentences."

The friends he needs are particularly vulnerable, for to demonstrate his independence he must break with them before they desert him. "I am always alienating the people who could help me." It is the end when Herbert Read has the effrontery to claim fame for himself. "I have not known a man in the world today," writes Dahlberg, "who has sufficient intellectual marrow to survive success. My friendship with Read is very strained."

Dahlberg justifies his separateness by the reflection that only the outsider is creative. "I must tell you very clearly," he writes to Herbert Read, "that I do not approve of your way of living." It is a sin to get on with the well-to-do. "You must remain in the wilderness, for if you cease to feed upon the locust and the honey, your spirits will die." People who write and paint can become the greatest enemies of art and literature. Resolutely Dahlberg avoided temptation. Asked when offered a university job whether he could get along with nine colleagues, "I promptly replied that I could not get along with nine people in the entire world."

The lack of success was a sign of quality because society was the enemy of art. America never recognized its great poets. Their only appropriate course was to shun its affairs and preserve their individuality.

MAN AND SOCIETY

The location of the individual in society is the theme of **PETER ISRAEL'S THE HEN'S HOUSE** (Putnam's, \$4.95). The central problem of this gripping first novel is the preservation of a human personality. The book opens with a nameless man in an unknown place, unclear about what he is doing. He may be a prisoner in a jail or a patient in an asylum, but he is there of his own free will. He is being interrogated, and the questions concern his perception of guilt or innocence. Gradually his consciousness widens. Other characters appear, and he himself acquires a name. He learns the extensiveness of the institution within which he exists and comes to understand that his purpose is to

Now half price: one of the world's great newspapers.



Perhaps you've promised yourself you'd subscribe to The Christian Science Monitor someday. This is the perfect "someday" — do it now and you'll save half the cost. We'll send you 100 issues for only \$3.93. That's about 4 months of exclusive news coverage for less than 4¢ a copy!

The Monitor is a daily newspaper that's written largely by the people on its staff. You get first-hand reporting from Monitor correspondents all over the globe. You get first-rate analysis of the news by editors who treat you as an adult.

This paper is concerned with what man is achieving, regardless of the area of achievement. The Monitor is profoundly interested in progress whether it be in politics, foreign affairs, race relations, business, finance, law enforcement, sports, travel, books, entertainment, automobiles, fashion, or even chess.

If you want award-winning news coverage of all areas of human endeavor this widely quoted newspaper is for you. You can profit from it intellectually, conversationally — perhaps even financially. And you'll look forward to its arrival like that of an understanding friend.

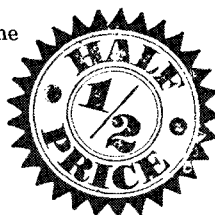
The Christian Science Monitor is not what you'd call a religious paper, if that's what you've been thinking. It's truly a news newspaper — for any alert person who wants the significant events of the world in sharp focus. It takes you further into the news than a local paper can. (And why wait until the end of the week to get news analysis in print.)

Our editors bring perspective to events that matter. They help relate today to both yesterday and tomorrow. But they let you do your share of the thinking. The Monitor is designed for grown-ups — but there's nothing in it, in either news or advertising, that a child shouldn't see.

For 100 issues you now pay only \$3.93. That's about four months — at half the regular subscription price. Clip the coupon.

Dear Christian Science Monitor: I'm ready to try one of the world's great newspapers.

Send me 100 issues of the Monitor (6 days a week for about 4 months). I understand I pay just \$3.93. That's less than 4¢ a copy — half the usual price. Thanks for the savings!



Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Check or m.o. enclosed ☐ Bill me later A6

Mail coupon to The Christian Science Monitor, Box 125, Astor Station, Boston, Mass. 02123

More than just a telescope...
More than just a microscope

Emoskop: a complete vestpocket optical system.

ONLY
\$14.95
With Case



We went to Wetzlar, Germany (world capital of fine optics) to find such perfection at such a price. Remove the EMOSKOP from its fitted leather case and it is a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 2.5-power telescope (ideal for theater, field and sky) or a unique 2.5x telescope-loupe. Another twist and you have a choice of magnifying glasses: 5-, 10-, or 15-powers! ☐ The perfect vest-pocket companion for exacting professionals and scientists, and all those who wish to observe anything more closely and clearly. ☐ A most discreet opera glass. ☐ If you make a fetish of quality, the EMOSKOP will do you proud. Five coated lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely flat field. ☐ Modern Photography Magazine calls the EMOSKOP "... the only magnifier worthy of the name." ☐ Haverhill's guarantees your satisfaction without qualification.

INSTANT ORDER BLANK

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S AT-2
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111
Send me _____ Emoskop Optical System(s) @ \$14.95*
☐ I enclose check or M.O. plus \$1.00 for post. and ins.
☐ Bill Diners' ☐ Bill Amer. Expr. Acct. # _____
*(California residents add 4% sales tax)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
ZIP _____

© 1965 **Haverhill's**

Searching the World to bring you the Finest

Bobbs-Merrill

"This is a superb job..."

Hawke's interpretations are sensible, judicious and discriminating."

—Edmund S. Morgan,
Yale University

The Colonial Experience

by DAVID HAWKE

"A delightful contemporary experience awaits you... For its new contributions to our understanding of colonial America and for its mass of clearly explained facts this history will find many grateful readers."

—Library Journal

"This is an amazing book. Written by an authority...and combining vast knowledge and inspired documentation with wit and a sense of immediacy..."

—Virginia Kirkus' Service

at all bookstores \$10

Bobbs-Merrill

secure admission to the society which operates it. He is preparing for a trial which will determine his fate. The object is to gain a verdict of guilty, which earns membership in the society. The innocent are excluded.

This part of the novel is skillfully written. The realistic, almost laconic sentences dramatically set off the surrealistic environment and impart a sense of immediacy and suspense to the narrative, in a manner reminiscent of Kafka.

But unlike Kafka, who is content to leave the situation ambiguous, Israel attempts to resolve the problem. Early on, the protagonist had discovered that the exercise of his own will ran counter to the system by which the society functioned. The whole purpose of his interrogation was to persuade him that reality stopped at the prison gates. Nothing existed outside. He had only to identify the boundaries of his confinement to flourish in its framework. Liberation was an illusion. "To be truly free, to transcend the limits and the hierarchies, was beyond the capabilities of humans." All this he accepted.

Yet in the end the novel asks us to believe that the protagonist, Simon (the zealot?), is judged innocent and excluded. "He was different from the others, the man apart." In him, the spark of individuality, of will, of latent rebelliousness still flickered, so that the judges understood, as he did not, that he did not belong. It takes an abrupt shift in perspective in the last chapter to arrive at this conclusion.

The weak ending was unavoidable once the author decided to round out his story. The view of society as a prison is an instructive exaggeration which helps us better to understand some features of the world we know. But it is a view best perceived in the half-light, as in Kafka, where much remains credible because it remains unexposed and unexplained. *The Hen's House* tries too hard; and by telling all, reminds us that Simon's imagined society is not ours.

THE USES OF POWER

The simplest relationship of the individual to society is that involving the use of force. The citizen expects the state to protect him by detecting and punishing the lawbreakers. But

when the police, the agents of the state, abuse the power entrusted to them, their victims are helpless.

ED CRAY'S *THE BIG BLUE LINE* (Coward-McCann, \$5.95) contains a vivid account of police malpractice in the United States and makes a plea for the civilian review board. The book contains a careful study of some 200 cases in which officers exceeded their authority in making arrests, questioning suspects, searching homes, and using their guns. The materials are drawn from Los Angeles, Washington, D. C., and other cities. Cray, a staff member of the American Civil Liberties Union of southern California, charges that Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Mexicans are the most frequent victims of police brutality and that complaints to the departments are whitewashed. Hence his belief that only a civilian board can restrain abuses.

Recent judicial decisions confirm the validity of these accusations and also expand the protection of the rights of the individual. These rulings may ultimately ease some of the problems here discussed. But it would take extraordinary optimism to expect an early end to the abuses.

Nor is the civilian review board the panacea Cray considers it to be. In Philadelphia it has had the considerable psychological value of reassuring the minority groups of a channel of protest. But it handles relatively few cases even there. And the experience of New York has shown how widespread is the mistrust of such a body among both the police and the public.

To get at the roots of the problem, it is necessary to examine an aspect of it that the book does not treat. To Cray the police are simply power-mad brutes. Each of the cases presented is clear-cut. Yet the motives for the police actions are worth understanding.

Unit 4A37 pursues a youth in a stolen car at high speed through the crowded streets of Los Angeles. In the course of the chase, the stolen vehicle twice swerves in an attempt to collide with and wreck the police car. Finally cornered, the fugitive attempts to escape. The officer shoots him.

To point out that the arrest could have been made without the use of the gun is to deal with part of the problem. The motives are also important. The truth is that the police are frightened. The men in

the cruiser had risked their lives in the chase. They were not in a mood for rational reflection about methods. Increasingly, the police see themselves at war with a dangerous enemy — outnumbered, handicapped by legal restraints, and supported only by a fragile sense of authority which they must maintain intact. That is why they will often instinctively close ranks in defense of those among them who forget the rules; and that is why the police reject unreasonably any suggestion for civilian review.

Merely to preach at the men in blue will only heighten their resentment, so long as little is done to assist them. Almost daily, for instance, there is evidence of the scandalous weakness of the laws to control the availability of weapons. Yet both Congress and the legislatures have been unwilling to act to keep guns out of the hands of criminals. The consciousness of being a target always haunts the cop.

More important is the development of a professional sense of responsibility that will give the police pride in doing the job properly and that will apply internal sanctions against malpractice. Solidarity can supply a motive for exposing as well as for shielding wrongdoers when the members of the force come to value the confidence of the public. Essential above all are the links to the wider community, which some departments have begun to fashion and which demonstrate that society intends the police to protect rather than to punish the individual.

HELL'S ANGELS by HUNTER THOMPSON (Random House, \$4.95) shows the extent to which, in our society, the individual needs protection against himself as well as against others. This is a reporter's account of approximately a year spent in contact with the California gang of motorcycle outlaws who attained occasional notoriety in the past few years. Thompson complains that the news media have exaggerated the extent to which the Angels terrorize the communities through which they ride. But his lurid narrative, despite its sympathy for his subjects, reveals the threat they pose.

Speed, violence, sex, and drugs are the outlets of absolute individualists committed to total defiance of society. "There is more to their stance than a wistful yearning for

acceptance in a world they never made. Their real motivation is an instinctive certainty as to what the score really is. They are out of the ball-game and they know it. . . . The outlaw motorcyclist views the future with the baleful eye of a man with no upward mobility at all. . . . The Hell's Angels are obvious losers, and it bugs them. But instead of submitting quietly to their collective fate, they have made it the basis of a full-time social vendetta. They don't expect to win anything, but on the other hand, they have nothing to lose."

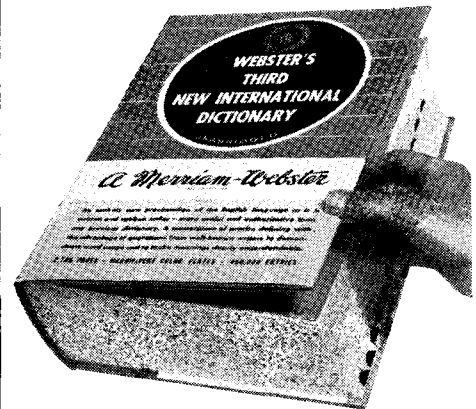
The fallacy lies in the inaccuracy of the appraisal. Thompson makes much of the fact that the Angels are war babies, the offspring of the uprooted Okies and Arkies of the Depression. But what forces in personal and family life led them to the road, while others attained the split-level luxury of the California way of life, remain unclear. What is beyond doubt, however, is the fact that they pass the line at which society can tolerate individual deviance. The world of the metropolis, like the traffic of the freeway, is so complex in its interconnections that those who will not accept the rules threaten the safety of all.

History has made Americans uncomfortable about drawing the line. Respect for individual rights is deeply enshrined in their experience, and power was long associated with monarchical despotism. It is significant that John Adams was almost alone among political thinkers in the New World to say a good word for Machiavelli.

MACHIAVELLI by GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$8.50) reminds us of the relevance for our times of the founder of modern political science. The book is not a conventional biography but rather an analysis of ideas. It begins with a lucid exposition of Machiavelli's doctrines, then passes to an exposition of the sources on which he drew, the books he wrote, and the stages of his life, and concludes with a long thoughtful discussion of his later influence.

Machiavelli presents "a vast universal panorama that offers no reward to valor, no justice to innocent victims, and only partial victory over adverse forces" to those who know how to use power. The view is unpalatable to men who like to be pictured as noble, honest, idealistic.

If you read THE *Atlantic* you should own



... the new MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, the arts, business, and the professions.

To be well informed today you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it — *the only way* — is to get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

**100,000 new words, new meanings
450,000 entries**

The first completely new unabridged dictionary in 30 years, this new Merriam-Webster is the only dictionary that puts you in full command of the new words and new meanings in space, science, politics, and today's English language in general.

It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store today.

WARNING: Don't be misled by big dictionaries said to be "unabridged." Only Webster's Third New International has 450,000 entries with 100,000 new words and new meanings. This is the word authority of your library, schools, courts of law, and the U.S. Government Printing Office.

FREE BOOKLET — just mail coupon

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. A14, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

No writer in this century—not even Gide or Genet—has probed the depths of desire with such shattering honesty, impact, and insight.

Paul Goodman's FIVE YEARS

An overwhelming spiritual autobiography
by the author of *Growing Up Absurd*.

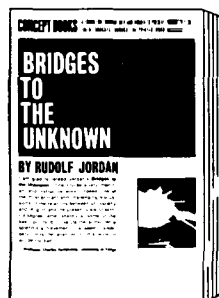
With characteristic openness, Paul Goodman describes his years of frustration and failure; reveals, without fear of the consequences, his desperate efforts to find sexual happiness in and out of marriage, and with both sexes; records his bitter arguments with God; reflects on his teachers, friends, lovers, colleagues, critics; and shares his exultations—in art, literature, sexuality and science.

To read this fascinating "confessional" is to embark on the most imperative journey of modern man—towards the goal of self-knowledge, self-fulfillment, and moral and sexual freedom. **5.00**

At Your Bookstore or from

BRUSSEL & BRUSSEL 80 5th Ave., N.Y. 10011

Now Available in the Popular
CONCEPT BOOKS EDITION



BRIDGES TO THE UNKNOWN

by Rudolf Jordan

An authoritative and comprehensive essay on the relationship between philosophy and religion in our age.

Fascinating reading . . . the best available basis for all further discussions on this timely subject.

\$1.95 At All Book Stores

For postpaid shipment, mail remittance to:
FREDERICK FELL, Inc., Publishers
Dept. A-1, 386 Park Ave South
New York, N.Y. 10016

Don't go
abroad
this year
without it.
\$6.95

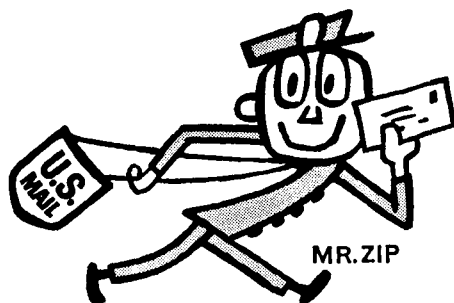
FODOR'S 1967 GUIDE TO EUROPE

McKAY The smart traveler's favorite

BOOK BARGAINS

Send for our List R17, New Books at Bargain Prices. Ask also for our free monthly New Book List and quarterly Secondhand Catalogs. We have been sending books to America since 1847.

GEORGE'S,
89, Park Street, Bristol 1, England



MR. ZIP

ARE YOU USING
YOUR ZIP MAIL CODE
IN YOUR ADDRESS?

Nevertheless, today Machiavelli's unacknowledged influence is everywhere. The state takes possession of people's minds through education if not through propaganda and controls their bodies through the draft. It dominates religion and morality and intrudes upon personal and family life.

Prezzolini's survey shows that, paradoxically, the more men deny the reality of power, the more unwitting they are in the use of it. That would suggest the value of recognizing the reality and learning to use it deliberately and wisely. The individual does not stand apart from, but in, society, and power establishes the order on which his freedom depends.

REACHING OUT

Some demonic curiosity kept men from the contentment of being alone. Long before the population densities of our own time, they reached out to make contact with others. Living space, trade, and conquest were the names they gave the necessities that justified their restlessness. But beneath these rational motives lay also a less well defined need of their nature—to be part of a larger unknown. That need perhaps thrusts us into space today.

BEYOND THE PILARS OF HERACLES by **RHYS CARPENTER** (Delacorte, \$5.00) is a lively account of discovery in the ancient world. Its author is a classicist and archaeologist who commands his materials thoroughly and who is able to convey the sense of excitement in them. He quotes heavily from translated texts but integrates them into the narrative to make an altogether readable book.

The surviving records are too fragmentary to reveal much about the nameless adventurers who made the earliest Mediterranean voyages. The information becomes coherent only after the Greeks appeared. Hemmed in by ignorance and by half-forgotten legends, they took to building ships strong enough to carry them "where all the wide Mediterranean and the Atlantic world beyond were waiting to be explored." Their tiny vessels penetrated the western sea beyond the Tunisian Strait and reached Gibraltar. The Phoenicians, after starting southward by way of the Red Sea, probably circumnavigated Africa.

Hanno the Carthaginian pushed down to the mouth of the Senegal. By the time the Roman hegemony was established, the ways to Britain and India were traced, as were the paths across the Sahara to the heart of Africa. These daring voyages, whatever the immediate reasons that occasioned them, stand as testimony of man's desire to know his world.

An analogous longing animates the scientists who are the true explorers of today's world. Their laboratories in little more than a century have carried them a distance far greater than any ancient Greek mariner traversed. Having perceived in nature phenomena that the mind could not previously imagine, they too reach out for connections in the effort to give meaning to their voyages.

IN THE BIOLOGY OF ULTIMATE CONCERN (New American Library, \$5.00), the distinguished geneticist **THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY** strives to find a place for modern biology within a general *Weltanschauung*. He wishes to understand the location of humanity in the scheme of things and to venture some hypotheses about the future evolution of man.

The effort is valiant, although the outcome reveals the urgency of Dobzhansky's desire more than his ability to arrive at an acceptable destination. In a vast evolutionary perspective, life appears from out of the inorganic world, rational beings arise, the light of the human spirit begins to shine, and man arrives at self-awareness with its somber companions—fear, anxiety, and consciousness of death. Hence man's search for faith and meaning.

The whole evolutionary process has a definite orientation. It proceeds by groping toward cooperativeness, and the meaning of an individual life is its inclusion in some larger synthesis. Hermits live in vain. "Self-assertion which makes an individual break away from humanity is inimical to the growth of the person as well as of humanity. . . . Healthy growth is fostered by love."

Dobzhansky does incorporate in his statement of faith interesting data from modern biology. But the central concepts originate elsewhere—in Arnold Toynbee, Erich Fromm, and P. Teilhard de Chardin. And it is significant that in the end the scientist joins the mystic in the longing for meaning.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

DIGGING OUT (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50), by **ANNE RICHARDSON**, is a first novel of considerable interest. Like most of its kind, it appears to contain a large element of autobiography, an impression reinforced by narrative in the first person. The book is unusual in that the narrator spends little time on her private concerns. She is busy, through most of the story, in describing the large, rich Jewish clan to which she belongs, and from which she intends to secede at the first opportunity. This is the normal first-novel theme of personal independence in the young protagonist, but it is presented objectively, like a case in court (the evidence being the history and habits of a gaggle of intolerable relatives), and therefore acquires an illusion of novelty. The book has faults — too many characters, some vaguenesses resulting from excessive condensation, and a mild naïveté about the non-Jewish world. The author, or narrator, attributes the misconduct of her kin to their Jewishness, when in truth any number of Gentile families own identical nuisances. But the book is energetic and intelligent, and Miss Richardson has the storyteller's weapons of interest in people and an ability to order events for dramatic effect. She also writes well, except for the persistent substitution of "convince" for "persuade." This bumble is so common that protest is probably useless; nevertheless, I raise my little outcry in the wilderness.

SURTSEY (Viking, \$6.00) is an exciting small picture book about the volcanic island which was recently formed off Iceland. The text is by the geologist **SIGURDUR THORARINSSON**, who watched and studied the whole development of Surtsey, arriving on the scene within three hours of the first report of an eruption at sea and continuing his observations until plants, birds, and a seal had established themselves on the island. The building of an island has never before been so thoroughly reported. Most of the text is perfectly comprehensible to the nongeologist, some of it is terrifying, and some (like the row over

naming the new property) is comic. The photographs make a bewitching fireworks display.

In **HERCULANEUM** (Crowell, \$6.95), **JOSEPH JAY DEISS** makes a plea for some kind of international effort to deal with what has been described as "archaeology's most flagrant unfinished business." To account for his proposal, Mr. Deiss naturally describes what has been uncovered in limited and very difficult digging at Herculaneum, a town swamped in lava at the same time that Pompeii was buried under ash and pumice. Surprisingly, the rising lava was less destructive than the falling debris. Mr. Deiss's loving descriptions of what has emerged at Herculaneum, plus the handsome photographs of bronzes and wall paintings, ought to convince any reader that excavation there should be continued.

Although written with a haste that has not improved the author's usually adroit choice of adjectives, **GERALD DURRELL'S TWO IN THE BUSH** (Viking, \$4.95) is amusing and full of information about the odd wildlife of New Zealand, Australia, and Malaya. Mr. Durrell was the naturalist member of a BBC team which whisked through these countries making a television film. Such a position entitles a man to cheerfully bigoted opinions on all sorts of things besides wallabies, and Mr. Durrell takes advantage of it to denounce official entertainment, liquor laws, and the legend of sunlit Australia and all those charming honey bears. The poor deluded visitor was well bled by an enraged koala and nearly froze to death on a possum hunt.

RALPH MALONEY'S THE GREAT BONACKER WHISKY WAR (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.95) is accurately billed as "an entertainment." It is a novel about salty shenanigans during Prohibition, when our coasts were enlivened not merely by professionally criminal smugglers, but by an armada of sportive amateur rumrunners. They sometimes got in each other's way. Mr. Maloney examines such an episode, gleefully recording the triumph of anarchy, providence, and local enterprise. It is his particular gift to describe, with a meticulous, deadpan precision that suggests slow-motion film, events of immense confusion occurring at lightning speed. The effect is very funny indeed.

"This gentle masterpiece of a book

is a beautifully written, constantly exciting glimpse into a fine teacher's mind and soul as she confronts the gigantic social issue of our times through a handful of frightened children."—LIFE



THE CHILDREN OF THE SOUTH

By **MARGARET ANDERSON**

Foreword by **Ralph McGill**

\$4.95, now at your bookstore



FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

How long since you've read a book for the fun of it?

Pick up

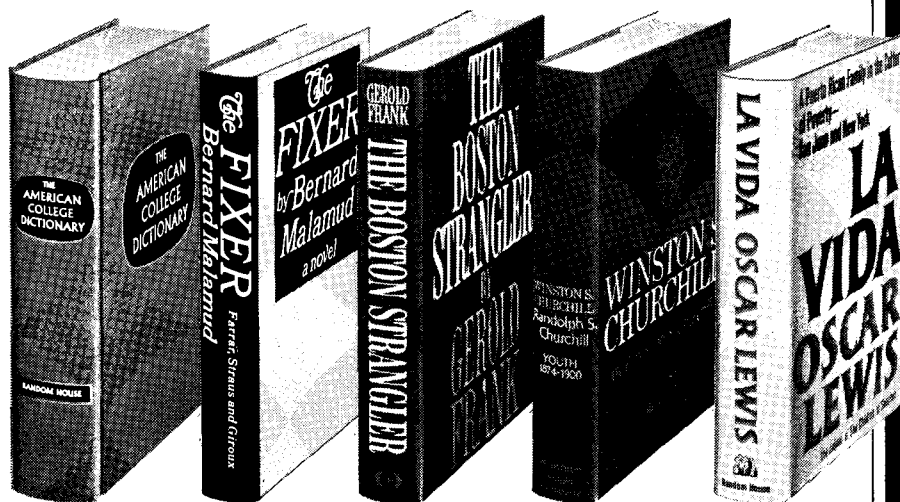
THE GREAT BONACKER WHISKY WAR by RALPH MALONEY

Read it because it's funny and exciting. Re-read it because it's elegantly written . . . How a Prohibition ganglord moves in on the salty East End of Long Island; and how he meets his match in one haphazard hero, one sassy beauty, and one very peculiar naval battle. \$4.95 at bookstores.



Atlantic-Little, Brown

The biggest savings on the biggest books come from the Literary Guild



326. THE AMERICAN COLLEGE DICTIONARY (Publisher's edition, \$5.95)

115. THE FIXER Bernard Malamud (Publisher's edition, \$5.75)

102. THE BOSTON STRANGLER Gerold Frank (Pub. edition, \$5.95)

327. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL: YOUTH 1874-1900, Randolph S. Churchill (Pub. edition, \$10.00)

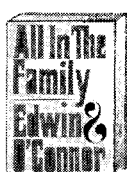
31. LA VIDA Oscar Lewis (Publisher's edition, \$10.00)

As your introduction,
choose
**ANY
FOUR**
of these 37 best-sellers,
reference works,
even sets
ALL for \$1

if you join the Guild now and agree to accept
only four selections or alternates
during the coming year



192. GILES GOAT-BOY John Barth (Publisher's edition, \$6.95)



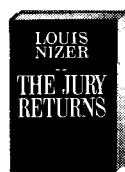
98. ALL IN THE FAMILY Edwin O'Connor (Pub. ed., \$6.95)



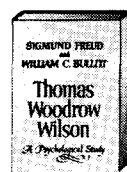
231. THE KENNEDY YEARS, by the editors of The New York Times & The Viking Press. (Publisher's edition, \$6.95)



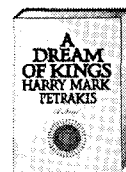
18. THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls. (Publisher's editions, \$13.95)



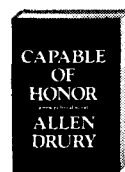
179. THE JURY RETURNS Louis Nizer (Pub. edition, \$6.95)



177. THOMAS WOODROW WILSON, Sigmund Freud & William C. Bullitt (Publisher's edition, \$6.00)



215. A DREAM OF KINGS, Harry Mark Petrakis (Publisher's edition, \$4.50)



341. CAPABLE OF HONOR, Allen Drury (Pub. edition, \$5.95)

744. THE FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK (Pub. edition, \$6.50)

117. THE DOUBLEDAY BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATING, Albert Kornfeld (Publisher's edition, \$11.95)

270. THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS, Constantine FitzGibbon (Pub. edition, \$7.95)

72. THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY 2 volumes count as 1 choice. (Not available in Canada)

298. TAI-PAN James Clavell (Pub. ed., \$6.95)

182. THE NEW COMPLETE STORIES OF THE GREAT OPERAS, Milton Cross (Pub. edition, \$4.95)

329. IN THE COMPANY OF EAGLES Ernest K. Gann (Pub. edition, \$5.95)

161. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANIEL WEST (Publisher's edition, \$6.00)

228. FIVE SMOOTH STONES, Ann Fairbairn (Pub. edition, \$6.95)

108. RAND McNALLY'S WORLD ATLAS FOR THE HOME (Publisher's edition, \$5.95)

142. VESSEL OF WRATH Robert Lewis Taylor (Pub. edition, \$6.95)

201. THE PASSOVER PLOT, Dr. Hugh J. Schonfield (Publisher's edition, \$4.95)

314. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1964 & THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1960 Theodore H. White 2 volumes count as 1 choice. (Publisher's editions, \$13.90)

330. THE INFINITE VARIETY OF MUSIC Leonard Bernstein (Pub. ed., \$6.50)

154. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 2 volumes count as 1 choice.

218. THE WORLD OF THE FORMERLY MARRIED Morton M. Hunt (Pub. edition, \$5.95)

1. ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TRILOGY: Mr. Lincoln's Army, Glory Road, Stillness at Appomattox, Bruce Catton. 3 vols. count as 1 choice. (Publisher's editions, \$12.50)

23. WITH KENNEDY Pierre Salinger (Publisher's edition, \$5.95)

28. THE FAMILY TREASURY OF CHILDREN'S STORIES (Pub. edition, \$6.95)

96. MR. CLEMENS AND MARK TWAIN Justin Kaplan (Pub. edition, \$7.95)

81. INQUEST Edward Jay Epstein (Publisher's edition, \$5.00)

319. LYNDON B. JOHNSON: The Exercise of Power Rowland Evans & Robert Novak (Publisher's edition, \$7.95)

NOTE: Guild editions are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full-length — not a word is cut!

Literary Guild of America, Inc.
Dept. 72-AT2, Garden City, N. Y. 11531

Please enroll me as a trial member of the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes at right. Bill me only \$1 plus shipping and handling for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be cancelled.

I do not need to accept a book every month — only as few as four a year — and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in the Guild's free monthly "Preview," and a convenient form will always be provided for my use if I do not wish to receive a forthcoming selection. You will bill me the special Guild price for each book I take. This will always be at least 40%, often as much as 60%, below the price of the publisher's edition. (A modest charge is added for shipping and handling.) For each four monthly selections or alternates I accept, I may choose a valuable bonus book from the special bonus catalog.

Mr. _____ (Please Print)
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If under 18,
have parent sign here: _____

Canadian Enquiries write to address above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office. Offer good in Continental U.S.A. and Canada only.

If you wish to charge all
books to your credit card,
give account number:
☐ Diners' Club
☐ American Express

39-G751

If you want to save most on the books you want most, the Literary Guild is for you. No other book club guarantees such big savings on brand-new best-sellers and other just-published books.

When you join, you save immediately through the generous introductory offer. Then, as a member, you keep on saving on every book the Guild offers — at least 40%, often as much as 60%, off the price of the publisher's edition.

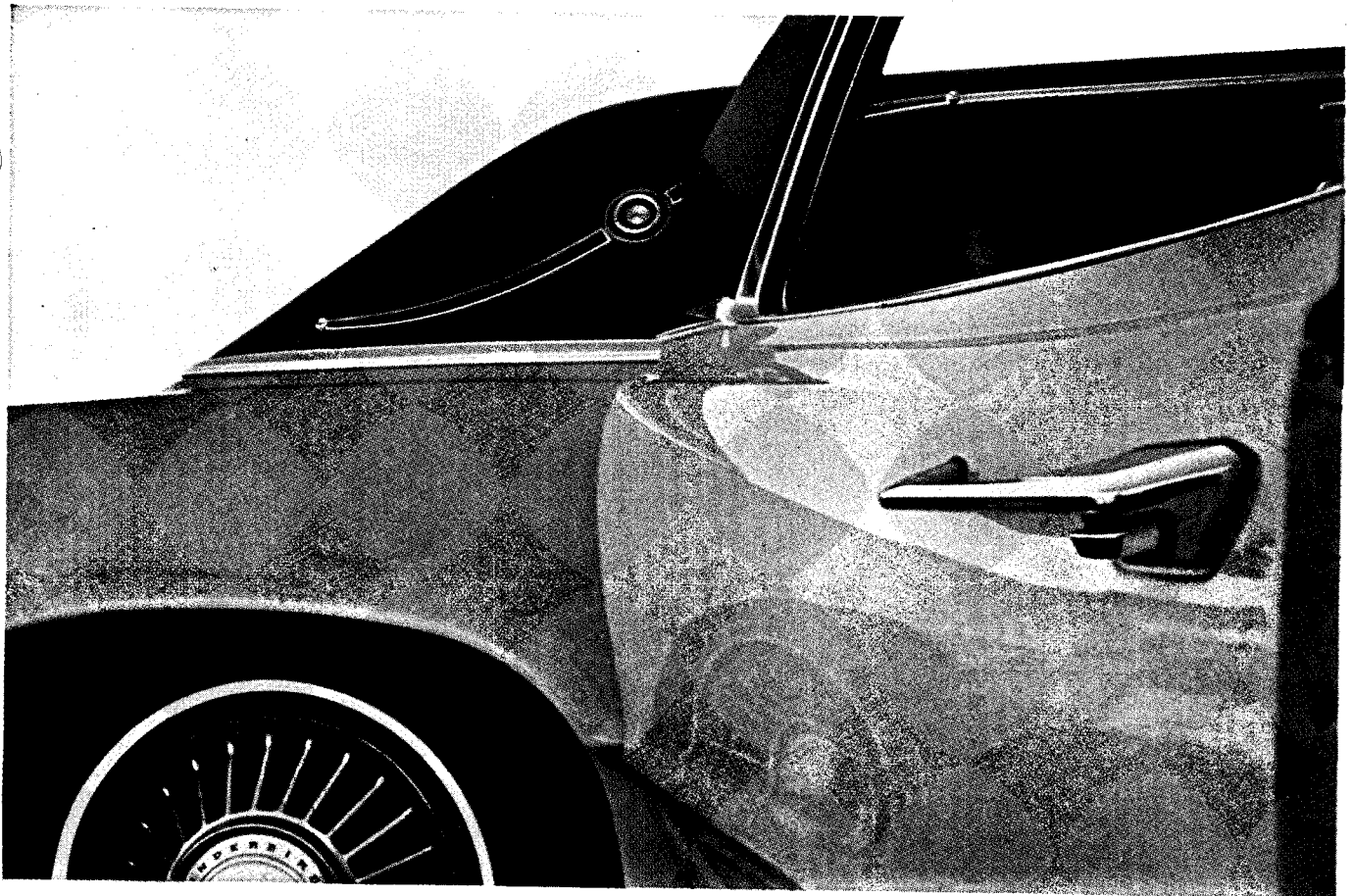
In recent months, for example, Guild members were offered *The Boston Strangler* for \$2.95 instead of \$5.95 in the publisher's edition, *Winston S. Churchill* for \$4.50 instead of \$10.00.

These are typical Guild savings. And, time after time, Guild books are — like these — tops on the best-seller lists. Because selections are chosen so far in advance, they can be described before publication in the Literary Guild's free monthly *Preview*, and shipped to members who want them as soon as published.

Always, you have freedom of choice. You need take only four books in the coming year out of 20 or more offered each month. And for every four you do buy, you may select a free bonus book from a special catalog.

Trial membership in the Guild now while you can choose from so many outstanding new titles. There's no need to send any money; just fill out and mail the coupon today.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, Inc., Garden City, N. Y. 11531



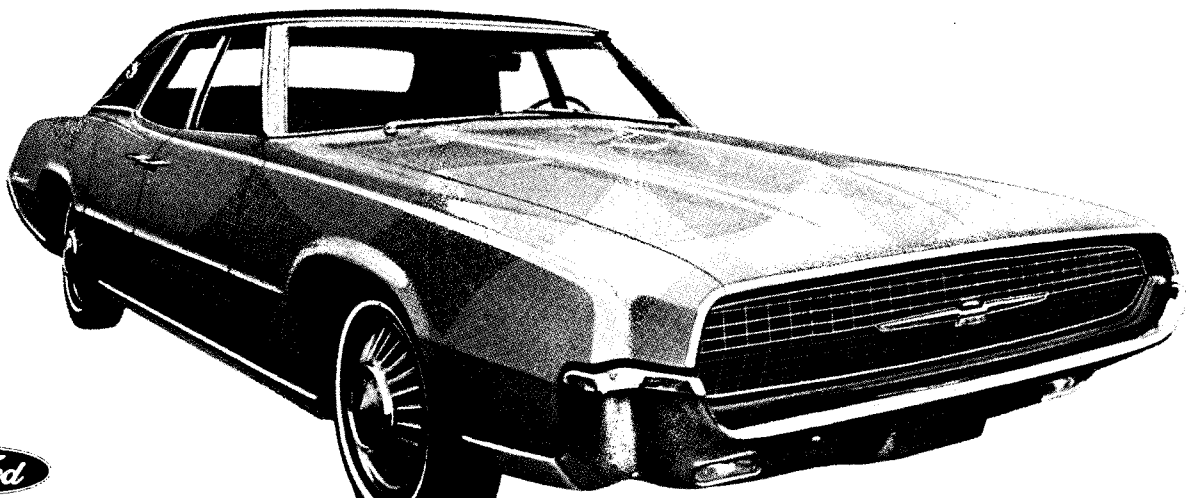
**What's so unique
about the new 4-door
Thunderbird?**

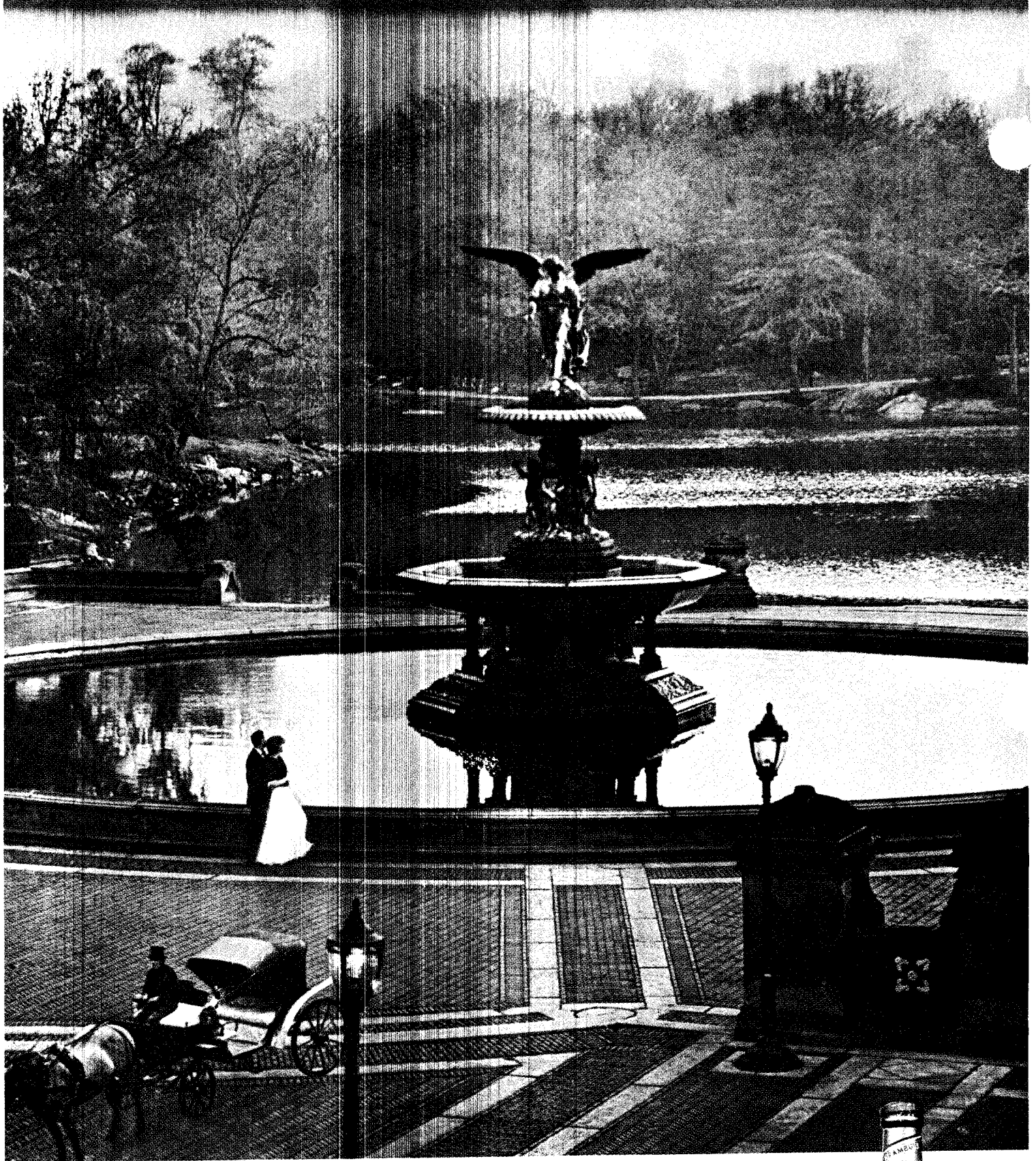
It's the one personal luxury car with four doors. The only one. Another better idea from Ford. Made especially for people who love Thunderbird's looks, but need the convenience of four doors. Now those people can fly, too.

If you have been accustomed to buying luxury in four-door cars, the new Thunderbird with Lincoln Continental-inspired center-opening doors makes it easy to escape from the ordinary. Drive the new easy-to-enter, easy-to-exit four-door Thunderbird and decide for yourself whether it is as unique as we claim.

Thunderbird

Unique in all the world





*Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base*



IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 80 PROOF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED